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THE
FOLK-LORE RECORD,

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING—

THE ARYAN EXPULSION-AND-RETURN FORMULA IN THE FOLK-
AND HERO-TALES OF THE CELTS. By ALFRED NUTT.

SOME ADDITIONAL FOLK-LORE FROM MADAGASCAR. By the
Reverend JAMES SIBREE, Junior.

SLAVONIC FOLK-LORE. By the Reverend W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.

EUPHEMISM AND TABU IN CHINA. By the Reverend HILDERIC
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THE ARYAN EXPULSION-AND-RETURN-FORMULA

IN THE FOLK AND HERO TALES OF THE CELTS.

BOOKS QUOTED.

- [*Von Hahn*. Sagwissenschaftliche Studien von Dr. J. G. von Hahn. Jena, 1876.
Campbell. Popular Tales of the West Highlands, orally collected by J. F. Campbell. 4 vols. Edinburgh, 1860-1862.
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Schulz. Die Arthursage herausgegeben von San-Marte. Quedlinburg, 1842.
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Grimm. Kinder und Hausmaerchen. I. II. 16th ed. Berlin, 1879. III. 3rd ed. Göttingen, 1856.
Cavallius Oberleitner. Schwedische Volksagen und Maerchen herausgegeben von G. O. Hylten Cavallius und George Stephens. Deutsch von C. Oberleitner. Vienna, 1848.]

Von Hahn's Arische Aussetzungs-und-Rückkehr-Formel comprises sixteen incidents, tabulated by him as follows: *

- I. Hero born out of wedlock, *or posthumously, or supernaturally.*†
- II. Mother, princess residing in her own country.
- III. Father, god or hero from afar.
- IV. Tokens and warnings of hero's future greatness.
- V. He is in consequence driven forth from home.
- VI. Is suckled by wild beasts.

* *Von Hahn*, p. 340.

† Words printed in Italics represent additions to or modifications of Von Hahn's original formula.

- VII. Is brought up by a childless (shepherd) couple, *or by a widow.*
- VIII. Is of passionate and violent disposition.
- IX. Seeks service in foreign lands.
- IXA. *He attacks and slays monsters.*
- IXB. *He acquires supernatural knowledge through eating a magic fish.**
- X. He returns to his own country, retreats, *and again returns.*
- XI. Overcomes his enemies, frees his mother, and seats himself on the throne.
- XII. He founds cities.
- XIII. The manner of his death is extraordinary.
- XIV. He is accused of incest; he dies young.
- XV. He injures an inferior, who takes revenge upon him or upon his children.
- XVI. He slays his younger brother.

These incidents may be arranged in four groups; the first, comprising the first three incidents, dealing with the birth of the hero; the second, incidents IV. to IXB. with his youth of poverty, struggle, and service in foreign countries; the third, incidents X. to XIII. with his return to home and power; the fourth, containing supplementary incidents more often found in connection with the descendants of the hero than with the hero himself. For the construction of the formula fourteen stories were examined by Von Hahn, seven of which belong to the Hellenic mythology, namely, the stories of Perseus, of Herakles, of Oedipus, of Amphion and Zethos, of Pelias and Neleus, of Leukastos and Parrhasius, and of Theseus; one to Roman mythic history, Romulus and Remus; two to Teutonic Heldensage, Wittich-Siegfried and Wolfdietrich; two to Iranian mythic history, Cyrus and Key Chosrew; two to the Hindu mythology, Karna and Krishna. The formula is most fully represented in the stories of Romulus and Remus and of Cyrus, each of which has thirteen incidents; least fully in that of Oedipus, which has only seven.

* Incidents IXA. and IXB. are not in Von Hahn's original formula. I explain further on my reasons for considering them organic portions of the type formula.

The existence of the formula in the traditional literature of the Celts might be assumed from the fact of its being found among every other branch of the Aryan race. An examination of the Celtic folk and hero tales shows that this assumption is justified, whilst it enables us to extend Von Hahn's original scheme, and may possibly modify his conception of the nature of the formula.

The following are all the known examples of the formula occurring in the folk and hero tales of the Gael and of the Kymry. The stories are much abridged, but, when possible, the words of the original narrator are kept.

FOLK-TALES OF THE GAEL.

The Story of Conall. (Campbell, No. 35.)

A king of Erin had three nephews, Ferghus, Lagh an Laidh, and Conall, but no sons. He made the kingdom over to his eldest nephew, but refused to give him possession before his own death. Ferghus sought aid from the kings of Scotland and England, obtained a detachment of warriors from each, and from the former the services of his son Boinne Breat. At the head of this force he invaded Erin. The king, in preparing to resist the invader, visited every portion of the kingdom. He came one evening to the house of a smith who was from home, and the love of whose daughter he won. She dreamt a strange dream, which he interpreted as betokening his death at the hand of Ferghus, but that of her should be born a son who should be king over Erin, and his sons after him till the ninth knee. He told her to seize his armour as soon as he was slain, and to hide it till the right time came. The battle took place. Ferghus, aided by his two brothers, overthrew the king's forces, himself slaying the king. At this sight, Lagh an Laidh was seized with frenzy, attacked and by treachery killed Boinne Breat.* The smith's daughter, after obtaining possession of her lover's armour, returned to her home, where she brought forth a son whom she named Conall. She nourished him and that right well till he could walk alone; she then left him astray to

* *i. e.*, he puts himself on the same side as the hero's father.

make out a way for himself. The child wandered about till he came to the house of a widow, who took him in and whose sheep he tended in return. To feed these sheep he broke down the dykes which guarded the neighbours' fields. The neighbours made complaint to the king, and asked for justice. The king gave foolish judgment,* whereat his neck was turned awry and the judgment-seat kicked.† Conall gave a correct decision and released the king. He did this a second time, and the people said he must have king's blood in him. Ferghus sent warriors to kill him, but he escaped them. He then travelled over Erin till he found his mother, learnt from her who he was and who slew his father, received from her his father's arms and armour, and set forth in search of his uncle Lagh an Laidh. The latter had taken to the woods and become hairy and monstrous. Conall subdued him and compelled his aid in attacking Ferghus. Together they set out, and overcame, after many combats, all Ferghus's warriors. Three times did Lagh an Laidh bring to Conall the head of an under-chief instead of that of Ferghus.‡ When at last he brought the right head and threw it at Conall's feet, the latter dashed

* The king gives judgment sitting in the open air, and his decision may be challenged by any one of the assembly. This is a most interesting survival of primitive procedure. (Cf. Gomme, *Primitive Folk Moots*, 1880, *passim*.)

† A parallel to this is found in the gloss on the introduction to the *Senchus Mor*: "There appeared blotches upon the right cheek of Sen MacAige whenever he pronounced a false judgment; they disappeared again when he had passed a true judgment." "Moran never pronounced a judgment without having a chain around his neck. Whenever he pronounced a false judgment the chain tightened round his neck. If he passed a true one it expanded down upon him." (*Senchus Mor*, London, 1865, p. 25.) And in the text "There are four dignitaries of a territory who may be degraded, a false-judging king," &c. (*op. cit.* p. 55). The abdication of Fergus MacRoigh in favour of his stepson Conor, who had set right a judgment of his, is a well-known episode in Irish legendary history.

‡ Cormac obtained the aid of Lucha Laga, a renowned swordsman, against his three brothers, each of whom was named Fergus, who had treacherously driven him from his kingdom. Lucha slew one of the brothers, but not the right one according to Cormac, and he had to renew the fight. A second time he brought the head of a Fergus, but was again sent back into the battle. After a while he reappeared with a third head. "Is this the head?" asked he, and, when answered in the affirmative, "then have him fully to thyself," he exclaimed, and with these words he dashed the head full in his interlocutor's face, killing him on the spot. (*Kennedy*, p. 68.)

it in his uncle's face, and of the two heads made one. He was now king over Erin. He took his mother to the palace, and his sons were on the throne till the ninth knee.

This story, taken down in Barra twenty years ago from a fisherman "who had often heard it in his youth" (*Campbell*, vol. ii. p. 167), presents the formula with singular fulness. As may be seen by the table, incidents I. to XII. are given in their proper sequence, the sixth incident alone, to which I have not yet found more than allusions in any Celtic version, being omitted. The later incidents are wanting, as might be expected in a folk-tale, the vague and general character of which does not lend itself to the precise details of a hero-tale. Incident XVI. may perhaps be found in Conall's slaying of Lagh an Laidh. This is *motivé* in the original by Lagh an Laidh's treachery to Boinne Breat, an incident which has no parallel in the other versions. It appears plainly that Lagh an Laidh was in reality assisting the father of the hero, and it was thus really an adherent from the beginning whom the latter slew, a fact which makes strongly for the identification of the incident with No. XVI. of the type-formula.

The parallel features of the story to events of Irish legendary history and to primitive Irish customs, noticed at the foot of p. 4, show most strikingly the toughness of popular tradition. A curious and primitive state of society is delineated, and the delineation is in exact accordance with what definite knowledge is possessed of early Celtic institutions. This should be borne in mind when objections are raised against the purely traditional transmission of complex and intricate narrations deriving their *motif* from extinct phases of belief and habits of thought. The survival of the latter in the popular mind is less remarkable than is the survival of extinct institutions.

Another folk-tale version of the formula is found in *Campbell*, No. 74, *The Lay of the Great Fool*, prose opening.*

There were once two brothers, the one king over Erin, the other a

* *Campbell*, vol. iii. pp. 146, *et seq.* The story consists of two parts, the prose opening and the "lay" proper; the incidents of the latter are found (in prose) in Kennedy, *Bardic Stories*, pp. 151, *et seq.* and in verse in *Oss. Soc.* vol. vi. pp. 161, *et seq.* The latter is the only complete and intelligible version, and is of great interest, as by it the lay is brought into close connection with the "twin

mere knight. The latter had sons, the former none. Strife broke out between the two brothers, and the knight and his sons were slain. Word was sent to the wife, then pregnant, that if she bore a son it must be put to death. A son was born, and the mother sent him into the wilderness in charge of a servant-maid who had a love-child. The two boys grew up together, the knight's son strong and wilful. He could follow and overtake the wild deer, he tamed wild horses, he killed his foster brother for laughing at him, and finally set off alone to the court of the king, who in the meantime had married and begot children. For laughing at the knight's son the king's youngest child was slain, and the king himself was successfully defied.

Thus far the story agrees with the formula, and follows it with great closeness. The hero, it is true, is born in wedlock, but he is a posthumous child and his foster-brother is a love-child, a fact of importance when it is remembered how frequently incidents and characteristics are transferred from principal to subsidiary personages. That so little is said about the father and mother shows that this version is a genuine folk-tale, a distinguishing feature of which is precisely vagueness in regard to such details. The relationship of the

brother" group of folk tales, a group which presents many points of contact with the formula series. The Gruagach, who tries the fidelity of the Big Fool, is in reality his brother, as appears from the following verse:—

"I am thy own gentle brother,
Long am I in search of thee.
Now that we have met together
I am released from sorcery."

In *Grimm's*, No. 60, *Die zwei Brüder*, the one brother delivers the other from enchantment, and shows his faithfulness by not taking advantage of the fact that the likeness between them is so great that his brother's wife does not herself know the difference. The one brother likewise kills the other, and afterwards brings him to life again, just as the Gruagach strikes the legs off the Great Fool and afterwards restores them. In the allied *Ashbjornsen*, No. 35, *De lilh Kjort* (translated by Dasent as *Shortshanks*, *Popular Tales*, No. 11), the incident is transposed. The one brother is already married to the younger sister, and does not wish to have the elder one too; he therefore induces his twin brother to go before him, and makes him promise to marry the one who first kisses him, which is, of course, the eldest one. The blow given by King Sturdy to Shortshanks represents in a softened form the killing in the German and the disabling in the Celtic tale.

hero to his foster-brother is suggestive. In four of the versions studied by Von Hahn (Nos. III.-VI.) the heroes are twins; in No. IV. Pelias drives his brother Neleus into foreign lands, in No. VI. Romulus kills his brother Remus. In the Highland tale, the children, the one illegitimate the other posthumous, are attributed to different mothers, but they are nevertheless brought up together, become enemies, and the one is slain by the other, as in the parallel Hellenic and Latin versions. The special way in which the hero shows his strength and agility, namely, in the catching of wild deer and taming of wild horses, is noticeable, as it can be paralleled in other Celtic versions, but in these alone. The incident of the king's son and of his death at the hands of the hero may be compared to Cyrus's ill-treatment of the son of Artembares, as told by Herodotus (vol. i. ¶ 114).

The remainder of the story, which is quite unconnected with the formula, presents very close affinities with the Mabinogi of Peredur and with its allied stories, a fact brought out by Mr. Campbell in his remarks (vol. iii. pp. 150, *et seq.*) It is worthy, therefore, of note that Peredur conforms slightly to the formula, as the following summary shows:—

Peredur, the youngest of seven sons, is brought up in the wilderness by his mother after the violent death of her husband and six eldest sons. He grew up strong and agile, and "one day he saw his mother's flock of goats, and near the goats two hinds were standing; and he marvelled greatly that these two should be without horns . . . and by celerity and swiftness of foot he drove the hinds and goats together into the (goat) house" (*Mabinogion*, p. 82). (Compare the Great Fool, who "sees three deer, and asks what creatures they are." He is told they are creatures on which there is meat and clothing. "If we were the better for it, I would catch them," says he; and he runs and catches the three deer.) When full-grown, Peredur, meeting knights from Arthur's court, followed them, and underwent wonderful adventures. Many of the hero's troubles arise from the enmity of the sorceresses of Gloucester, who know "by destiny and by foreknowledge that they should suffer harm from him" (*Mabinogion*, p. 96), "from whom he learnt chivalry and, whom he was destined to

slay" (*Mabinogion*, p. 124). This apparently corresponds to incident IV. inasmuch as the hero's prowess is supernaturally foretold. A parallel to Peredur's relationship to the sorceresses, from whom he learns chivalry and whom he afterwards slays, may be found in the story of Siegfried (*Von Hahn*, VIIIb.) in service with Mimir, from whom he learns the craft of armour and weapon-making. The latter knows of what race his apprentice is and what he is destined to do; he nevertheless plots against him, but is finally slain. The death of Linoš at the hand of his pupil Herakles (*Von Hahn*, IIa.) may be mentioned in the same connection. Peredur has a foster-sister (*Mabinogion*, p. 90) just as the Great Fool has a foster-brother; she makes, however, but a single appearance and then under quite different conditions from any in the Highland story. In the course of his wanderings Peredur comes, unawares, to the house of brothers of his mother; he receives from them hospitality and instruction, and has to perform feats in order to show his strength and skill, and his uncle says to him, "Thou hast arrived at two-thirds of thy strength, but the other third thou hast not yet obtained; and when thou attainest to thy full power none will be able to contend with thee" (*Mabinogion*, p. 90). In a like way, Theseus (*Von Hahn*, I.) and Wittich (*Von Hahn*, VIIIa.) are exercised and tested until they can perform a certain feat, in both cases the lifting a rock or slab of stone in order to obtain possession of the father's arms hid beneath.* (Cf. *Von Hahn*, p. 313, *et seq.*, and *Rassmann*, vol. ii. pp. 259, *et seq.*)

The connection of Peredur with the formula, though slight and fragmentary, is unmistakeable. From another version of the Perceval

* A close parallel is found in *Campbell's*, No. 75, *Conall Gulban*. The education of the hero is after this wise: he is confided to the care of a *gruagach*, who has him in charge during three years, testing his strength each year by making him lift an enormous boulder on the hillside, and when he can put the wind between the boulder and the hill he has nothing more to learn. (*Campbell*, vol. iii. pp. 185, *et seq.*) This trait has been preserved in German folk-tale. The hero of *Grimm's*, No. 90, *Der junge Riese*, is brought up by a giant, who after two years takes him into the wood to pull up a tree. He is already strong enough to pull up a young tree; but this does not satisfy the giant. Two years more pass, and the lad can pull up an old tree; but even this is not sufficient; and only after a further two years, when he can dispose of the oldest and strongest tree in the forest, is his apprenticeship at end.

legend, the English metrical romance of Perceval, transcribed by Robert de Thornton in the fifteenth century, and preserved in an unique MS. in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, it appears that this connection was originally much closer. In all probability the lost original of both Peredur and the English Perceval was in almost entire conformity with the formula. The following extracts from the Thornton MS. make this plain.*

Concerning the youth of the hero it is said:

"He _____
 _____ in the wilde wodde went
 With bestes to playe,
 With wilde bestes to playe."

lines which point to incident VI.

Perceval, like Peredur, and like the Great Fool, is fleet of foot:—

"There was no beste that welke on fote
 To fle from hym was it no bote."

About his dress we learn

"The childe hadd no thyng that tyde
 That he myghte in his lones hyde
 Bot a gaytes skin."

which recalls the dress of deer's hides made for him by the mother of the Great Fool.† He meets the three knights in the same way as Peredur, and, like him, journeys to Arthur's court.‡ On arriving

* I quote from Schulz, who gives an analysis of, and lengthy extracts from, the poem. A careful examination of the original might possibly reveal other traces of the formula.

† Chrestien de Troyes in his *Roman de Perceval* has preserved this trait:—

"Braies et chanches me semble
 Et si ot côte et chaperon
 Dun cuir de cerf dos environ."

Schulz, p. 225.

‡ On his way thither he meets with the same adventure as Peredur; he comes to a house standing lonely in the forest, enters, partakes of food and drink spread on the board, finds no dweller but a solitary lady, from whom he carries off a ring. The details are, however, much more in accordance with popular tradition elsewhere. Peredur finds the lady awake, and leaves her nothing in exchange for the ring; it is not said either that he kissed her. Perceval finds

there he demands knighthood, and threatens Arthur with death if his demand be not complied with, behaviour similar to that of the Great Fool, whose first greeting to the king is an insult and his next a threat. It then turns out that he is Arthur's nephew (the same relationship as in the Great Fool), and his discourtesy is condoned. Next follows the same adventure as in Peredur; a red knight rides into the hall and openly defies and insults the king and all his men; his challenge is taken up, and he is slain by the hero. But here again the English romance is closer to popular tradition than is the Welsh Mabinogi. There is no connection between the red knight and Pere-

the lady *sleeping on a bed* (in Chrestien de Troyes and in Wolfram von Eschenbach the lady is likewise sleeping); then—

“ There he kyste that swete thyng,
Of hir fynger he take a rynge;
His awen modir takynnyng
He lefte with that fre.”

Now in *Campbell's*, No. 9, *The Brown Bear of the Green Glen*, the hero John comes to a little house, in the first chamber of which he sees a full bottle, of which he drinks; in the second a loaf, of which he eats; finally to a chamber, in which “he saw laid there the prettiest little jewel of a woman he ever saw. “It were a great pity not to kiss thy lips, my love,” said John. The maiden was asleep, and at the end of three quarters she had a fine lad son” (*Campbell*, vol. i. pp. 164, *et seq.*), an accident which does not happen to the lady in the tent in any of the versions of Peredur. Campbell's story is allied to *Grimm's*, No. 96, *Das Wasser des Lebens*, and has variants in every European collection; the closest, and the only ones in which the hero finds the heroine asleep and in that state makes her pregnant, being *Cavallius*, No. IX. *Das Land der Jugend*, and *Wolff*, *Die Koenigstochter im Berge Muntferrat*. An Icelandic paper MS. and a Danish chap-book, printed in 1696, and professedly translated from the Dutch, connect this story with England and with King Arthur. (*Hylten-Cavallius*, p. 91.)

Interchange of rings is one of the commonest forms of effecting final recognition in folk-tales (cf. Ralston's *Cinderella*, in *The Nineteenth Century*, November, 1879); but it is especially common in the “Siegfrieds-märchen,” a point of some importance, as Siegfried is a formula hero. These stories are grouped together by *Rassmann* (vol. i. pp. 360, *et seq.*), and in the first (Ferdinand der Drachentöchter), second (*Grimm*, No. 91), third (2nd variant, *Grimm*, vol. iii. p. 165), and fourth (*Grimm*, No. 60) versions the recognition is effected wholly or partly by means of a ring or bracelet. It is worthy of note that not only are these “Siegfrieds-märchen” full of formula incidents, but those incidents which cannot be referred directly to the formula find their closest Celtic parallels in Peredur and other tales more or less connected with the formula.

dur, who fights simply as a vassal of Arthur's; but Perceval is at the same time avenging his father's death. That this is a characteristic feature may be seen by a glance at the table. After many adventures Perceval sets forth to seek his mother; he at length finds her, and the poem ends thus:—

“Than Sir Perceval
Toke his modir hym by
.
And home went he
.”

Thus while Peredur only conforms, and that loosely, to incidents I. IV. and VIII. Perceval contains the first, perhaps the sixth, eighth, and eleventh incidents in their proper sequence and in perfectly recognisable form.

Schulz's opinion (p. 247) that the English romance is a translation or close imitation of a twelfth-century Breton poem is probably correct. The romance represents at any rate an independent and, in many respects, older treatment of the subject than the Mabinogi. Two main groups of incidents are observable in the Peredur-Perceval story, the one of which may be called the expulsion-and-return formula group, the other the basin and lance or Grail group. These two groups are kept perfectly distinct in the Gaelic folk-tale, the first group furnishing the matter of the prose opening, the second of the lay proper. In the Mabinogi of Peredur Grail incidents predominate, and it is only with difficulty that the formula incidents can be recognised and separated. It is important, therefore, to find an undoubted Cymric version, whether drawing from Welsh or Breton sources, composed of formula incidents alone, and it is not unreasonable to assume that the strongly-marked distinction found in the Gaelic versions between the two groups obtained likewise among the Kymry. The close parallelism between many incidents of Perceval and the Great Fool makes it highly probable that the formula portion of the story took much the same shape among both branches of the Celtic race, although so poorly represented in the popular literature of the one as compared with that of the other.

The stories given above present the formula as a living factor in

Celtic popular tradition, and well illustrate the continuity of that tradition. The twelfth-century romance is only comprehensible in the light of the contemporary folk-tale, and that again only assumes its full significance when set side by side with its mediæval parallel. Similar results are yielded by an examination of the hero tales of either branch of the Celtic race. Among the Kymry these tales centre around Arthur; among the Gael they resolve themselves into two great cycles, that of Cuchulaind and his companions (or the Ultonian cycle), and that of Fionn and Oisín (or the Ossianic cycle). The former has left more mark on Irish mythic history, and fills a larger place in the mediæval literature; the latter has taken a deeper hold of the popular mind, and affords one of the few instances of a Heldensage handed down orally to the present day. It may be considered, therefore, as the link between folk-tale and Heldensage proper.

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

The Ossianic cycle.

The following is a summary of *Campbell's*, No. 82, *How the Eén was set up* :—

Cumhall, king of Alba, met the kings of Erin and Lochlann to sign a joint treaty of alliance. He had his choice of a sweetheart among any woman of the company, and his choice fell upon the daughter of the king of Lochlann. His two fellow kings were jealous of him, and had him murdered in his sleep by Black Arcan, who slew him with his own sword. A prophet foretold the greatness of the child who should be born between Cumhall and the king of Lochlann's daughter, mentioning especially that no trout should be caught in a certain stream until the child grew up and was able to fish it. The king gave orders that the child, if a boy, was to be slain. Twins were born, a son and a daughter. The nurse escaped into the wilderness with the boy, and raised him up as a stalwart goodly youth. He got his name in this way; his nurse saw the schoolboys of the town swimming in the loch, and she sent him to swim with them, and, if he could, to drown one or more of them. He did so, and a bystander asked who the fair (Fionn) youth was, hence his name. The onlookers

set after him, and the easier to escape he seized his nurse by the two ankles and put her about his neck. He went in through a wood with her, and when he came out he had but the two shanks.* He afterwards met Black Arcan fishing a certain river, and he had been fishing for years and was as yet without a trout. The first rod that Fionn put out he caught a trout. Black Arcan knew him, and tried by cunning to prevent him getting a taste of the trout. But Fionn seeing the trout, then broiling, in danger of being burnt, put his finger to it and it burnt him, and he then put it into his mouth. Then he got knowledge that Black Arcan had slain his father, and that he was plotting against himself. And he killed the carle and got a glaive † and a hound (Bran). He then went to Alba to get the soldiers of his father, and he found that the Lochlanners oppressed the Albanians and took away their arms from them. There was one special man for taking away the arms whose name was Ullamh Lamh Fhada, and he took Fionn's sword among others. Fionn only got it back with difficulty, being twice put off with inferior weapons.‡ And when he had it he went to attack the Lochlanners, and those which he did not kill he swept them out of Alba.

This tale taken down in South Uist twenty-five years ago from the mouth of a fisherman is very remarkable, both on account of its similarity to Conall and to the Great Fool, and of its close accordance with the formula. The opening incidents especially are better represented than in any of the versions previously studied. Here again, too, the hero is a twin; he is brought up by a woman, and he is the (unintentional it is true) cause of her death. The service incident (No. IX.)

* He threw the shanks, it is said, into Loch nan Lurgan (the lake of the shanks), and two monsters grew out of them.

† His father's sword, with which Black Arcan had done the murder.

‡ A common incident in folk-tales, cf. *Campbell*, No. 4, where the hero sends his father to the smithy that the smith may forge him a sword. The first two he breaks, the third alone is strong enough. Same incident in variant I. In variants IV. and VI. the incident has degenerated, and the hero is content with his weapon the first time. *Grimm*, No. 90, where the young giant sends his father to get him a cudgel; first a tree is brought that two horses can drag; then one that requires four; finally one which it takes the whole team of eight to bring; but none are strong enough.

is apparently found in Fionn's connection with Ullamh Lamh Fhada ; but as the story, which is at this point condensed and obscure, does not clearly say whether the latter is a Lochlanner or an opponent of theirs, this cannot be positively asserted. The most important point about this version is the fulness with which it presents incident IXA., the acquirement by the hero of supernatural knowledge. As will be shown presently, the incident is especially characteristic both of the Celtic embodiment of the formula and of the Fionnsage.

Fionn, still living in the Celtic popular mind as a formula-hero, may advantageously be compared with his oldest appearance in that character. The *Leabhar na h'Uidhre*, a MS. written down at the beginning of the twelfth century, has a tract upon the cause of the battle of Cnucha, which has been translated by Mr. Hennessy. (*Révue Celtique*, vol. ii. pp. 86, *et seq.*) It is as follows :—

Cumall, son of Trenmor, then in the service of Cond, courted Murni Murreain, daughter of Tadhg, chief druid to Cond. (She was a great beauty, so that the kings and mighty lords of Ireland were wont to be courting her). Nuadu, father of Tadhg, gave him a refusal (for he knew that it was on account of him, Cumall, that he should have to leave Almu), but Cumall took Murni by force. Tadhg complained to Cond, who commanded Cumall to restore the maiden. Cumall refused, whereupon Cond sent his forces against him, and slew him and his people in the battle of Cnucha. Cumall was killed by Aed, son of Morna, who lost his eye from a wound inflicted by Luchet, and was thenceforward known as Goll. After the battle Murni sought protection with Cond ; for her father rejected her, and would have had her burnt. Cond sent her to the house of Fiacail, who had married a sister of Cumall. There she was delivered and bare a son, and nursed him up until he was capable of committing plunder on everyone that was an enemy to him. He then proclaimed battle or single combat against Tadhg, or else the full eric of his father to be given to him. Tadhg abandoned Almu to Fioun, and the latter abode there.

Very remarkable in the original is the sober, circumstantial, historical tone of the narrative. The genealogy of each personage is briefly given, and there are numerous explanatory references to contemporary characters and events. The whole reads like an extract from a chro-

nicle written shortly after the events it deals with, and informed with such life as comes from personal knowledge or remembrance; yet the battle of Cnucha was fought, according to Irish mediæval annalists, not later than A.D. 170, and the account in the *Leabhar na h'Uidhre* was written down in A.D. 1100, and is, at the most liberal computation, two to three hundred years older; so that an interval of five hundred years at any rate exists between the event and the chronicle. And when the story is looked at a little closer it is seen to be the formula, rationalised, it is true, and shorn of what may be called the specially mythic incidents, but still the formula. Incidents I. III. V. VIII. X. and XI. are perfectly recognisable, and one or two minor incidents find their parallel in other formula stories. Thus Tadhg's wish to have his daughter burnt "because she was pregnant" may be compared to Akrisios' turning Danae adrift on the open sea; or it may be that Tadhg wished his daughter's death because he foreknew Fionn's enmity to and triumph over him. Hennessy quotes from the *Book of Leinster* to the effect that "it was the custom at first to burn any woman who committed lust in violation of her compact" (*Révue Celtique*, vol. ii. p. 92). This would not apply in the present case, Murni being a maiden. Hennessy says it is true that it was "a practice among the Celts of Great Britain and Ireland to burn women for *incontinency*" (the italics are mine); against which may be urged that Murni was taken by violence, and, not being a consenting, could not be a guilty party. I am inclined therefore to look upon Tadhg's conduct as a reminiscence of incident IV. Another and more decided reminiscence of the same incident is undoubtedly found in Nuadu's reason for refusing Murni to Cumall. Tadhg's dispossession at the hand of his grandson Fionn may be compared to Akrisios' death at the hand of his grandson Perseus, Amulius's death at the hands of Romulus and Remus, and Astyages' banishment by Cyrus. In all these cases a father illtreats his daughter and the son avenges his mother's wrongs. The circumstances of the battle of Cnucha and of the nameless battle in which the father of Conall (*supra*, p. 3) loses his life present some striking similarities. Aed son of Cond (Goll Mac Morna), leading warrior on the side opposed to the hero's father, corresponds to Boinne Breat, son of the King of Alba; the latter is killed by Lagh

an Laidh, uncle to the hero; Goll is severely wounded by Luchet, uncle to the hero. There may perhaps be some connection between the names Luchet, Lagh an Laidh, and the Lucha quoted in the note, p. 4.

It thus appears that by the end of the eleventh century, at least, Fionn is found in connection with this formula. And this connection must then have been of long standing for formula incidents to have worked themselves so thoroughly into the Fionnsage that the euhemerising mediæval annalists were unable to discard but could only rationalise them. As it is, many essential incidents, doubtless retained by the contemporary oral tradition, are either omitted altogether or have suffered such change as to be almost unrecognisable. We are luckily not reduced to conjecture the probable shape assumed by the formula in Irish popular mediæval literature. There exists a fifteenth-century version, drawing obviously from popular sources, which presents the closest analogies to the folk-tales still living among the Celts of Scotland and Ireland. I allude to the tract, *The Boyish Exploits of Finn Mac Cumhall*, translated by Dr. J. O'Donovan in *Oss. Soc.* vol. iv. This tract is taken from the Psalter of Cashel, a vellum MS. transcribed in 1453 by John Boy O'Clery and others, and now preserved in the Bodleian. It is summarised as follows:—

There was a strife respecting the chieftainship of the Fianns and head-stewardship of Erin between Cumhall and Uirgreun, and the battle of Cnucha was fought between them. Uirgreun was aided by Daire Deay and his son Aedh, Cumhall by Luichet. Luichet wounded Aedh, and destroyed one of his eyes (whence Aedh was called Goll), but was slain by him. Cumhall fell by Goll. Cumhall left his wife pregnant (her name was Muirenn), and she brought forth a son and gave him the name of Deimne. Fiacuil, and Bodhmall the Druidess, and Liath Luachra * came to Muirenn and carried away the son, for his mother durst not keep him with her. Bodhmall and Liath took the boy with them to the forest of Sliabh Bladma, and nursed him there secretly, and reared him till he was fit for hunting. His first exploit was to kill a duck and her brood. He then joined a plunderer, by name Fiacuil, but returned to the two heroines. He went forth one

* Likewise a Druidess.

day and saw youths hurling; he won against a fourth, against a third, and finally against all of them. "What is thy name?" said they. "Deimne," replied he; they are advised to kill him, but profess inability on account of his name; * when asked as to his appearance they describe him as "fair" (finn), and hence he got the name of Finn. The next day he came to play they attacked him, but he prostrated seven of them. He returned another time and found them swimming; being challenged, he drowned nine of them. "Who drowned the youths?" inquired all. "Finn," was answered, and from this the name of Finn clung to him. He went forth on one occasion with the two heroines and perceived a fleet herd of wild deer; he ran and caught two bucks of them. After this he went away from them alone, and halted not till he took hire in military service with the king of Bentraighe. The latter suspected him of being the son of Cumhall from his prowess as a hunter. He left Bentraighe, and took service with the king of Kerry, who had married Cumhall's widow. The king knew him by his skill at chess, and he had to leave. He then came to the house of Lochan, a chief smith, and he fell in love with his daughter Cruithne, and obtained her at the smith's hand. The smith made two spears for him, and he went away; he was warned not to go on the passage on which the boar called Beo was usually to be seen, but he happened to go on the very pass where the boar was and killed it, and brought its head to the smith as a dower for his daughter. He then went into Connaught to look for his uncle Crimall, and on the way he heard the wail of a solitary woman, and she wept for her son killed by a big ugly hero. Finn went in pursuit of the hero and killed him. The person who fell here was Liath Luchra,† he who first wounded Cumhall in the battle of Cuncha. He then went to Connaught and found Crimall in a desert, and wandered about afterwards, and remained for seven years with Finn-Eges watching the salmon of Linn Feic, for it had been prophesied that he would eat the salmon of Fee and that he would be ignorant of nothing afterwards. And Finn-

* Why, does not appear from the text, and has not been thought worthy an explanation by Dr. O'Donovan.

† Evidently not the same personage as one of Fionn's foster parents, the latter being always alluded to as a woman.

Eges caught the salmon and ordered Finn to roast it and told him not to eat of the salmon. But Finn burned his thumb and put it in his mouth, and Finn-Eges knew him for the Finn. And knowledge was given to Finn, so that when he put his thumb into his mouth whatever he had been ignorant of used to be revealed to him.

Dr. O'Donovan remarks in his note on p. 293, "it would appear from the shortness of the sentences, and the abrupt and flighty nature of the composition, that the whole story had been condensed, and in some places mutilated." This is evidently the case, but a close examination of the story further shows it to be compounded of different versions, which have not always been satisfactorily harmonised. The opening is from the professedly genuine history of Ireland, and based in part upon the same authorities as those used by the writers in the L. n. H. Thus both quote from a poem (L. n. H. with the words "it was said," the Boyish Exploits with the words "concerning which the historian sang") of which L. n. H. has six and Boyish Exploits seven stanzas, two of which are common to both. There are very important differences notwithstanding, the older version being far closer to the formula, presenting, as already remarked, with great fullness the opening incidents which have almost completely dropped out of the Boyish Exploits, the only trace of them being that Muirenn let her son be carried away because she durst not keep him with her. But from incident VII. on, the Boyish Exploits are incomparably fuller than the older version, and drawn evidently from popular sources. The hero is brought up by two druidesses or heroines (about whom see p. 31), and the trait is preserved of his leaving them after he is able to outrun and catch the wild deer, the story taking exactly the same course as in Peredur, the English Perceval, and the Great Fool. His adventure with the smith Lochan, the love of whose daughter he wins, recalls strongly the opening of Conall. It not unfrequently happens that the formula is divided between father and son, certain incidents falling to the one and others to the other. This is an apparent instance. More remarkable is Fionn's adventure with the wild boar after he had been warned by the smith not to pass through a certain district. This is on all fours with Wittich's conduct when warned by Hildebrand not to take the shorter road to Bonn, on account of a castle

which commands the ford over the river, the owners of which allow no one to pass without either slaying or stripping him. Wittich disregards this advice, and overcomes the robber knight and his men. (*Rassmann*, vol. ii. pp. 380, *et seq.*) Theseus offers another parallel, when, in spite of every warning, he determines to travel to Athens by land, and overcomes on the way Periphetes, Sinis, *the wild boar of Krommyon*, Skiron, Kerkyon, and Prokustes. (*Preller*, vol. ii. p. 290.) The fact of this incident being found in such perfect form among three branches of the Aryan race warrants its insertion in the type formula. A proof that the compiler of the Boyish Exploits had different and independent versions of the story before him is found in Fionn's adventure with Liath Luachra, which calls so strikingly to mind Conall's connection with Lagh an Laidh, as indeed an analogy has already been noticed between the two. Another Liath Luachra appears earlier in the story; a druidess, however, and instructress of the hero. Confusion has evidently arisen from the unskilful piecing together of two stories, and this confusion has nearly effaced two important incidents, the rearing of the hero by a druidess, whom he afterwards kills, like Peredur, and like Fionn in "How the Een was set up," and the slaying by the hero, as in the latter story, and as in the English Perceval, of the man who killed (or first wounded) his father. The other points of contact between the Boyish Exploits and "How the Een was set up" are too obvious to need pointing out.

Another form of the story is represented by Kennedy's "The fight of Castle Knoc" (*Legendary Fictions*, p. 216). The quarrel between Cumhall and Conn arises from the latter transferring the headship of the Fianna to Crimthan. In revenge Cumhall ravages the country. Conn summons him to Tara, and on his refusal to attend sends against him Goll Mac Morna and Liath Luachra. Whilst preparations for battle are being made Cumhall meets in one of his hunting excursions Muirrean, daughter of the powerful druid, Tadg of the luminous side, and does her violence. The battle follows, and Cumhall's defeat is chiefly owing to the magic arts of the incensed father. Before his death (at the hand of Goll) he calls his female runner Boghmin and directs her to attend Muirrean, and when a son is born of her to flee

away with him, and bring him up in the most secret places for fear of the wrath of Tadg. The wise Commean, the druid, had foretold his fortune, and that under his rule the fame of the Fianna of Erin should greatly increase. Boghmin follows Cumhall's orders, and assisted by Fiacal rears up the boy in a cavern on the side of Slieve Blome. When a lad he distinguishes himself in the games at Tara. "What is the name of this fine (fionn) youth?" cries Conn, and Boghmin accepts the name for him. "It is the son of Cumhall," exclaims a bystander, and pursuit is given, but Boghmin, flinging the boy over her shoulder, outstrips her enemies. Fionn next takes service with the druid Fion who is seeking for the salmon of knowledge; the latter is caught, and Fionn tastes it by accident, thus acquiring supernatural knowledge.

Kennedy here follows, unfortunately, his usual practice and gives no references to his authorities. To judge from the tone of the narrative it was probably put into shape in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The incidents are softened, and, if I may coin a word, "romanticised," and the whole reads like the late and corrupt versions upon which the Ossianic Society, as a rule, wasted its efforts instead of dealing with older and more primitive stories. A different historical tradition is represented from that which obtains either in the L.n.H. or in the Boyish Exploits, and one which, as far as the opening is concerned, is closer to the formula than either. Thus the violence done to Muirrean and her father's anger thereat are more fully insisted upon than in the L.n.H. Remarkable too is Boghmin's escape from Tara with Fionn slung over her shoulder, corresponding so closely as it does with the same incident in "How the Eén was set up."

The existence in Ireland of Fionn as a formula hero is clearly proved by these stories, both in professedly historic record and in admitted popular tradition. The fact that the three versions which present him in this shape differ in so many and important points, shows the hold which this conception of him had taken of the (Irish) Gaelic mind, its wide spread, and great age. The analogy presented by all three with the (Scotch) Gaelic folk-tale of which Fionn is the

hero testifies to the rigidity of the popular tradition, and effectually disproves any notion that the earlier versions are due to the imaginations of mediæval ollamhs or monks, *i. e.*, are of literary and not popular traditional origin, there being no instances of the oral transmission of mere literary work among the people. Finally, the close agreement of the Ossianic and non-Ossianic forms affords further and strong argument in favour of the high antiquity of the formula among the Gael; if its introduction had been comparatively recent, and if it had at once been associated with the Ossianic cycle, it would be very difficult to explain its appearance in any other heroic cycle, and a sufficient space of time would not be allowed for its development into an independent folk-tale. An instance from the Hellenic formularies will illustrate my meaning. If the formula story had been *invented* by a rhapsode in connection with Theseus, it most certainly would not be found associated with Perseus, or Herakles, or its other heroes in the Hellenic Heldensage, nor would so many of its incidents reappear in other and quite dissimilar connections. The localisation of the same story in different places in slightly altered shape, and its reception into independent cycles, is a safe test of age. Now turning to the other great (Irish) Gaelic heroic cycle, that of Cuchulaind, unmistakeable traces of the formula are found. I have already remarked that this cycle, as compared with the Ossianic, is more prominent in Irish semi-mythic history and less so in popular tradition, and evidence in support of this statement is given by an examination of the formula incidents in either cycle.

The following account of the birth of Cuchulaind is found, in part, in the *Leabhair na h'Uidhre*, folio 128A, 1, professing there to be a transcript from the book of *Drom Snechta*, concerning which see O'Curry, p. 14. It is completed by one of the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, and the whole has been included by Windisch in his recently published *Irische Texte*. I owe the translation of the L.n.H. portion to the kindness of my friend Mr. John Molloy, and have decided to print it in its entirety, as offering many points of great interest, and as affording a curious specimen of the style of the early Irish romances. I must add that the translation was made solely for private use, and that the interpretation of many words and constructions is tentative.

"The conception of Cuchulaind down here from the book of *Drom Snechta*.

One day the nobles of Ula were about Cochobur, at Emain-Macha. The birds of the plain used to frequent Emain. They grazed until they left neither a particle of root, nor of grass, nor of herb in the ground. It was irksome to the men of Ula to see them sleep very constantly therein. They yoked nine chariots on a certain day to chase them, for they were in the habit of hunting birds. Conchobur then got seated in his chariot with his sister, Deichtine, and she a maiden—'twas she who was charioteer to her brother. The nobles of Ula, in like manner (got seated), in their chariots, namely, Conall and Lœgaire, and the rest in like manner. Bricrin, too, was with them. The birds flew on before them to their flocks across Sliav Fuait, across Emuinn, across Breg.

There was neither wall, nor fence, nor bulwark about the country in Ere in the time (past) down to the advent of the time of the sons of Aéd Sláni—it was level plains only. 'Twas on account of the multitude of tribes in their time, then, that boundaries were made in Ere.

Beautiful, then, and delightful was the bird-train, and the bird-warbling they kept up. Nine-score birds were they with a silver link between every two birds. Each score made a separate train—there were nine trains of them. Thus were the two birds that preceded them—they had a silver yoke between them. Three birds of them, having kept aloof 'till night, went onwards to the end of the town-land. 'Twas here that night came upon the men of Ula. A great fall of snow, too, came upon them. Conchobur said to his folk that they might unyoke their chariots, and might send round to look for a house for them. Conall and Bricrin went to make a search. They found one new house—they went into it. They saw a married couple in it—they were welcome. They returned out of it to their companions. Bricrin said that it was not worth their while to come to a house without bed-covering, without food; moreover, it was narrow in form. They came to it again; brought their chariots with them. They were not long in the house when they inspected it to the back door. When it was time to offer them food they were welcome (to it). Afterwards the men of Ula drank, and good was their draught.

Here, the man told the Ultonians that his wife was in throes in her couch. Deichtine went to her—she gave birth to a son.

The mare also that was at the door of the house foaled two foals. The Ultonians then took the son, and they gave the foals for pets to the son. Deichtine nursed the son.

When it was morning unto them they saw nothing in the east of the townland. There were no birds there but their own horses and the son with the foals.

After this they returned to Emain. The son was brought up by them till he was big. Subsequently there came a distemper—he died of it. His lamentation was made. Great affliction to Deichtine was the loss of her foster-child.

She was longing for a drink on turning from the mourning. A drink was poured out from a vessel of copper—it was given to her—so she drank. No sooner had she raised it to her lips than a small insect sprang to her mouth with the drink. From (the moment) the insect was carried off from her lips nobody saw anything (of it)—it slipped (down) suddenly with her breath. Afterwards she slept for a while (and) saw a thing—the man (come) towards her, who addressed her. He said to her that she was pregnant from him, and that it was he who had brought her with him to the “Brug”—’twas he who could. He was the nursed son, and ’twas he who was conceived in her womb, and Setanta was his name, and he was Lug-Mac-Ethend, and the foals were brought up for the son.

The maiden, then, was pregnant. This (pregnancy) was a great question among the Ultonians, knowing that she had no husband, so much were they afraid it was done by Conchobur through his drunkenness, for it was with him his sister used to go. Conchobur then affianced his sister to Sualdaim-Mac-Roig. It was a great disgrace in her eyes to go into bed to the man, she being pregnant. At the hour for going to bed she continually eructated, heaving hither and thither until she was quite delivered. She then went to the man—she conceived again immediately. She bore a son, and he was called Setanta. Then afterwards the Ultonians were in deliberation at Emain-Macha when the boy was born. They were then contending which of them should bring up the boy, and they appealed to the judgment of Conchobur. Conchobur said—Take to thyself the boy,

Findchoem ! said Conchobur. Then Findchoem looked at the boy. "Darling of my heart is this boy," said Findchoem : "he is as dear to me as if he were Conall-Cernach." "To thee (the difference) between them is small," said Conchobur, viz., between thy own son and the son of thy sister. Whereupon Conchobur sang as follows :—

"The pleasant, freckled, of short hair,
Auburn, good Dechtine then yoked
Seven chariots for me; from cold air
My chariot-horses cloaked:
While she to chariot-chiefs refectations lay,
Then was it she bore me Setanta on the way."

"Findchoem ! take to thyself the boy," said Conchobur to his sister.

"Not she, indeed, that shall nurse him," said Sencho : "it is I who shall bring him up: for

"I am strong,
I am quick,
I am dexterous with the spear,
I am learned,
I am wise,
I am not forgetful."

One is cited before the king; I interpret his language. Anger is expressed in contention before Conchobur—I rectify the judgments of the Ultonians, though not clear: I admit of no other fosterer if not Conchobur.

Even were it I who should take him, said Blai-Bringing, he shall not be educated (in) negligence nor forgetfulness by me. Let them bear my due request to Conchobur—I convoke the five-fifths of the men of Ere; I feed them for a week or a decade of days: I rank their craftsmen and their freebooters: I redeem their honour and their blush-fine also.

That is stingy, said Fergus, a third of those clamour (for redress). It is I who shall rear him: I am strong; I am skilful; I am a legist; I am not mean when generosity and wealth are in question; I am renowned in valour and in feats of arms; I am subservient to insults offered to me; I am fit for my ward; I am a shelter against hardship; I work mischief to every mighty man; I do good to every weak one.

Whoever shall harken to me, said Amorgeni, shall live: I am competent to give to my ward the nurture of a king; I am praised in every way for my valour, and for my deeds, for my wisdom, for my

wealth, for my age, for my delivery, for the agility and strength of my body. Though I'm a prince I'm a poet—I'm worthy of royal favour. Conqueror of every hero, I owe thanks to none but to Conchobur; I am subject to none save to a king only.

That shall not be so, said Sencho, let Findchoem take the boy 'till we reach Emain, and Morann shall adjudge but on reaching it. They then set out for Emuinn, Findchoem having charge of the boy. On arriving, Morunn delivered judgment, and what he said was this:

Let Conchobur, indeed, watch over him, said Morunn, therefore,
The first nursing is Findchoem's.

Let Sencho teach him talk and delivery.

Let Blai-Bringing feed him.

Let him be borne on the knee of Fergus.

To him Amorgin shall be master.

To him Conall-Cernach shall be foster brother, off the breast of his mother, Findchoem.

So shall you all act hospitably, both vassals and lords, both king and Ollam, for the friend of many shall this boy be. This boy will make no choice between a fight in defence of hospitality for all, and a fight at a ford or on any battlefield whatever. That is what was done with him: afterwards Amorgin and Findchoem took and reared him up in the Dún, at Brith, at Mag-Murthemni.—Finit."

The opening incidents of the formula are not to be mistaken in this curious passage, the supernatural birth, the rank of mother and father, and the perplexity and wrath of the mother's kindred. The full significance of the version is only apparent by comparison with the parallel Cymric sage, for which see the remarks on Taliesin, p. 35. It may be noticed at once, however, that the relationship of Deichtere to her (unknown) supernatural lover and her mortal husband are strikingly similar to that of another formula heroine, Alkmene, to Zeus, and Amphitryon (Cf. *Preller*, vol. ii. p. 177).*

Another formula incident is preserved in the story of how Setanta came by the name of Cu Chulaind. Culann the smith invited Conor

* The L. n. H. tract is very interesting from a folk-tale point of view. The opening incident recalls strongly the widely-spread märchen in which an (enchanted) animal comes by night and eats up all the provisions, or lays waste

and some of his knights to spend a night and a day at his house, and when closing the door asked of Conor if he expected any more of his people to come after him. He was answered no, and he thereupon let loose his house-dog. But Setanta came late, and, being attacked, killed the animal. The smith demanded eric, and Setanta awarded that he himself should watch the house until a pup of the dog which he had killed came to full growth. Thus Setanta got the name of Cu Chulaind (Chulaind's dog). Kennedy, *Bardic Stories*, pp. 43-44.

The above story evidently contains the service incident, though in very unusual form. It bears traces of a strong euhemerising influence, and the incident of the dog is probably due to a mistaken popular etymology. It is possible that in an earlier version Cu Chulaind slew his master, as in so many of the Celtic and non-Celtic variants, and subsequently took service with the smith; the two incidents were confused and distorted to supply an explanation of the hero's name, and

the orchard or the fields, until released from enchantment by the hero or heroine. Cf. *Campbell*, No. 41, when the animal is a horse; and *Grimm*, No. 66, a hare. In *Ashjörnsen*, No. 35, the mother loses a *hen* which the daughter must go and seek.

Noteworthy, too, is the fact of the mare's foaling at the same time that the wonderful child is born. This is a well-known incident of the "twin-brother cycle"; and it may be assumed from the mare's bringing forth *two* foals that in an older version of our story there were likewise twins born to the woman of the house, as in most of the versions belonging to this cycle. That the formula hero has frequently a twin or a foster brother (or sister) has already been noticed, and a connection is thus established between the formula group and the "twin-brother" group. A good example of the latter is in *Campbell* No. 4, *The Sea Maiden*, which, as already pointed out, contains incidents analogous to those of *How the Een was set up*, and of *Grimm's*, No. 90, *Der junge Riese*, one of the fullest and most perfect "Siegfrieds märchen." For variants, cf. *Grimm's* edition of *Der Arme Heinrich*, pp. 183-197; *Grimm's* notes to Nos. 60 (likewise a "Siegfrieds märchen," and a very perfect one) and 85; *Cavallius Oberleitner*, No. 5, and the notes thereto, pp. 386, *et seq.*; and Reinhold Köhler's notes to *Campbell*, *Orient und Occident*, vol. ii. pp. 115, *et seq.* Comparison of these different variants shows community of incidents between the "Siegfrieds märchen" and the "twin-brother" group, and a marked relationship of either (though chiefly shown in subordinate incidents) to the formula series.

Cf. also *Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed*, in which the mare of Teirynon Twyv Vliant foals every first day of May, and the foal disappears mysteriously each year, until the monster carrying it off is wounded, and then a child (of the same age) is left in its stead. The child is the son of Pwyll, and has likewise been carried off; no one knows how. Probably the same monster is to blame in both cases, and the foal is taken for the use of the child.

the tale took its present shape. Another L.n.H. tract (p. 59) gives an adventure of Cuchulaind's, which is somewhat like an already recorded one of Fionn's. The translation (due to Mr. Molloy) never having been published before, and being very curious, is printed here. It is out of the *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, and professes to be told by Fergus to wile away the weary watches of the night. Fergus goes on for eighty closely-written columns more, but none of the other adventures have, so far as I can gather, to do with the formula.

"He was brought up in sooth, said Fergus, by his mother and by his father at the princely house in Moy-Murhemne. The romantic tales of the youths at Eman are related to him; for, said Fergus, there are three fifties of youths sporting there.

'Twas thus (that) Conchobur enjoyed his sway; a third of the day looking over the youths, the other third playing chess, the other third drinking ale until he fell asleep from it.

Though we should make a tour (over it), there are not in Ere more wonderful youths, said Fergus.

Cuchulaind now prays his mother to let him go to the youths. You shall not go, said his mother, until you shall have protection from the oppression of the Ultonians. 'Twere an age for me to wait for that, said Cuchulaind. Can you inform me, said Cuchulaind, whereabouts is Emain? To the north, said his mother; and right opposite, said she, is Slieb Fuait between (you). I would be off to it, too, said Cuchulaind.

Then off he goes, and his shield upon him, and his staff, and his (club) hurley, and his ball. He would cast his staff on before him, and he would catch it up by swiftness before the staff would reach the ground. Then he goes to the youths without a covenant (an agreement) from them for a protection, for no one should approach them in their sporting-plain without a safe conduct. Of that he was not aware. Let the youth be assaulted, said Follomon, the son of Conchobur, for what we know he is to be opposed. They decide to set upon him. They let fly their thrice fifty staves at him, and they all were caught up by him in his (flat) shield. They then let fly all their balls upon him, and he caught every single ball of them in his lap. They then cast the thrice fifty hurleys upon him: he sheltered himself so that they did not reach him, and he gathered near him an armful

of them. Hereupon a distortion came upon him. You would fancy that every hair in his head was a devastating blaze from his upheaving. You would fancy there was a spark of fire upon every single hair (of his body). He shut one eye till it was not wider than the eye of a needle: he opened the other till it was bigger than the mouth of a mead-goblet. His two jaw-bones rose up to his ears. He opened his mouth very exceedingly (conspicuously). Fierce heat rose from his head. He then attacks the youths. He scattered fifty youths of them before they reached the door of Eman. He put nine of them right over me and Conchobur—we were playing chess.

He then jumped over the chess after the nine. Conchobur, the king, grumbled. Not well have the youths been treated, said Conchobur. I have cause, Master Conchobur, said he; I have come to the sports from my home, from my father, and from my mother; and not well have they acted to me. What is thy name? said Conchobur. Setanta, son of Sualtam, I happen to be, and the son of Dechtire, thy sister. I should not have fancied thou wert my offspring. Why hast thou not got a pass (of safe conduct) from the youths? said Conchobur. I did not know that, said Cuchulaind. Take into thy hand my pass unto them, therefore:—it is good, said Conchobur. Thereupon he pursued the youths all over the house. What would you have them do now? said Conchobur. To get a pass from me, said Cuchulaind. Take it into thy hand, then, said Conchobur. All right, said Cuchulaind. Then they all returned to the sporting-field. When the youths reached it they contended therein. Their foster-mothers and foster-fathers looked on."

This story has a certain affinity with what is related of Fionn in *How the E'en was set up*, in the Psalter of Cashel Boyish Exploits, and especially with the version given by Kennedy (*supra*, p. 19). Here as there the hero comes to the playing-fields belonging to the youths of the court; here, as in the Boyish Exploits and in the living folk-tale, he is set upon by the youths and easily gets the better of them.* This undoubted similarity of the one incident is, however,

* The closest parallel to this incident in non-Celtic versions of the formula is found in the Trojan Heldensage, where Paris, supposed to be dead, defeats all his competitors in the funeral games.

insufficient to justify Windisch's somewhat dogmatic assertion that the "Bericht ueber die Knabenthalen ist einen solchen wie wir ueber die Cuchulinn's kennen gelernt haben" (*Heldensage*, p. 25), and "Die Erzählung von Finn's Kraftstuecken aus dem Psalter von Cashel . . . nur eine Nachbildung dessen ist, was Fergus von Cuchulainn im Tain Bo' Cualgue (*L. n. H.* p. 59, *Fra macgnimrada inso sis*) erzahlt" (*Irische Texte*, p. 151). The translation of the *L. n. H.* tract being printed above, it is easy for any one to control this assertion and see how far it is founded. Professor Windisch, in both the passages quoted, puts forward views as to the relationship of the two Irish heroic cycles which will hardly commend themselves to most students of comparative mythology, the more so as the evidence which he brings forward turns out upon examination to be so weak.* The longing of Cuchulaind, in the above story, to go to the youths, and his mother's vain attempt to dissuade him, recall Peredur's desire to follow the knights, a desire which he fulfils in spite of his mother's prayers and swoons.

It is, however, at a later period of his life that Cuchulaind's formula character is most clearly shown. From a sequel to the Tochmarca Eimere, or Courtship of Eimer, summarised by Kennedy, *Bardic Stories*, pp. 44, *et seq.* we learn how Cuchulaind came to Scathach, a heroine and Druidess dwelling in Skye, to perfect himself in the art of war. He stayed there for some time and gained the love of her daughter Eva, whom he left pregnant when he returned to Ireland. A son was born and named Conlaoch, and when he came to man's estate he was sent to Erin, to the court of Emania, and charged not to reveal his name nor parentage to the best in the land.

* An excellent example of Professor Windisch's views is found in his comment upon the Cuchulaind birth-story: "Sein vater war Sualtam. Ueber seine Empfaengniss giebt es jedoch eine merkwuerdige sage nach welcher er eigentlich der Sohn eines heidnischen gottes sein würde. Diese sage ist wahrscheinlich erst spaeter entstanden (vielleicht nicht ohne Einfluss christlicher Gedanken) nachdem Cuchulinn in der Phantasie des Volks mit uebermenschlichen kraeften ausgestattet worden war." (*Heldensage*, p. 18.) If the allied story of Romulus and Remus was only known to us from a twelfth century MS. it would be equally possible to say that the supernatural conception of the twins was "vielleicht nicht ohne Einfluss christlicher Gedanken."

The result was a challenge from the Ulster knights, twenty of whom he slew or disabled. At last Cuchulaind himself came forth to meet his son, and despite his skill and strength he was worsted. In his need he cried out to his attendant to fling him the Ga Bolg (body javelin), whose stroke was always fatal. In a few minutes Conlaoch lay dying, but before he expired he made himself known to his father by an amulet which Cuchulaind recognised as Eva's. For a time the Ulster hero lost his reason.*

This is manifestly the same story as that of Hildebrand and Hardebrand, dating from the eighth century, as that of Sohrab and Rustum in the Shah-Nameh, so beautifully done into English by Mr. Matthew Arnold. The accordance with the latter is especially remarkable and extends to the minutest details. In each of these three cases the tendency of the formula to repeat itself either vertically (in successive generations) or laterally (among the heroes of a same cycle) is most strikingly illustrated. Cuchulaind, born in accordance with the first incident of the formula, begets a son in accordance with the second. The same is to a certain extent true of Rustum, who is besides the

* The Tochmarca Eimhiré contains another remarkable incident in the life of Cuchulaind, which, though not a formula incident, is paralleled by the deliverance of Andromeda by Persens, a formula hero, and by the adventure which generally forms the staple of all versions of the allied "twin-brother" and "Siegfried" groups of folk-tales. Cuchulaind, upon his return from Skye and on reaching the Irish coast, is surprised to find a beautiful girl sitting alone on the beach. He learns from her that she is the daughter of the king of Rechrainn; that her father is compelled every year to pay a large tribute to the Fomorian pirates; that failing this she is to be given up to them. The Fomorians land, but Cuchulaind slays them all, receiving but a slight scar, which the maiden ties up with a part of her robe. The hero then disappears, and the maiden cannot tell her deliverer. But the father calls all strangers and visitors to his court, and among them is Cuchulaind. Several boast of having delivered the princess; but she makes them bare their arms, and disallows their claim. At length it comes to the hero's turn, and the strip of the princess's dress with which the wound is covered identifies him. (*O'Curry*, pp. 278, *et seq.*) The first part corresponds very closely to Persens and Andromeda; the second to most of the Goldenlocks stories, as to which, cf. Ralston in the already quoted *Cinderella*, and R. Köhler's notes to *Campbell*, No. 4, *The Sea Maiden*. *O. u. O.* pp. 115, *et seq.*

companion and foster father of Key Chosrew, the formula hero in the Persian Heldensage, as Cyrus is its hero in Persian history. About Hildebrand's birth nothing is related, but he plays the same part towards Dietrich, the Low-German formula hero, that Rustum does towards Key Chosrew.

Another point of contact between Cuchulaind, Fionn, and Peredur, clearly brought out in this story, is the bringing-up of all three heroes by a wise and powerful woman. Scathach corresponds to the sorceresses of Gloucester, to the Fiachail and Bodhmall of the Boyish Exploits, and to the Bodhmin of Kennedy's version. She has her counterpart in the "gruagach," who plays such a prominent part in Gaelic folk-tale, and in the Groach of Breton tradition. The latter name was given to the *Druidesses who had colleges in an island near the coast of Brittany* (*Campbell*, vol. i. p. 24). "Gruagach," it may be noted, is applied indistinctly to either sex, though generally meaning a maiden, sometimes a female spectre or brownie (*Campbell*, vol. i. p. 23). The female connotation is apparently the older of the two and seems to be dying out. Thus in *Campbell*, No. 73, Conall Gulban, the hero, is brought up by a gruagach whom the narrator undoubtedly thought of as a *man*, but who, if the older meaning of *woman* be admitted, equates exactly with Scathach. This ambiguity of the term "gruagach" may perhaps throw some light upon a curious trait in German folk-tale. In the previously quoted Grimm, No. 90, *Der junge Riese*, the hero is carried away, as a baby, by a (male) giant who gives him suck, brings him up to manhood, and teaches him feats of skill and strength. Grimm remarks upon this (vol. iii. p. 158): "Die Erziehung bei Riesen ist ein alter bedeutender Umstand; bei diesen oder bei kunstreichen Zwergen wurden die Helden in die Lehre gethan . . . ebenso ist es ein alter Zug dass der Riese den Helden selbst säugt," and he goes on to quote instances of such a phenomenon. But may not the original German word have had the same double meaning as the Celtic "gruagach," and the female sense have died out from it as it is apparently doing from the latter? If this is so, it is a fine example of the greater toughness of tradition as compared with language, the *female character* remaining, though become an absurdity through the changed meaning of the word. Another link,

too, is thus recovered of the chain which binds together Teutonic and Celtic folk-lore. With *Scathach* may also be compared the "weird lady of the woods," by whom St. George is "bred amid the lonely wilds," and who ". . . trained him up in feates of armes, And every martial play" (Percy, *Reliques*, London, 1847, vol. iii. pp. 269, *et seq.*)* Thus this female "trainer of heroes" appears with a prominence unknown in the traditions of other races, in every form, and at all periods of Celtic mythic literature, and forms one of the most distinctive and characteristic personages of that literature.

The Cuchulaind presentment of the formula, exhausted, I believe, in the tales which have just been noticed, is, though far less full than the Ossianic, of almost equal interest. Especially noticeable is the way in which the two traditions, though constructed upon the same lines, keep asunder the one from the other, the only overlapping part being the hurley match with the court youths, an incident not only common to but similar in both cycles. As may be seen from the table, the affinities of either cycle in the allied versions of other races vary considerably.

Before turning to the formula among the Kymry, another, though very poor and fragmentary, version of it in Irish history must be noticed, the Courtship or Voyage of Labhraidh Maen, summarised by O'Curry, pp. 252 *et seq.* and Kennedy, pp. 28 *et seq.*

Laeghairé Lorc, who came to the throne of Ireland in 593 B.C., was treacherously killed by his brother Cobthach, leaving a son, Aillil Ainé, who became King of Leinster. Him Cobthach poisoned, but spared his infant son, Maen Ollamb, as he was dumb, and therefore, according to law, ineligible to the kingship. The youth grew up, and one day while sporting with his companions was struck by

* St. George, as is well known, became in the Middle Ages *the* dragon-fighter, the counterpart of Perseus in the Hellenic, of Siegfried in the Teutonic Helden saga, and of Goldenlocks in the common Aryan folk-tales. (Cf. Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, London, 1877, pp. 297 *et seq.*) It is therefore not surprising that he should present formula features, seeing the close connection between what may be called the "dragon-fight" cycle and the formula cycle. In the "Birth of St. George," quoted from above, the first, fourth, fifth, and seventh incidents appear unmistakeably. Cf. too the carrying off of the boy with that of Pwyll's son and Teiryron's foal. (*Mabinogion*, p. 348).

one of them. Anger loosened his tongue and he spake. "Labhraidh Maen" (Maen speaks), cried all, and he bore the name of Labhraidh Maen henceforth. Cobthach heard of this and took occasion to banish Labhraidh Maen and his two guardians, Feirceitné the poet and Craftiné the harper. Then came the wooing of Moriath by Labhraidh Maen, the assisting of the latter by his father-in-law Scoriath, King of West Munster, the invasion of Leinster and its repulse by Cobthach. Hereupon Labhraidh Maen withdrew to France, into the service of whose king he entered (570 B.C.!!), and soon won renown and favour. At length he obtained support from the French king, invaded Ireland at the head of a large force, and defeated and killed Cobthach at the battle of Dinn Righ, after which he reigned over Ireland for eighteen years.

O'Curry, contrary to his usual good practice, does not indicate the source of this remarkable story, but, as he says that it is probably the same as the "Longeas Labhrada," recorded in the Book of Leinster, and that it contains the first special mention of a harper in Irish literature (though this may, perhaps, refer to the supposed date of the story), it is, presumably, early. The formula groundwork is perfectly recognisable; incidents IX. and X., though transposed, are particularly well preserved, X., indeed, being fuller and closer to the type formula than in any previously examined version. The story is of interest and value as showing that, however fully represented the formula was in the great heroic cycles and in the folk-tale of the Gael, its formative power was not thereby exhausted, but was available for fresh combinations.*

HERO TALES OF THE KYMRY.

The formula is very slightly represented in the Arthurian cycle, the only traces of it which I have been able to discover being found in

* The analogy of the Labhraidh Maen to the well-known story of Croesus' son is obvious, perhaps indeed too obvious; the more so, as the asses' ears story told of Midas is likewise told, with the closest similarity of detail, of the same Irish king, a fact which seems to indicate that the mediæval Irish litterateurs found him a convenient person to whom classical legends might safely be attributed.

the accounts of the birth of Merlin and of Arthur himself.—*Birth of Arthur* (Schulz, pp. 13, 14).

According to Geoffrey of Monmouth (vii. 18), Uther Pendragon loved Igera, wife of Gorlois of Cornwall. Merlin's magic power enabled him to assume Gorlois' shape, and he thus obtained access to Igera and begot Arthur.

Birth of Merlin (Schulz, pp. 87, *et seq.* and *Merlin passim*).

The fullest account and at the same time the oldest, is that of Nennius. Vortigern calls his druids together, and seeks from them counsel how the attacks of the Saxon may best be met. They advise him to build a stronghold, which he does, but in one night it is destroyed. He is then told to sprinkle the foundations with the blood of a *fatherless* child. His emissaries seek throughout all Britain; at length they overhear a boy at play saying to another, "You are wrong, fatherless fellow." They seek out the mother, and learn from her that she never knew man. The boy himself declares his name to be Ambrosius, and his father a Roman consul. Gildas, in his *Breviarium*, makes Ambrosius the son of a Roman officer and a vestal. A miracle is feigned to save the mother from the doom of unchastity among the Britons—death, by being hurled over a cliff. In Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Chronicle*, the mother is aware of an invisible lover (cf. Cupid and Psyche), whom Geoffrey supposes to be an *incubus*. In the same author's *Vita Merlini*, this idea is further developed. Giraldus Cambrensis mentions Merlinus-Ambrosius, *ab incubo genitus*. The mediæval Roman de Merlin le sorcier, gives him Lucifer himself for a father.

The opening incidents alone of the formula are preserved by these traditions, nor does the subsequent development of the story occur in connected form in the Arthurian cycle proper. There exists, however, luckily, a series of traditions connected with a person of great importance in the semi-mythic and literary history of Wales, which throw light upon the Arthur and Merlin birth stories, and present curious and remarkable analogies to both of the Gaelic Heldensagen. These are contained in the Mabinogi of Taliesin, the formula incidents of which run thus (*Mabinogion*, pp. 471, *et seq.*)

Ceridwen, the wife of Tegid Voel, her son Aragddu being the most

ill-favoured man in the world, resolved to boil a cauldron of inspiration and science, that he might have knowledge of the mysteries of the future state of the world. The cauldron might not cease to boil for a year and a day, and she put Gwion Bach to stir the cauldron and a blind man to kindle the fire beneath it. And towards the end of the year three drops of the charmed liquor flew out of the cauldron and fell upon the finger of Gwion. He put his finger to his mouth and foresaw everything that was to come, and that he must guard against Ceridwen. And he fled to his own country and the cauldron burst. Ceridwen pursued him running, whereupon he changed himself to a hare, she to a greyhound; he ran towards the river and became a fish, she became an otter; he was fain to turn himself into a bird of the air, she followed him as a hawk; he turned himself into a grain of wheat, she into a hen and swallowed him. And she bore him nine months, and when delivered of him wrapped him in a leathern bag and cast him into the sea. Now at the weir of Gwyddno the value of an hundred pounds was taken every May eve, and Gwyddno sent his son Elphin to draw the weir. And Elphin beheld nothing but a leathern bag. They took it up and he who opened it saw the forehead of a child. "Behold a radiant brow" (Taliesin), said he. "Taliesin be he called," said Elphin. And Elphin and his wife nursed him lovingly and tenderly, and he afterwards became chief bard of the Isle of Britain.

The above corresponds with the birth stories of Arthur and Merlin in so far that in all three cases the birth is supernatural. The closest parallel is however to be found in the birth story of Cuchulaind as told in the L. n. H. (*supra*, p. 25). In both stories the supernatural child has had a previous existence; in both the new conception is from the mother swallowing him, Deichtire as an insect in the water, Ceridwen as a grain of wheat.* I have already noticed the similarity

* The analogy between Ceridwen and Deichtire is the more remarkable, as the only actual point of contact between Gaelic and Cymric Heldensage is likewise through the Cuchulaind cycle. I allude to the fact that the fight of the Ultonian hero with Curoi Mac Daire, King of West Munster (see the full story in *Keating*, pp. 403, *et seq.*), which was one of his greatest feats, exists also in Welsh literature. (Text, *Skene*, vol. ii. p. 198; translation, vol. i. p. 254; note, vol. ii. p. 417. Cf. likewise *Dean of Lismore's* book, p. 141, *et seq.*)

of Deichtire's position to that of Alkmene, but the latter has still more affinity with Igera, Uther Pendragon corresponding exactly with Zeus. Finally the "incubus" father of Merlin recalls the "Tuatha de Danaan" character of Lug-Mac-Ethend. The nearest analogue among the formula stories of other races is the Hellenic hero tale of Perseus, the supernatural conception agreeing with all the versions under consideration, and the exposure on the sea with Taliesin. In the closely allied Romulus and Remus the supernatural conception and exposure incidents agree likewise; in the Thidrekssaga form of Siegfried the exposure alone is retained.*

While Taliesin is thus connected with Cuchulaind by the supernatural birth incident, he is like Fionn in acquiring supernatural knowledge by inadvertently tasting magic food, in spite of every effort being made to prevent his so doing. The magic fish (salmon or trout) appears so prominently in the Ossianic version of the formula that, even if the incident were found in none of the variants, there would be enough to warrant its insertion among the type incidents. And when such close and interesting variants are found as in the present and in the Siegfried stories such insertion becomes a matter of necessity. The Fionn-Taliesin analogies are noticed at some length by Mr. Campbell (vol. iii. p. 297), who indeed equates *Oisín*, son of *Fionn*, and *Taliesin*, son of *Gwion*. Whether this be justifiable or no must be left to the decision of Celtic scholars. In the three Gaelic versions the result is brought about in the same way; Fionn sees a black spot on the fish, fears the latter will burn, and wetting his thumb applies it to the burnt part, burns his finger, and to cool it puts it into his mouth. In Taliesin the occurrence is still more an accident, "the three drops of

* The analogies in the allied folk-tale groups are again very remarkable. In the first variant to *Grimm's* No. 60, *Die zwei Brüder* (vol. iii. pp. 103, *et seq.*), the princess and her servant-maid are confined in a tower, a magic stream of water comes in through the window, they drink, conceive, and when the children are born lay them in a basket in the river. In the second variant conception follows upon drinking the water of a spring. In the fourth variant a fisher finds a golden cask with two boys in it when he pulls in his net. In *Cavallius Oberleitner*, VA. the princess and her servant are confined in a tower, and conception follows upon eating bewitched apples; in VB., as in the German versions, from drinking of a certain spring. In "Rich Peter the pedlar," Dasent, *Popular Tales*, pp. 230, *et seq.* the hero is turned adrift in a box on the river.

charmed liquor fly out of the cauldron on to Gwion's finger." Siegfried, it may be noted, agrees with the former rather than with the latter: "Als er dachte dass es gar waere und der Saft aus dem Herzen hervorschauemte, da griff er mit seinem Finger daran," burnt himself, put the finger in his mouth, and straightway understood the speech of animals (*Rassmann*, vol. i. p. 124).^{*} The cauldron of Ceridwen appears very frequently in the Gaelic folk-tales, but invariably (as is also the case in the Mabinogi of Branwen) as a cauldron of *renovation* and not of *inspiration*; in this, as in many other particulars, the Mabinogi of Taliesin, in its present form, shows signs of having been tampered with in the interest of "Bardism." One portion of the tale is only known from an "Iolo" MS.; this suspicious *provenance* and the strongly marked "Bardic" character have induced some critics to reject Taliesin altogether as a modern forgery. The comparison however with the Gaelic and other parallels shows the subject matter to be old and popular, however modern and artificial the treatment may

^{*} The allied folk-tale groups again furnish parallels. In *Grimm's*, No. 60, *Die zwei Brüder*, the twins acquire, not wisdom indeed but wealth, by eating unawares the heart and liver of the "Goldvogel. The story has also developed into an independent folk-tale, of which Campbell's, No. 47, *Ferachur Leigh*, is an example. Ferachur enters into the service of a doctor, who sets him to catch a white snake, which he then puts into the pot to boil. Ferachur is not to touch it and not to let the steam escape; but in trying to keep the lid down he burns his finger, puts it to his mouth, and "lo! he knew everything." This story is connected with Farquhar, physician to Robert II. of Scotland in 1379. It is told in Chambers's *Popular Rhymes*, p. 78, with similar details, of Sir James Ramsay, physician to James I. of England. Cf. also Grimm, No. 17, *Die weisse Schlange*, and his notes thereto. In all these versions the magic animal is a *snake*; and in this they agree with Siegfried, where it is the heart of Fafnir, the *worm*, which has the supernatural gift. The two Scotch stories are thus closer to the Teutonic than to the Celtic form, a fact only to be accounted for by their having originated in the Lowlands, where the race is mainly Teutonic. Both are very old, the one traceable back to the fourteenth century, or it might be suspected they were late importations. Curiously enough the German story, though one of the fullest Siegfrieds märchen, varies in this incident, the magic animal being a bird. One might suspect an early confusion between dragon and griffin, which last monster has nearly everywhere in German folk-lore degenerated into a bird, but for the creature's being a "goldvogel," which, as the "goose with the golden eggs," and in other shapes, occurs so frequently in all folk-tales.

be. One more analogy between Fionn and Taliesin must be noticed: both heroes receive their name in the same way, so to say, by acclamation.

All existing Celtic versions of the formula have now been examined, and, though other folk-variants may possibly be found in the Highlands and in the Celtic-speaking districts of Ireland, all or most of the facts bearing upon it have been set down. These facts will, I think, be admitted to warrant the assertion that in the formula are found the closest analogies, as yet investigated, between the Celtic and other Aryan hero-tales. Whilst language and folk-tale (though the latter is more strongly differentiated than is that of any other European people) show most unmistakeably their Aryan kinship, the Heldensage is harder to recognise, and much of it cannot be compared with advantage to anything in the Heldensage of kindred races. This may arise in part from the way in which it has been handed down to us. The mythology of the Celts has suffered more than that of any other race from the euhemerising methods of investigation applied to it. From the mediæval ollamhs down to O'Curry, who considers "the existence of Fionn, as an historical personage, as assured as that of Julius Cæsar," down to Dr. O'Donovan, who believes that "Finn Mac Cumhall was a *real historical personage* and not a myth like Siegfried or Hercules," down to Professor Windisch, who thinks that the mythic incidents of the Fionn cycle are copied from those of the Cuchulaind cycle, and that as regards the latter the historic presentment is the earlier and the mythic features are additions, perhaps of Christian origin, the treatment has been the same. And the consequence is, as might be expected, such a distortion, such a fining away of the legends, that in their literary form they are well nigh unrecognisable. Luckily the stream of popular tradition has not dried up and can be drawn from plentifully to supply all deficiencies of the literary record. Few comparisons are more suggestive or more fatal to the (till lately universally accepted) euhemeristic view of the Celtic Heldensage, than that between the earliest and latest Fionn versions of the formula (*supra*, pp. 12, 13). In the former but few incidents appear, and they are rationalised as much as possible, whilst in the latter almost every incident, up to a certain point, is

given and the tone is far more primitive. Would this be possible if the one were merely a development of the other, and if the L. n. H. version presented a close approximation to historical truth amplified by tradition into the living folk-tale? Granting this were possible, how is the fact to be explained that the development has proceeded upon the lines of a formula with which, upon this hypothesis, neither story has anything whatever to do, and that the matter-of-fact relation of an episode in the life of an historical character, together with the legend into which that relation has degenerated, can be paralleled in the Heldensage of every European race, the older and more primitive such hero-tales being the closer the parallel, not to the historical relation but to the degenerated legend?

It is surely simpler to look upon the nineteenth-century folk-tale as the descendant of a ninth or tenth-century folk-tale, which fell into the hand of euhemerising chroniclers, was stripped of its more extravagant features, and made to do duty in the L. n. H. as an historical account of an historical man. This view it will be seen is the direct opposite of that expressed by Mr. W. M. Hennessy, who says, *Rév. Celtique*, vol. ii. p. 87, "That a person, named Find Mac Cumhaill, did live at the time indicated (third century), I do not deny; but it is certain that his history has degenerated into a pure myth." So far from his history having degenerated into a myth, his myth has been rationalised into history.* And it may be denied, with fair show of reason, that such a person as Fionn ever did live.

In fact, the more closely the Celtic Heldensage is examined the more apparent its mythical character becomes, and it is in strict accordance with all we know on the subject that the surviving folk-tale should only preserve the specially mythical features, and should even accentuate them, rejecting all admixture of historic, or professedly historic, fact. What does the folk-tale know about Fionn? That his father, head of the clan Baiosgne, had a feud with the clan Morna,

* It is impossible, from the nature of things, that history can "degenerate into a myth." A myth embodies in human form primitive man's conception of a non-human action. But Mr. Hennessy probably uses myth in the loose sense of action not in accordance with historical fact.

and was slain in the battle of Cnucha; that Fionn himself rose by degrees to be head of a standing militia, fought historical campaigns, which are set forth in the Irish chronicles, and died in 283 A.D., according to some, or after the battle of Gabhra (284 A.D.), according to others? No; it knows about a youth who was brought up by a wise and powerful woman, who acquired knowledge of past and present by eating a magic salmon, who was fore-ordained to do vengeance on his father's slayers, the centre afterwards of a circle of warriors, many stronger and more valorous than he, wise and cunning, grievously wronged by his sister's son, whom he pursues with unrelenting hatred, never dying, but found, from century to century, repelling an imaginary and unhistorical invader. Who shall say these are not mythic features? If there is any actual substratum of fact in the Fionnsage it is, I believe, so shallow and poor that it is not worth digging down through the mythology which overlays it.

Cuchulaind has undoubtedly a more historic aspect than Fionn, and it is noteworthy therefore that he has not survived, or barely so, in the living folk-tales. But another explanation may perhaps be offered of this fact. Mr. Skene, in his introduction to the book of the Dean of Lismore, and again in the *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, has surmised a connection between the Cruithne Heldensage of Cuchulaind and the Briton Heldensage of North Wales, a surmise to which support is lent by the analogies already pointed out between the Cuchulaind and Taliesin birth-stories. It is possible that this connection is much deeper than appears at present, and that the same causes which prevented the Welsh hero-tales living in the memory of the people brought about a similar result in the case of the Ultonian Heldensage. One of these causes seems to me the fact of both cycles of tradition having early fallen into the hands of romanticising and purely literary writers, who treated them with the utmost licence, and whose versions (the immense popularity of which as regards the Welsh hero tales is shown by their having dominated European literature for four hundred years) competed with, and eventually killed out, the popular traditional ones. In striving to reconstruct the Kymric Heldensage we are in much the same position that we should be if neither the Eddaic nor the Volsungasaga and Thidrecksaga versions

of the Teutonic hero-tales had been preserved to us, and the Niebelungenlied alone remained as a specimen of those tales. How conclusively, if such were the case, would euhemerists prove the actual historical character of Dietrich and Etzel, of Siegfried and Gunther!

The nature of the relations between the Celtic formula hero-tales and certain groups of folk-tales which do not derive immediately from the formula is a strong proof of the mythic character of the former. These relations are confined almost exclusively to the closely-allied, yet distinct, "dragon fight," or "Siegfried," and "twin-brother" märchen groups. Precisely the same relations obtain in the Hellenic Heldensage, where the formula-hero Perseus (to take the most conspicuous example) is the exact counterpart of every "dragon-fight" märchen hero, and in the Teutonic folk-tale, where both groups stand in the very closest connection to that special Teutonic version of the formula the hero of which is Siegfried. Such a coincidence cannot be explained by any theory which would represent the Celtic hero-tales as distorted reminiscences of actual events, and can only be referred to common origin from the same myth-root. Equally inconsistent with any such theory is the fact that the formula, so fully represented in both of the great Gaelic heroic cycles, is likewise found in two different folk-tales, perfectly independent of either and of each other, which preserve many features not found elsewhere. As a fact there is not found a single formula-incident related of Fionn, or Cuchulaind, or Arthur, which cannot be paralleled either from the formula or from the allied folk-tales. When the Celtic Heldensage is examined with care, it is found, like that of every other Aryan race, to consist of the same materials as the common Aryan folk-tale, the only difference being that the one represents a different stage of myth-development from the other. It is difficult to reconcile this undoubted fact either with Benfey's theory of the origin of märchen, or with Bergmann's theory of the origin of Heldensage.

Even if there were no connection between the Celtic formula hero-tales and the common Aryan folk-tales, a strong argument against the "borrowing" theory of märchen distribution might be drawn from the facts already considered. The formula story of Fionn is as complex as that of Cinderella, or Bluebeard, or any other of the "inter-

national novelettes," to use Mr. Lang's happy phrase; it has been traditionally preserved with the utmost fidelity of detail from the fourteenth century, at the latest, to the present day, as may be seen by comparing the Psalter of Cashel Boyish Exploits with "How the Eén was set up"—why not *they*? The folk-tale of Conall is more like the story of Cyrus's birth and boyhood as related by Herodotus than the master-thief incident found in the pages of the Greek historian is like the same incident in contemporary Gaelic folk-tale. No one would for a moment venture to suggest in the former case that connection which has been hinted at, with apparent seriousness, in the case of the latter. And yet it is difficult to see where the difference between the two cases lies, and why that which admittedly holds good respecting the one should not hold good respecting the other.

The precise interpretation of the myth embodied in the Celtic formula-story cannot be attempted without a searching examination of the different versions in their original tongue. Mythological interpretation working upon translations only can be but idle and profitless guesswork. That the formula, taken generally, is "solar," cannot be doubted, the affinity with the "dragon-fight" and "twin-brother" roots being alone sufficient to establish the fact. Von Hahn, who does not venture upon any definite interpretation of the story analysed and tabulated by him, is evidently inclined to look upon the whole as a year myth. He insists (p. 336) upon the hero's death coinciding with the summer equinox, upon his birth being, as a rule, connected with *water*, and upon the strongly-marked feature of his subjection to another. I have only found cyclical traces in Taliesin, where the hero's birth falls upon the first of May, but such are, doubtless, to be found elsewhere. The other points insisted upon by Von Hahn do not seem to have the same prominence in the Celtic versions. But these, and many other points of interest, must be left to an investigation of the original documents. If my rough notes induce a Celtic scholar, who is at the same time a trained comparative mythologist, to take up the subject and work it thoroughly out, they will have amply fulfilled their purpose.

VII. a
 her
 VIII. eal
 boi
 IX. ith
 iud
 the
 IXA. er
 IXB. La
 X. nd
 ai
 ar
 su
 in
 XI. ff
 F
 ca
 th
 re
 XII.
 XIII.
 XIV.
 XV.
 XVI.

VII. By Elphin and his
 wife (childless).
 VIII. Discomfiture of the
 bards ?
 IX.
 IXA.
 IXB. Gwion tastes acciden-
 tally three drops of
 the magic cauldron.
 X.
 XI. Becomes chief bard
 of the Isle of Bri-
 tain.
 XII.
 XIII.
 XIV.
 XV.
 XVI.

by a childless couple, the commonest mode in Von Hahn's version, is only found in Celtic form, No. XIX. Inc. VIII. is commoner in the Celtic series than in any other, being found in every full version. The Fionn group proper here corresponds to the Cuchulaind group, varying both from the allied folk-tales, and from any other Aryan form, excepting perhaps No. X. XII.D. must, however be excepted; it resembles XVII.A., and may be compared to II.A. and VIII.B. Inc. IX. on the other hand, is poorly represented; the "vassal" condition of the hero, which is so strongly marked a feature in the Herakles and Siegfried cycles, being wanting except in the case of Cuchulaind. Even here it is not apparently insisted upon, but perhaps a close examination of all the Cuchulaind legends would show the hero to be a Celtic Siegfried. Inc. IX.A. is preserved in Celtic tradition, and in the closely allied forms VII., VIII.A. alone, whilst IX.B., which is such a marked feature in the Fionn group, is only found out of the Celtic series in VIII.A. Inc. X. is represented with any fullness in XIV. alone; it is, however, uncommon also in other Aryan versions. Inc. XI., on the contrary, is found in six versions, five belonging to the Fionn group and allied folk-tales, and in a special form which is characteristic of the Celtic series, the hero himself avenging his father's death upon the actual slayer. The later incidents (Von Hahn "Nebenzüge") are wanting in the Celtic series, with the exception of perhaps incident XVI. in XV. and XVI. which in this shows more affinity with Von Hahn's I. to V. Four things thus seem to be characteristic of the Celtic presentment of the formula: the posthumous birth of the hero, his bringing-up by women, his acquirement of supernatural knowledge, and the absence of the subsequent history of himself or descendant found in Incidents XII.—XVI. More particularly are these characteristic of the Fionn group, which may be looked upon as the completest development of the formula among the Celts. A rough comparison of the Celtic with other Aryan forms does not show any striking analogies with this or that group in preference to others. The closest versions are undoubtedly VII. and VIII., *i. e.* the Dietrich (Siegfried) and Theseus stories, as to the connection between which cf. Von Hahn's eleventh study, *Erechthiden, Amelungen und Herakliden*. In conclusion it may be doubted whether Von Hahn's type-formula is best adapted for the purpose of comparison between the Celtic versions, many features being omitted which seem of equal importance with those selected as type-incidents; I have thought best however to retain it with the additions and alterations already noticed: but a careful examination of all existing versions would, I believe, necessitate considerable modifications.

SOME ADDITIONAL FOLK-LORE FROM MADAGASCAR.



I HAD hoped to have supplemented my paper on "Malagasy Folk-Lore and Popular Superstitions" (*Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. pp. 19-46), by a longer article, giving specimens of Malagasy Folk-Tales, Songs, and Oratory. A considerable portion of this article was written, but, through my being wrecked in the Red Sea in July 1880, the MS. was lost, together with many other papers and books, some of which cannot be replaced. I regret that a press of other work has hitherto prevented me from re-writing the paper. I hope still to do this, but meanwhile I venture to put together a few more particulars on the folk-lore of Madagascar as an appendix to the article which has already appeared in this *Record*. It will be convenient to follow the same arrangement of subject as that observed in the first paper.

Animals.—Many curious customs and superstitions, it may be remembered, are connected with the largest animal found in Madagascar, the humped and long-horned ox. The Sàkalàva of Ménabé, on the west coast, not only seldom kill red oxen for food, but at their circumcision festivals, and then only, they kill a *bull*, instead of an ox; and the child to be operated on is seated on the animal's back during the customary invocation. The royal tribes of Màroseràna and Andrévola, in the Fiherénana province (south-west coast), used sometimes to employ human sacrifices instead of those of oxen.

The tribe or clan of the south-east provinces, called Zàfy Raminia, will not eat flesh unless the animal has been killed by the hand of one of their own tribe.

The Rev. C. F. Moss relates that "a place called Anàlavòry [between the capital and the north-west coast] was described to us as

the burial-place of an extinct race of kings; and it is said that every year, at the feast of the *fandràna* [the new-year's festival, a very great occasion with the Malagasy], a herd of cattle gather of their own accord at the spot, whereupon the fat ones die of themselves without waiting for the butcher; while the lean ones, led by an ancient cow, run away, to return to the same spot and go through the same course of procedure the following year. We were also assured that if we stood there and shouted, no matter how dry the day, rain would surely come."

*Omb*y or *ombé*, the native word for ox, is an old equivalent for "chief," "head," and the bull is held as sacred among the *Sakalavas*. In digging out the foundations for a new gateway to the royal courtyard at Antananarivo, a few years ago, the remains of one of the former queen's fighting-bulls were discovered, carefully wrapped in a red *lamba*, the ample cloth forming the outer article of native dress.*

Among the *Sihànaka* tribe any one who sees a large black moth called *kàkabémàso* (i.e., "the enemy with many eyes," alluding to the eye-like spots on its wings) is believed to be liable to an attack of a disease called *sòratra* or *tròmba*. The same consequence also follows seeing the bird called *vòrondréo*.

A native evangelist living among the same people had a hare-lipped cow and two rabbits. These animals caused much anxiety to the superstitious folks, a number of whom waited upon him, and requested him either to remove or kill them, as such creatures were tabooed amongst them, and would bring sickness and other calamities if allowed to remain.

* The close connection of the native name for the ox with many Malagasy words may be seen from the following examples:—

Ombalàhinify, eyetooth; lit. "bull-tooth."

Ombalàhintongotra, heel; lit. "bull of foot."

Ombalàhi-fandòto, lit. "bull-pounder," a name given to the rice-pounder when used in the circumcision ceremonies.

Ombalàhi-vòla, "silver bulls," are small ornaments of silver about an inch long, in the rude shape of an ox, worn about the wrist or chest as charms.

Ombalàhin' Andriamànitra, "God's bull," is the name of a bead.

Ombivòlavòta, "oxen finished (?) money," are speckled cattle, frequently used for sacrifices and as presents to the sovereign or chief.

Among the Hovas a bit of folk-lore was connected with the whale. When an earthquake shock occurred they used to say, "*Mivàdika ny tròzona*" ("The whales are turning over") and "*Mampàndro ny zànany ny tròzona*" ("The whales are bathing their children").

Fabulous animals.—Some account was given in the previous paper of a curious belief of the Bétsiléo (central southern Madagascar) in a kind of transmigration of souls; the spirits of those of noble blood being supposed to enter a creature called *fanàny*, variously described as a lizard, a worm, and a serpent, which is regarded with idolatrous reverence by the people. My friend Mr. G. A. Shaw, who has resided for many years in the Bétsiléo province, has kindly given me some additional particulars as to this curious superstition. He says the *fanàny* is supposed to be the result of the *life* of the princes, and to come from below the left armpit; for the body, when dead, is bound tightly to one of the posts of the house, and the creature that appears in the liquid exuding from the body by the pressure applied is, they say, the life. This creature is carried to the nearest water, river or otherwise, which from that time becomes *fàdy* or tabooed. No more is seen of it (of course), but they think it is not killed, but changes into a snake or lizard, or some animal forming a connecting link between these two reptiles. Here native authorities differ, some asserting that it has legs, while some are uncertain whether the *dòna* (a species of serpent) is not it. When one of these is found the chief people from the district assemble round it, and alternately ask it if it be not the *fanàny* of such-an-one, until it moves its head, when they consider that it has answered in the affirmative. It is coaxed on to a clean cloth; an ox is killed, and the blood set before the *fanàny*, which is then carried to the chief village of the prince to whose name it is supposed to have answered. A great feast is made; oxen are killed; rum is drunk to excess, and at last the creature is carried to the same tabooed water into which the worm said to come from the body was originally placed. The *fanàny*, they say, can never die; if decapitated another head grows; if cut in halves the missing part is renewed; but any one injuring it will die. The belief is dying out, especially since such confusion of ideas exists as to what animal is really the *fanàny*.

While speaking of fabulous *animals* it may be here noted that there is, in Imérina at least, some trace of that wide-spread belief in the footprints of supernatural beings, giants, saints, mighty men, and gods.* Rapéto, traditionally known as a chief of the Vazimba, the aboriginal inhabitants of the interior provinces, has by the popular imagination been magnified into a giant, and some curious holes in rocks by the roadside, four or five miles north of Antanànarivo, are supposed to be his footprints. A good deal of imaginative power is requisite, for they are shapeless cavities, probably produced by the action of rain water. A village two or three miles west of the capital bears the name of this chief, Ambòhidrapéto, *i.e.*, the town of Rapéto.

Trees and plants.—In the times when bull fighting was common the owners of the bulls held a plant called *tsivàlondriana* in their hands to ensure victory. Concerning a hard-wooded tree called *hàzotòkana*, the Malagasy used to believe that if any part of it were brought into the house the rice pans would be broken. And formerly, the root of a plant called *vàrikitia* was brought by the father of a newly-born child (if the first-born), who held it over his head outside the house, then dashed it on the ground westwards, with the idea that the child was in some way or other benefitted thereby.

In addition to what was said about Malagasy *Ordeals* it may be noted that in the *tangéna* ordeal the poison was occasionally given to dogs or fowls, instead of to the culprit personally, its effect upon these being the test of guilt or innocence. It was believed that certain charms could make the animals die; in the case of a dog these were called *tolakambòandràno*.

Although the use of the *tangéna* ordeal was abolished in Madagascar by an article in the Anglo-Malagasy treaty of 1865, there can be no doubt that it is still believed in by numbers of the people. This was shown unmistakeably so recently as in April 1878; for the prevalence of a very fatal epidemic fever led many of the people in a village only a few miles distant from the capital to resort to the *tangéna*, several dying from the effects. The Government, however, promptly interfered and punished severely all the inhabitants of the place.

* See Tylor's *Early Civilization*, pp. 114-116.

Folk-lore of home and family life.—Among the Bâra there are no midwives, or rather, the midwives are men, the husbands and elder sons doing all that is required at a birth. After giving birth to a child the mother remains in the house four days.

At the commencement of the new year red earth used to be taken from some specified spot and put at the foot of the middle post supporting the roof of the house; this was called *sântatàona*, i. e. "first fruits of the year."

On certain occasions a cord is directed by the diviners to be fastened from the south-west corner of the house to the north-east (the sacred) corner of it; this is done as a *sòrona* or means of obtaining blessing, and is called *tàdivita*, i. e. "finished" or "perfected cord."

The Tanàla (forest) people, as regards their way of eating, may be divided into two classes: from the boundaries of the river Rianàny, going southwards, they eat with wooden spoons; but going northwards they eat with leaves. The Zâfimanélo tribe lock their doors when at their meals, and hardly any one ever sees them eating.

Lucky and unlucky actions, &c.—Of the river Fanindrona, in Bétziléo, Mr. Shaw says that, although it is a splendid river, "on account of the superstition of the people deterring them from putting a canoe on it, it is one of the greatest obstacles to travelling to and from the capital in the wet season. In one itinerating journey the only way of getting the writer's goods across was by balancing them upon the native water pitchers, and a man swimming on each side propelling the cranky vessel forward; and although scarcely a year passes without some being drowned, yet no inducement is sufficiently strong to overcome their superstitious dread of allowing a canoe to be used."

Sickness and death.—Among the Hovas the rough bier on which a corpse is carried is called *trànovòrona*, i. e. "bird's house," possibly from the idea of the spirit of the departed having flown away, like a bird from its cage. A whirlwind (*tadiô*) is supposed to consist of the ghosts of the dead.

The sacredness attached to royal names among the Hovas is extended after the death of the sovereign to everything connected with their tombs and funeral ceremonies. Thus, they do not say of a king that he has died, but has "retired," *niambôho*, lit. "turned his back" upon

his subjects, or has "gone home to lie down," *nòdimàndry*. His corpse is not called *fàty*, the usual word for that of a subject, but *ny màsina*, "the sacred" (thing); and it is not buried (*alévina*), but "hidden" (*afénina*); and his tomb is not a *fàsana*, but *tràno màsina*, "the sacred house," in which is hidden the silver coffin, which is termed *làkambòla*, "the silver canoe." Everything, in short, is specialised by a name different from that applied to the same thing in connection with the people generally, whether nobles or otherwise.

The Rev. W. D. Cowan, in speaking of the epidemic of malarial fever in the Betsiléo province in 1878-79, says: "One curious coincidence may be mentioned. The town and its suburbs were visited by an epidemic of catarrh. The natives at once said that locusts were near at hand. At this time we had heard of no locusts being in the neighbourhood, but, strange to say, they appeared in great numbers within the week."

Witchcraft and charms.—By mixing charms with the dust a person had trodden upon it was supposed that a disease called *radòdia* (*rao* = *raoka*, gathered, collected, *dia*, footstep) would be caused to that person.

Of the Betsiléo charms, Mr. Shaw says they consist "for the most part of pieces of wood about a span in length, cut from various trees, some growing only, it is said, in distant places, and hence costing considerable sums of money;" and that he had in his possession between twenty and thirty *òdy*, of each of which he had ascertained the use. Some are believed in simply as medicine, the sticks being rubbed on a stone, and the dust thus grated off eaten by the sick. One is used as an antidote to any poison an enemy may have placed in the food; while others are efficacious for curing cuts and open wounds, delirium, sudden illness, and as protection from thieves, lightning, crocodiles, &c.

Of the *Sihànaka*, the Rev. J. Pearse says: "In 1877 large numbers of the people wore a single grain of Indian corn around their neck as a talisman against a disease which, it was affirmed, a *tenrec* (one of the *Centetidae*, hedgehog-like animals) had announced would appear. During this year a similar story agitated the people. In the month of February a report was circulated that a dog had spoken, and announced that a hurricane causing grievous famine would devastate

the district, that immense hailstones would descend, and that even the heavens would fall. To prevent this calamity the people were told to get six black and six white beads, and to wear them round the neck, as that would prevent any harm overtaking the wearer. The result was that men, women, and children were seen with these twelve beads hung round the neck as a charm." They also wear two white and two black beads to cause rain to fall, but if the string be broken the charm is useless.

JAMES SIBREE, JUN.

SLAVONIC FOLK-LORE.

BY THE REV. W. S. LACH-SZYRMA.



AS the subject of Slavonic Folk-Lore is so immense, I shall confine myself to one section of it to-night, *i. e.*, those portions which appear to be connected with or have relations to the Celtic Folk-Lore of the western extremity of England—I mean the Cornu-British legends and myths. At first sight, to one unacquainted with the remarkable similarity of the Aryan myths of various European countries, the subject would appear a small one, indeed one which might be dismissed in a few words. I hope to show you by even a mere selection of instances, &c., that from the modest collection of folk-tales and usages with which I am acquainted there is a vast field of research in this direction, illustrating most singularly the common origin of the Celtic and Slavonic races, as it is not probable that the peasants of two districts so remote as Cornwall, and the regions of the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, should have had intimate relations in modern, or even historic times.

The evidence of these common myths and folk-tales appears the more striking as it is corroborated singularly by the manifestly common origin of the Celtic and Slavonic languages. The names for the commonest things, such as primitive man must have known, are similar in each group of languages, as indeed throughout the whole Aryan family. The resemblance is not less striking in the numerals and in the conjugation of the verb. If in addition to these the myths and the folk-lore are, as we shall see, in some points identical, the case is strengthened for the theory (so usually accepted at the present day) of a common origin. The question, however, is not only that of the unity in language and folk-lore of the Aryan races of Europe, but

likewise of the approach in many points of the eastern and western groups of European nations, *i. e.*, the Celtic and Slavonic. This similarity of the Celt and the Slav may perhaps be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that these Aryan races have been less affected by extraneous causes modifying their disposition than the Latin and the Teuton; the former being modified by the influence of the Roman Empire, the Teuton by what we call modern civilization.

Before considering the actual myths of Slavonic lands let us for a moment compare the usages of Slavonic lands with those of our own west-country peasantry:—

First, as to superstitions and omens. Some of these are European, *e. g.*, 1. "When the candle burns blue the guardian angel is at hand." In the West of England it implies a spirit, not always a good one. 2. "If a dog howl a death is to be expected, or an invasion by the enemy" (the latter presage we drop in England for obvious reasons). 3. "If thirteen sit at table one will die before the year is out." This is a European superstition, and is probably medieval in origin. 4. "Spilling salt implies ill-luck." In England a quarrel. 5. "Putting on garments the wrong way implies ill-luck." 6. "If the wedding-ring is broken one of the couple will die soon." 7. "A white spot on the nail presages a gift." 8. "If the right hand itches one is to pay, if the left to receive, money." 9. "The gift of a pin endangers a breach of friendship." In the West country any sharp instrument given "may cut love."

The "good man's croft" of Scotland holds good in Slavonic lands. A portion of a field is left untilled for the sake of luck.

At Christmas Eve there is a custom of threatening the apple-trees with a hatchet if they do not produce fruit during the year. The Devonshire custom of greeting the apple-trees may be a variant of this.

The place of the Brocken in German and of the Logan Rock in Cornish witch legends was taken by the *Lysa gora*, or bald mountain, near Cracow, in Polish folk-lore. Here the Polish witches rode on broomsticks (in the good old English fashion), but the Lithuanian and Russian witches on other equally queer vehicles.

The witches also rode up the chimney in the approved English mode. The power of turning the people they disliked into wolves, dogs,

or cats is rather Eastern, possibly a corrupt tradition of an ancient Aryan belief in metempsychosis. The Cornish witches were given to turning themselves into animals, *e. g.*, rather than other people, hares or toads. As we go eastward we find their power of transformation extended. Storms of hail or snow, of course, could be raised by witches. Slavonic witches were also as fond of milk as their British sisters. But the witch-faith of Europe is pretty much the same, and may be partly medieval, and spread by the witch persecutions of the sixteenth century. The unity of the modern Slavonic and Cornish beliefs in "ill wishing" is worth mentioning. Perhaps some scarcely realize how great a power that witch-faith even in our own times is, not only in the remote Slavonic villages but in our Cornish mining hamlets. I have known a parish in Cornwall where there were three witches and a wizard. The latter, who was often saluted by the boys turning their hats hindpart before lest he should illwish them, used to say, "Turn your hearts to God, my lads, not your caps to me."

As superstitions about the foundations of houses excite just now some interest,* I may mention that the Polish peasant is wont to place by night a piece of bread in each corner. The bread is the type of the peasant's prosperity. If the bread disappears, the foundation has to be replaced on the opposite side.

It is unlucky to build a house in a deserted road, for there the devil has been accustomed to wander in his pursuit of travellers and other victims, and it would be awkward to have him settling in his old haunts. In a country where there are so many deserted roads this superstition may hold ground. In England, where roads are more settled, if it ever existed, it has died out, but we have a trace of the premise if not of the conclusion in the ill-luck about cross roads and the burials of suicides.

It is unlucky to use, for a beam, a branch or a tree broken by the wind. The devil or the storm spirit claims it as his own, and if used it would bring the evil spirit to haunt the house. Before the family settle in a new house, a cock is put there for the night. If he crows, it is a good sign.

* See Mr. Gomme's article in *The Antiquary* for January 1881.

THE FAIRIES.

The fairy beliefs of the Slavonian peasantry differ apparently from those of the Celts in the matter of the aspect of the fairies, but this can be explained by the varied habitat of those fanciful beings. The British Celt is, to a great extent, a moorsman, and the special localities haunted by "the small people," or "pixies," especially in Cornwall, were chiefly open moors rarely traversed by man, where, on moonlight nights, belated miners returning from festive scenes, in which their imaginations were often excited by copious libations, represented that they saw the revels of "the small people" amidst the furze and heather, which, in fact, could only conceal very small people indeed. The Slavonian fairy seer had no need to so diminish the size of his visions. If a walk by moonlight over one of our western moors could easily conjure up the idea of shadowy crowds of minute pixies dancing amidst the fern and heather, so also could the shadowy glade of the virgin forests of Northern or Eastern Europe conjure up in the lofty and varied shadows of the waving birch trees, or the gaunt majesty of the fir and pine, loftier shades rising out of the brushwood and appearing or disappearing amidst the glinting foliage. In other words, the fairy is the appropriate spirit of the open moor, the Rusialka of the forest. Here we notice the connecting link between the diminutive fairy of Britain and the nymph of classical antiquity. The fairy, even in Cornish belief, has been growing smaller and smaller. Once, doubtless, she was as tall as a Rusialka or an Italian nymph, only the British forests were cleared, and so she took to the moors and grew small.

The Rusialki are nymphs of great beauty, clad in long white garments, haunting forest thickets or the shady banks of streams. They are the souls of girls who died unbaptized, and are wicked and voluptuous—more wicked, indeed, than the Celtic fays. The belief in them is still lively, and I question if in Great Britain we have such a heathen invocation as this: "O Rusialki! Rusialki! virgins of dazzling beauty, touch not our crowns. . . . O fairy virgins, you have flowers in the meadows, leaves in the forest. O Rusialki, touch

not our crowns." There is a something in this that rings like an echo from the ancient heathenism of India or Greece.

THE STORM MYTHS.

One of the most interesting portions of our subject is the comparison of some of the Slavonic with the Celtic storm myths. Here *in limine* we are met by the noteworthy point that the Slavonian and Celtic myths of storm action attribute in modern times tempests to the devil. The Slavonic god Poswisty is seen here in a Christianized form.

On the other hand, we have the familiar Cornish legend of Towednack church, that the devil carried off the top stones of its tower as they were put up, till it assumed its present dwarf dimensions, and of the hunting of Tregeagle by the hounds in the storm and tempest. A large portion of the Celtic and Slavonic legend gathers round scenes like those familiar to us in that of Macbeth's witches.

On the other hand, the Slavonic snow-myths are well nigh unknown in our British legends, *e. g.*, the snow-girl Snyegurka of the Russian—the lovely fair girl made of snow but vitalized with the life-breath, gay and sprightly as long as winter lasted, but who moped when the spring flowers began to bud, and grew sadder and sadder. When the Midsummer feast came the fair snow girl, sad and pale though she seemed, was crowned by her comrades, and joined in the ring. As in the old Cornish and the Scotch Highland Bealtine the other girls leapt over the fire. The pale snow-girl did like the others in her turn, and vanished as a beautiful white cloud. Or, again, in the Servian tale we have a myth of the scudding snow-storm, of the snow-girl made by the Vilas, so lovely and charming, for whom the young men ran in a race. She is almost overtaken in the course but raises a dense wood (probably a snow-gust); again she is nearly caught, and then she weeps, and a river flows from her tears (the rush of the melting snow). At last the Czar's son adjures her, she stops, is caught, but an instant after vanishes (the dissolving of the storm-cloud).

There is one little tale of this snowy Slavonic family that I shall record, as I should like to find if it has any connections in other

traditions. It sounds with the folk-lore ring, but its structure is curious. I obtained it from a peasant's chap-book, but it professes to be an ancient Slovak folk-tale.

An orphan girl is left with a cruel step-mother, who has a daughter who is bad-tempered and disagreeable and extremely jealous of her. She becomes the Cinderella of the house, is ill-treated and beaten, but submits patiently. At last the harsh stepmother is urged by her daughter to get rid of her. It is winter, in the month of January, the snow has fallen, and the ground is frozen. The cruel stepmother in this dreadful weather bids the poor girl to go out in the forest and not to come back till she brings some violets with her. After many entreaties for mercy the orphan is driven out, and goes out in the snow on the hopeless errand. As she enters the forest she sees a little way on in the deep glade under the leafless trees a large fire burning. As she draws near she perceives around the fire are twelve stones, and on the stones sit twelve men. The chief of them, sitting on the largest stone, is an old man with a long snowy beard, and a great staff in his hand. As she comes up to the fire the old man asks her what she wants. She respectfully replies by telling him with many tears her sad story. The old man comforts her. "I am January; I cannot give you any violets, but brother March can." So he turns to a fine young man near him and says "Brother March, sit in my place." Presently the air around grows softer. The snows around the fire melt. The green grass appears, the flower-buds are to be seen. At the orphan girl's feet a bed of violets appears. She stoops and plucks a beautiful bouquet, which she brings home to her astounded step-mother.

The number three for trials seems the favourite one in the fairy tales of east and west. Perhaps our English proverb, "The third time is lucky," may spring from this belief. The orphan is sent forth twice more on impossible errands. She goes for strawberries and "Brother June" provides them for her; she is sent for apples, and "Brother September" gives her a beautiful apple. The envy of the other girl is now excited. The poor orphan succeeds in everything; she will try her luck. So she goes forth full of expectation and conceit. She goes into the forest and soon reaches the mystic fire,

around which sit those twelve weird men on their twelve stones. January again, as the chief, asks her what she wants. She gives the weird old man a saucy answer, "You stupid old man, what business is it of yours what I want?" He gives her a withering look with his freezing grey eyes, he breathes an icy blast, and waves his magic staff; a gust rushes through the forest; the naughty girl sinks to the ground frozen to death, and is buried beneath a heap of snow. Her mother goes to seek her and is frozen to death also. Was it to some Slavonic snow legend like this that Nicholas I. referred when he spoke of General January as one of the best generals in the Russian army? The idealizing of January as an old man with a white beard and terrible eyes freezing to death those on whom he looks in wrath is more poetical than the representation of it as a child. The terrible side of winter is better realised however in Slavonic lands where frost is often so severe.

A softer legend though manifestly modern is worth quoting as so strikingly like a modern tale well known in England: "Once on a time there were two orphans. They had lately lost their parents, and as they were so little could not earn their bread. They lived by alms. Summer was bad enough, autumn was worse, winter worst of all. Once the girls sat down at a church-door. They sat long and none pitied them. Then the frost and the snowstorm came. The poor girls said their prayers and knocked at the church door. An angel answered the knock and took them both to heaven." This sweet allegory of death in the winter snow has a modern sound, but it is curious it is so extended. Is not human nature everywhere somewhat alike, and may not the same thought strike people of different nations?

ANGEL LEGENDS.

Closely connected with the storm myths are the angel legends, which, though of apparently a medieval origin, may contain in them germs of pre-Christian myths.

Let us take the Servian legend of St. Michael. The arch-fiend at his fall stole the sun out of heaven (possibly an old heathen myth of winter, the type of the temporary triumph of wickedness and darkness).

St. Michael agrees with the fiend to try who shall dive deepest. St. Michael dives to the bottom of the sea and brings up sand from there. Leaving a magic magpie to watch over the sun, the fiend takes his turn. He plunges into the deep, but it is sheeted with ice, for St. Michael has made over it a sign of the cross and it is frozen at once. He has to take a rock and break through and then pursue the archangel, tearing his foot as he entered heaven.

The power of the cross, a familiar medieval belief, which now has nearly died out in the West of England, is beautifully rendered in the Servian story of the Three Brothers. Here there is a slight resemblance to the tale of the Twelve Months, of which I have just spoken. The one brother asks the river to be turned to wine, by the sign of the cross. It is done by the angel, whom the brothers have hospitably received. Another asks for the pigeons to become sheep. The youngest only asks for a good wife. Both the elder brothers are spoilt by prosperity. When the angel comes on earth they refuse him any hospitality, but the man with the good wife remains kind and good, and is blessed by riches and greatness. Some of these stories appear ancient myths christianised in later times.

St. Michael holds a prominent position in Slavonic folk-lore. The guardian angel of the Ruthenian people, he appears as the actual symbol of the nation, and was so emblazoned in the arms of the Polish revolutionary government of 1863, with the white horse and knight of Lithuania and the white eagle of legendary fame of Poland. The Russians, like the ancient Jews, claim St. Michael as their national defender. The eagle may be the ensign of the Czar, the archangel is the symbol of the people.

The transfixing in mid-air of Satan by angelic power, which I have just shown you was an English belief of the "west country," is also to be found in Slavonic lands. In one of the curious legends of John Twardowski it appears. You will bear with me while I relate the story, which has a very Celtic character though applied to the memory of a famous Cracow magician of the sixteenth century, just as many ancient myths gather round Job Milton and John Tregeagle, west-country gentlemen of the periods of Edward VI. and of James II.

Perhaps the story of Twardowski may be worth narrating also, as a

folk-lore biography of an illustrious magician contemporary with Cornelius Agrippa, and a little before Sir Francis Drake. John Twardowski is said to have been a doctor of medicine in the university of Cracow, and probably was a man in advance of his age in knowledge of natural science. He is said to have studied the occult sciences in books of magic, and secretly to have gone forth from the city to Podgorice, where he summoned the demon to his presence. Like Doctor Faust in the legend, and sorcerers in general, he signed a contract with his own blood. The demon was to do everything he was ordered, and have no power over Twardowski until he met him at Rome. It is needless to say that Twardowski never went to Italy afterwards.

Twardowski was wont to perform his magical incantations on the mountains of Krzemionki, or on the tumulus of Krakus, the mythic founder of Cracow. This idea of a supernatural hallow around the mounds or barrows of the prehistoric race is not confined to Eastern Europe. In Cornwall also there is a belief in some of these barrows having a mystical connection and being haunted by spirits. The tomb of Krakus is a large prehistoric mound of great antiquity outside the city, not unlike many of our British barrows. It was, of course, a haunted place.

Twardowski must have given the demon much trouble. He ordered him to collect an enormous quantity of silver and bury it at Olkusz. The silver-mines of Olkusz are evidence of the veracity of this legend, just as at Tolcame, by Mount's Bay, the Cornish folk point to the veins of elvan on the earn as proof that the Buccaboo turned the fishermen's nets into stone.

He had to do other hard things. He compelled him to bring a huge rock to Piaskowa, and fix it with the sharp point down. The Hawk's Rock is still pointed at by the peasants as a record of Twardowski's powers.

The art of levitation he understood like most sorcerers. He had a painted horse on which he flew where he would (perhaps a more elegant edition of the broomstick of the British witches. Twardowski was a nobleman, and it would have been undignified doubtless for a nobleman to ride on a broomstick.)

He could go on the Vistula in a boat without sail or oar. (Query, might not this be something more than a folk legend, and Twardowski, who it seems was an able mechanician, have constructed a water velocipede to astonish the people?)

His grandest achievement, which may possibly be an historical event, though it is difficult to believe such credulity in a king of the sixteenth century, was his summoning Queen Barbara Radzivil. King Sigismund Augustus had married this celebrated beauty in 1548, and was devotedly attached to her. But in 1551 Queen Barbara, beloved by the king and nation, only six months after her coronation, died (May 12, 1551). King Augustus was inconsolable, and his terrible loss preyed on his mind. In the delirium of his bereavement he told his courtiers that nothing could console him but the sight of his beloved queen again, or of her spirit. The request was unreasonable, but the nobles humoured the royal widower's fancy. He made an offer of 500 pieces of gold for a sight of Queen Barbara's spirit. The bribe was heavy, but none of the spiritualists or necromancers of the period could earn it. In his distress Gonska, the king's buffoon, is said to have visited Twardowski, and asked him to relieve the king and earn the 500 pieces. Twardowski declared his readiness to summon Queen Barbara, even in the palace at Cracow where she had lived. At the appointed night King Sigismund Augustus descended into the palace vaults to behold his loved one. Twardowski, begging him neither to speak nor move, performed some incantations, and then, amidst blue fire, there appeared what seemed Queen Barbara in a white robe. The king was consoled by the vision, and paid Twardowski his fee, which was earned, it is said, by a Miss Przeclawska, a Lutheran girl, who had fled from persecution to Twardowski, and who, being very like Queen Barbara, acted the ghost's part.

At length the demon resolved to trap Twardowski. Disguised as a servant he went to the magician asking his help for his master, who was ill. As Twardowski felt himself safe in Gallicia, he went unsuspectingly. He entered an inn in the village to which the messenger conducted him. He never thought of looking at the sign-board, which bore the fatal name of "Rome." A flock of crows and owls, however, gathered on the roof. The demon entered in his best attire, but with

horns and hoofs only too imperfectly concealed. Twardowski saw his danger in a moment. Knowing the helplessness of his foe against a baptized child, he snatched from the cradle the innkeeper's innocent babe. Under the babe's defence he foiled his foe for some time, for the fiend could not touch him without hurting the sinless child. At length Twardowski, who was a match for the demon even in the "Hotel de Rome," was appealed to by the devil as a man of honour. "*Verbum nobile debet esset stabile.*" Twardowski, bad though he was, could not break his word, even to the "Father of Lies." He put back the baby, and at once went up the chimney. But his honourable conduct was not allowed to be the cause of his final ruin. As he was borne in the air by the demon over Cracow, the memory of a hymn to the Virgin, which he had composed when a child, came to his mind. He sang it lustily in his dire trial. The fiend was as transfixed over Cracow as over Helston, but he did not drop him on earth as he did the "hell-gate" (in the Cornish legend). Twardowski remains still there, floating in the air, and the peasants say he may sometimes be seen on a fine night moving between the stars, awaiting his doom.

The same myth of the enchained spirit, neither saved nor lost, exists in Cornwall in the well-known Tregeagle legend. The hanging has an Eastern analogue in the folk-tale of Mohammed's coffin between earth and heaven. The foiling of the fiend has of course numberless parallels; the most familiar example perhaps is the Rhine legend of the planning of Cologne cathedral.

MERMAIDS.

The mermaid beliefs of the Slavonians and the Cornu-British Celt were not dissimilar save that in the Slavonian peasant tales the Undine is usually a lake or river spirit, or rather personage, in Celtic usually an inhabitant of the ocean. The reason is obvious. The Celts were a maritime people for the most part, the Slavonians accustomed to great lakes and to rivers, larger in some cases than any in our British Isles. The Slavonic lakes have often a very picturesque and weird aspect, bordered by huge primeval forests, and are rarely navigated. Most of them have indeed now-a-days a boat or two, but these

are only used occasionally for fishing and rarely by night. Some of the smaller ones even now have no boats on their shores, and thus are rarely if ever crossed by man. Strange stories arise about them therefore quite as naturally as the wild mermaid legends which amused the fireside evenings of the Cornish fishing-folk of days of yore, about the fair Circes, half-fish, half-women, who were at times seen combing their hair on the rocks, and who could lure to death, or, if they were pleased, bestow fairy gifts on those who approached them. The thought of the waste and unprofitableness of the ocean is a thought as old as Homer, and the peasant mind has been wont to fill the void by dreams of ocean dwellers, men-fish in crystal palaces, rulers of the waters as man is of the land. The waste of the mysterious lake was as suggestive to the Slavonic peasant as the waste of the ocean to the Celtic fishermen. It was perhaps more so, for the fishermen lived by the harvest of the deep, and in fine weather could traverse almost every creek of his rocky shore; the peasant as a landsman rarely pushed out in a boat on the wide expanses of his mysterious lakes. So the unknown lake had even a better claim to its Undines than the fairly-known sea to its mermaids.

A curious contrast, however, exists in the nature of the Slavonic water demon with the Celtic. He might seem like a reptile—a frog for instance, as well as a fish. He thus appears in the Bohemian story of Lidushka and the water demon. Here Lidushka becomes the godmother of the children of the Undine, and is admitted to her crystal palace, and shares in the fish feasts of the water spirits. She finds a shelf on which are many jars turned upside down. She lifts one of these, a white dove flutters forth; so she does with the others,* and from each a dove flutters forth. They are the souls of those drowned by the water demon. A variant of the same sort of story appears in Yanechek. Here the mother seeks the soul of her son in the subaqueous palace, and in doing so lets all the spirits free, each spirit being in a silver jar.

One story I have had narrated to me in the country about Gniezn, about a haunted lake, which I believe has never yet been published,

* This and some of the following stories are narrated by Mr. Naake, to whose book I refer my readers,—*Slavonic Fairy Tales*, 1874.

and which is interesting to Englishmen as being in one point similar to a folk-belief of South Devon, *i. e.*, as embodied in the proverb, "The River Dart every year claims its heart," *i. e.*, somebody or other is yearly drowned in the Dart.

A peasant was once cutting wood in a forest near Mogilno (the "town of tombs" or tumuli as its name implies). He penetrated into depths of the forest glade never yet traversed by man. Suddenly, between the glinting foliage, he perceived a castle—towers, massive walls, battlements—grander than he had ever seen even in his unfrequent visits to the "sacred city of the rest," Gniezn, or even to Posen, the other ancient capital, "the city of the recognition." In fact he had never before seen anything so grand.

The unselfish thought struck him, "Perhaps the lord of this grand castle is in want of workmen, and some of the men of my village might find good employment and pay with him." So with a parting glance at the noble towers of the forest palace he turned homewards and told the gossips of the village at the karczma or village inn that night of the grand castle he had seen and the excellent opening for well-paid work which it probably offered.

In the morning the village was early awake; the young men came out in numbers to seek new employment with the rich seigneur who had settled in their neighbourhood. They started into the forest. They followed the path pointed out by their guide. Lo! to their chagrin and grief only a deep blue lake appeared. The castle was a magic castle of the nymph of the lake, only visible in twilight.

Their hopes were disappointed, but the mystic lake was no longer unknown or unfrequented. A path was made through the forest near it, linking two villages. Then the spell worked. Year after year some benighted peasant was caught in its deep blue waters, the more mysterious because half shrouded by the green foliage. The Rusialka claimed her offering of a human heart, some human life sacrificed to her Circe charms. But this could not be endured. The magic lake was held accursed. Again and again, in broad daylight, did the peasant try to sound its depths, just as the Cornish moorsmen say they have tried Dosmary Pool, in vain. At length something, every one felt, must be done. A deputation of peasants waited on the parish

priest. It was a scandal to the Church that this demon of the waters should thus hold sway in the parish. Persuaded by his parishioners he sallied forth with all the paraphernalia of exorcism to exorcise the spirit. He came with a long procession of villagers to the lake. He solemnly adjured the Rusialka to depart for ever. The service of exorcism was performed. Since then the peasants say the fatality of the lake has diminished, if not ceased. The story of the exorcism was, I was credibly assured, no legend but an historic fact.

As to the story itself, it may be explained easily on natural grounds. The evening twilight has strange effects in forest glades. Perhaps the mists of the lake in warm weather might have produced an effect on the mind of the peasant, full of fancy and folk-lore, to make him imagine a castle. Day dispelled the delusion. The idea of its being fathomless here as at Dosmary was due to no better sounding instruments than long poles being available. The exorcism was a fact. Its result possibly was due to peasants now avoiding the dreaded spot.

It is curious that the symbol of the plague should be the same both in Slavonic and Celtic lands, the tall gaunt woman in her long white dress. I remember some twelve years ago a Cornish mining village being quite disturbed by the story of a tall woman in white having been seen on the moors, and prophesying to some miners that a pestilence was coming. Fortunately it remained a mere apparition, the prophesy not being fulfilled.

In the Polish tale of the plague the pestilence appears personified also as a tall woman in white garments, with her hair floating about her, and is hunted by dogs.

In another Polish variant of the same myth, the plague fixes on the back of a poor peasant whom she compels to carry her like the old man in Sinbad the Sailor, and forces the wretched fellow to carry her about from place to place. He bears with many a sight of misery which she works. At last he beholds his native village. He will not carry the plague there, but drowns himself in the Pruth.

This evidently is a myth of the carrying of the seeds of infection. Many may carry the infection to others even without catching the disease themselves.

The proportion of moral tales in Slavonic collections to the rest is
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far larger than in our Cornish or indeed general English collections. These moral tales the folk-tale student is inclined to regard with suspicion as probably of modern origin, and possibly the work of some well-meaning country parson, who has composed them for the edification of the junior members of his flock, by whom they have been handed down to their descendants. Perhaps the very singularity of these highly-moral tales to western ears may be evidences of their modern origin. If they were really ancient they would portray perhaps their common Aryan origin, traced from those remote pre-historic times when the ancestors of the Slav and the Celt were living in the same regions; their diversity from all western sentiment and thought perhaps shows that they are merely Slavonic, and Slavonic in the most modern phase. Of these stories are the warning stories about naughty boys so common in Slav folk-lore; one of these is the tale of Yarechek and the water-demon; but here, as I mentioned, though the preface is modern, the latter part is a variant of an ancient Slav myth of drowned souls in jars, the "Davy Jones's locker," it may be, of our British seamen.

The Servian story of "Right and Wrong" has an antique ring, and also that of "Wisdom and Fortune," from the Bohemian, related by Mr. Naake, are of this style. Not a few of the peasant tales in their chap-books, which form an interesting collection of folk-tales, are of this moralizing order.

THE BURIED ARMIES.

One of the curious points about Slavonic folk-tales is the large group of legends of buried armies. The stories of underground spirits of the cavern are numerous enough all over Europe. In the Teutonic nations we have the elves and the gnomes; in Cornwall to this day there is a vague fear, among some of the more ignorant miners, of the knackers, or knockers (supposed by some to be the spirits of wicked Jews who died in the mines, and who haunt them still), also of the mystic hand which precedes a mine accident.

But the Slavonic cave-haunting spirits are not peaceful or merely mischievous elves, but also armies of supernatural warriors, destined to

sleep in caverns till the destined day arrives for them to be summoned to the upper air to do the work appointed for them. They thus belong rather, perhaps, to the class of the tales about the Seven Sleepers than to those of the gnomes, or the knackers; however, as cavern spirits they belong to a subterranean order.

Let us take the tale of Trzebnica, in Silesia, near a battlefield where the Poles once fought with the Turks. It is the Silesian variant of the story:—

“A peasant-girl was once wandering in the country, and found the mouth of a cavern. She entered, and found within a host of sleeping warriors, all armed as if waiting for the call to battle. One of the spirit warriors, who seemed their general, was not asleep, and came to the terrified girl, and told her not to mind the soldiers, but only to take care not to touch the bell hanging over the entrance. The prohibition (as usual in folk-tales, especially when the fair sex are concerned) acted as a command. The silly girl was seized with an irresistible desire to ring the bell. Its boom sounded through the cavern as a tocsin to war. The sleeping host began to awake, and snatch their arms. The enraged general turned the girl out and closed the cavern mouth. No one since then has seen the opening of the cave, and it is believed that the army has moved to some greater depth where their sleep will not be disturbed by naughty girls given to ring bells when they are told not to do so.”

The story at Matwa is a variant of the same. It is a village near Inowracław (now a station on the line between Posen and Thorn). A farmer was going to market to sell corn. On his road he met a man, who bargained with him for the corn. He prophesied to him the market price, which he found was unexpectedly true. On his return he met the old man sitting under the hill; they entered into conversation. The old man bought the corn and told him to drive the cart to the hill. It opened, and in a vast cavern he saw a multitude of sleeping knights with their horses by their side.

In the Carpathians there is another variant of the same legend. A country blacksmith who lived in a remote mountain gorge one day had a call from a stranger, who told him to accompany him with a load of iron, as he wanted a great number of horses' shoes. They

started on a journey to an unfrequented part of the mountains, where they found a hole, of which the smith had never heard before, opening into a huge cavern. Here there were about a thousand cavalry horses stabled, and by the side of each steed a soldier sleeping. The smith set to work to shoe the horses (who it seems were not so drowsy as their masters). The work was considerable, but the smith did not notice the time occupied, it passed so rapidly. The cicerone had advised him on no account to disturb any of the soldiers; but by ill luck he stumbled over one of them. In a moment the whole regiment gave symptoms of recovering animation. "Is it time, Master?" said the awakening soldiers. "Not yet," said the general. They sank back to sleep and the smith was turned out with disgrace.

I may mention that smiths occupy a most important part in Slavonic legends, just as in the Italian Vulcan and Cyclops myths, and the Wayland Smith of our own island.

A fourth variant of the buried army myth is curious as connected not only with the foregoing but also having some resemblance to a part of our nursery tale, "Jack and the Beanstalk." It is the legend of the Seven Leaders, which I shall give in an abridged form from a peasant's chapbook of Posen.

Once upon a time, in Mazowia, there were seven victorious leaders. After having won a hundred battles, finding their beards had grown white they ordered their soldiers to build in their honour a very high tower. The soldiers built and built, but every day part of the tower tumbled down. This lasted a whole year. The leaders, after supper, assembled at the ruins of the tower. Here, at the sound of lutes and songs, immediately a tower grew up from the earth to heaven, and on its seven pinnacles shone the seven helmets of the seven leaders. Higher and higher they rose, but brighter and brighter they shone till they appeared as the seven stars in heaven (*Ursa Major?*). The soldiers sank down into graves which had been dug round the tower and fell asleep. The tower has melted out of view, but on fine nights we still see the seven helmets of the leaders, and the soldiers are sleeping till they are wanted.

One curious thing about folk-lore is how often two or more distinct tales get attached to each other in one nation which are separated in

another. We have a striking instance of this in the Slavonic variant of our familiar English tale of "Dick Whittington and his Cat," and the, in Cornwall, scarcely less famous one of "John of St. Leven," almost the only relic of old Cornish prose we have, nearly all the vestiges of that dead Celtic tongue being in verse.

In the Slavonic the two tales—probably two old Aryan tales—are tacked on to each other, and made to read continuously; John of St. Leven becoming, after his earlier adventures with slight variation, Dick Whittington, and, in the conclusion, by a manifest curious combination which makes one feel that the story reads very strange and incoherently, the good servant obtains his good fortune by double means, *i. e.*, the climax of John of St. Leven and Whittington, the virtuous hero making his fortune by both means, *i. e.*, by the cat and by his master's mysterious gift.

The first part of the story narrates the story of a servant who was a just and very unselfish man. Like the Cornish John he serves his master three years, and for each of the three years he gets very small wages, which he entrusts to his master. In the Slavonic variant, however, he tries his wages by seeing whether it will rise or sink. When he gives up all his wages, the master carries on, so to speak, the Whittington story. The cat is not a faithful old cat but one whom the Slavonic Whittington buys with the magic hard-earned penny. The cat is the result of the year's work, and not the three pieces of wisdom of the Cornish droll. The ship comes on, as in the London tale, a ship sailing, it would seem, in the Adriatic and Mediterranean towards Africa, where Whittington also gains his fortune. A rich man of the country, not the king as in our English version, invites the merchant to supper. The same scene of the rats and mice occurs, the same lamentations at the nuisance, the same offer of help, the same ignorance of the cat. "I have an animal on board my ship which, in the course of two or three days, could settle all these creatures." The cat is brought on trial, succeeds. In three days the rats and mice are exterminated. The ship is filled with treasure, the price of the precious cat. Then when he meets his faithful servant the master gives him a slab of marble. This marble becomes gold, just as the cake the master gave John of St. Leven is stuffed with

gold pieces. The next day the master gives him also the treasure won by the cat, and marries him to his daughter.

There are three modes in which we may account for the resemblance between Slavonic and British folk-lore, of which I have selected a few illustrations.

1. They may be the traditions of pre-historic times, when the Slavonic and the Celtic tribes were neighbours.

2. They may, in some cases, be mere instances of human minds under similar circumstances conceiving similar ideas. This may be true of some of the seemingly modern moral tales, but not of those which are complicated in design. There are not a few instances, in the history of invention, of men, without any collusion, inventing the same machine. In other works of imagination this may occasionally occur.

3. They may have both sprung from an Eastern source; in Slavonian lands be imported overland by the Turks and Armenians (who were numerous in the Carpathian regions), and be brought to England by sailors. The latter theory is simply a matter of evidence, depending on the question whether these tales are really parts of the folk-lore of Asia Minor and Arabia. Indian or Persian tales could be accounted for on the theory of a common Aryan origin, which, until the full force of other causes is properly explained, I should be inclined to think lay at the root of the similarity of the Slavonic with much of our British folk-lore.

I should like, with your permission, on some other occasion to return to some other branches of this subject, which offers abundant field for research to the folk-lore student.

EUPHEMISM AND TABU IN CHINA,

BY THE REVEREND HILDERIC FRIEND, *late of Canton, China.*

EXTENSIVE as is the literature now in our hands in relation to the Celestial Empire, no attempt, so far as I can ascertain, has ever been made by European writers to bring together anything more than a few straggling and isolated examples of euphemistic expressions, whilst the fact that the Tabu * is in full force in that country has been almost if not entirely overlooked. The illustrations I shall adduce in this paper by no means exhaust the subject—they are but introductory—and will be drawn almost entirely from one dialect of Chinese, though, from what I know of the subject, that dialect is the richest of all in lore of this kind. As any opportunity of studying the subject more thoroughly by-and-bye will result in valuable additions to our present fund of information, I shall be glad to lay before my fellow-students the results of such inquiries; meanwhile, inability to prosecute my favourite

* The word *Tabu* has various equivalents in Chinese. Thus *fai* (also read *wai*) means “to shun, to avoid; to hide, to conceal, to dread.” It is often joined with *ki*, also meaning “to shun, respect,” then “hate, envy, dread,” &c. Thus we say *ki fai*, “to avoid using sacred names”; *ki yat*, “days of mourning for relatives,” or tabu-days. The pairs of words, *ki fai* or *ki wai*, and *pi fai* or *pi wai*, are in most general use, and of these *ki fai* is again most common. I do not know what relation the words may have (if any) to the *te-pi* of more southern races. Another word, *kam*, “to restrain, forbid,” also has the sense of tabu in some cases. *Kam in* is used to express the idea of “tabuing fire” in preparing food during the third month; *kam shik*, “to prohibit or tabu certain kinds of food,” &c. The *kam chung*, or “tabued bell” of Canton, is noted for its connexion with the weal and woe of that city; and an account of it is given by Dennys, *Folk-Lore of China*, p. 37, and by Archdeacon Gray in his *Walks in Canton*, p. 310, *seq.*

studies through injured sight must be my apology for want of order and literary finish in the present paper.

I must premise that the use of tones in Chinese greatly favours the tendency to euphemism, but that much of the beauty and force of a pun, if not all, will be in most cases lost to one who knows nothing of the language. To take an illustration. I was one day standing looking on the river which flows through Canton, and observed a large native craft passing. Turning to a bystander, I asked by way of a joke if that were a *fō shūn* (steamer). "No," said he, promptly, "it is a *fō shūn*" (cargo-boat). The change of course was nothing more than that of the tone of the word *fo*, which in the first case meant *fire* (*fō shūn* = fire-boat) and in the other *cargo*. In a language of this kind homonyms are numerous, but the written characters differ even more than do our words pair, pear, and pare, or write, right, rite, and wright, so that in reading there is no danger of mistake. It is only in extreme cases that a man needs to ask in conversation which word is meant. But it is this richness in homonymous sounds which in the majority of instances gives rise to euphemistic expressions, and even to mythological and superstitious observances. It may be laid down as an important rule, that no word is tabued or used for punning unless the tone in each case is the same. Thus a word, say, pronounced *kīng* in an inflected tone, could not be used for a word *kīng* in an even tone. The difference to a Chinese ear would be as great as that between the words *call* and *crawl* to ourselves. But exceptions are made, chiefly when one is not quite sure what tone belongs to the tabued word. Here is an illustration, which by the way serves to show the sacredness of a name to the Chinese—a point to be illustrated more fully further on—and the unseemliness of using it for the purpose of punning. A pandit one day called on me bringing with him a MS. which he had been employed to copy. On receiving his fee he was about to reply to *fán ní*, "thank you," when he suddenly remembered that the syllable *fán* formed my Chinese name, and, as he was not sure whether the two words were in the same tone or not, he tabued the syllable *fán*, and said to *tak ní* instead. It was as though an Englishman were about to say "you are a kind friend," but recollecting that the latter word was his friend's surname, altered it to "you're very

kind, Sir." There are a few cases in which the people expressly employ words of another tone for the purposes referred to, contrary to the general rule just laid down. I give an illustration from North China, at the same time adding my testimony to the use of the same thing in Canton. A friend tells me that he was once walking with a Chinaman near Ningpo, and was surprised to hear himself constantly addressed as *kwei*. Finding at length that the native was fully aware of the bad import of the word, he reproved him for his want of respect and good breeding. He was told in reply that when he was so addressed his companion had no intention of showing disrespect. "I was addressing you, Sir, not as *kwēi* (devil) but as *kwēi* (honourable)," said the collected Chinaman. But the tones of the two words are exceedingly distinct and different; the Celestial, however, did not probably credit his foreign companion with such discrimination. Such occurrences are not infrequent, and can take place in any part of China as easily as at Ningpo or Canton.

But to come more to the point, let us notice some cases of *tabu*.* The first month of the Chinese year is called *Ching üt*. The word *ching* is pronounced in this particular case in the first tone or "upper monotone," though it really belongs to the third or "upper falling tone." A Chinese work explains this as follows: There lived in the third century B.C. a noted emperor who assumed the title of *She Hwang-Ti*. He succeeded to the throne of Ts'in (China as it then was) at the age of 13, and, following up the career of conquest initiated by his tutor, he was able to found a new empire on the ruins of the Chinese feudal system, and in the twenty-sixth year of his reign (B.C. 221) declared himself sole master of the Chinese empire. He was not wanting in the matter of superstition, and his desire to be considered great shows itself in the

* As this is the first article specially devoted to the discussion of the *tabu* in connexion with this Society, I may perhaps be permitted to give Dr. Brewer's note on the word. He says (*Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, s. v.) *Tabooed*, "Forbidden. This is a Polynesian term, and means consecrated or set apart. Thus a burial-ground is tabooed for general purposes. To fight in such a place would be impious, and any person who did so would be tabooed or 'excommunicated' for violating the taboo. Like the Greek word *anathema*, the Latin *sacer*, the French *saore*, &c. the word has a double meaning—one to consecrate and one to incur the penalty of violating the consecration."

manner in which he destroyed the classics of his land, that his name might be handed down to posterity as the first (She) Emperor (Hwang-Ti) of China. His name was *Ching*, and that it might be for ever held sacred he commanded that the syllable *ching* should be tabued. Hence the change referred to.* The second emperor of the present dynasty was the great K'ang-hi. Into the formation of his name there entered a character pronounced *Ūn* (in Mandarin or Court-language *Hüan*), and as usual this was tabued, another word being substituted for it in writing, which also is pronounced *Ūn* in Cantonese but *Yüan* in Mandarin. Here we have a case of a word tabued both in writing and pronunciation in the Court dialect, but only falling under tabu in writing in some other places, the substitute for the tabued word being pronounced and intoned exactly in the same way as the word for which it is substituted. Within a few miles of Canton there are three towns whose names begin with *San* (New). One of these is *San-ning*, "New Repose." The word *ning* (rest, peaceful) in its original style of writing contained the symbol for *heart*. When the Emperor Táo-kwáng came to the throne it was necessary to tabu this word, which was done by contracting the character in writing by the omission of the sign for heart. The *ming* or proper name of the reigning emperor is considered sacred and must be spelled differently during his life-time.† If a literary candidate were to use a tabued word in his essays it would be sufficient excuse for his being plucked, even though his essay were highly meritorious in every other respect. Similarly the name of one's father and grandfather is tabued, and relatives farther removed once enjoyed the honour, but the custom in

* *Shing Ū Háu*. Cfr. also Mayer's *Chinese Reader's Manual*, pp. 183, 370.

† Every one is aware that China is a land of scholars, and that public examinations are regularly held for the candidates for literary degrees. The degree which is generally taken as equivalent to our B.A. is known as *Siu ts'ai* (which is variously spelled, according as the writer adopts the pronunciation of this or that dialect). "This term *Siu ts'ai* seems to have been the general term for 'scholar' or 'man of letters' until the time of the Emperor Kwang Wu, A.D. 25-58, when it was changed to *Mao ts'ai* on account of the character *siu* [pronounced *sao* or *son* in some dialects, and hence probably *mao* was taken from its alliterative or rhythmical resemblance to *sao*], forming part of the emperor's name. The Tsin dynasty restored the ancient appellation two centuries later." *China Review*, ix. 11.

some places falls into disuse in reference to these on account of the inability of persons to remember so many words. But on no account will a man tell you the real name of his deceased father.

We come now to the consideration of a curious result springing from this custom of tabuing names. Baring-Gould, in his interesting work on the *Origin of Religious Belief*, tells us that the "dread of vexing the gods by mentioning their names has led to the formation of a multitude of attributive titles and epithets which could be familiarly used. In course of time these titles became sacred names, and euphemisms had to be coined for common use, that they in turn might be avoided." Exactly so is it in China. Thus, *e. g.*, the infantile name of Confucius was *Yau* (I give the Cantonese sounds except where specified) or *K'iu*, and whenever this word occurs in the writings of his commentators it is pronounced *mau*.* But, in accordance with the custom described by Baring-Gould, the sound *mau* came in turn to be tabued, and it is now considered to be improper to pronounce it in certain connexions. This accounts for the fact that in Canton an acre of land is called *yat yau t'in* or *yat yau ti*, *yau* taking the place of *mau* (or *mow*, as it is written in English newspapers, &c.) But the peculiarity consists chiefly in this, that the word originally under tabu now comes to be used for that which was tabued on its account. It is as though we tabued the word *king*, and used, say, *rex* instead; then, on account of the sanctity of the word *rex*, by degrees used *king* in its stead in certain connections. From the *Book of Rites* (one of the Five Canonical Books of China) we learn that a subject who bore the same name as the prince or ruler need not change that name if he were older than the ruler; otherwise, the ruler's name being tabued, it would not be allowable to use it.

* I find the following remarks in an old number of the *Journal of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society* (vol. ii. No. 1, September, 1860): "The family name of Confucius was Kung, and his proper name Kiew. This last is not to be spoken; and the sound Meu is substituted for it in reading. It is the name which Chinese etiquette forbids to be mentioned, and which is therefore called *wei*, the prohibited name. Sometimes a rich Chinese has discovered that his proper name has been the same as that of one of his ancestors, and has paid a large sum to government for permission to take a new name." *Vide infra*.

"In a recent *Peking Gazette* (a small official record issued daily at the capital) appeared a memorial from a Chinese officer, praying permission to change his name, on the ground that a remote ancestor had once borne that name. Among the Chinese the private name of a person may not be used in correspondence. For instance, if a man's name is *K'ai* (as is the case with the hoppo or superintendent of customs at Canton), a letter to him may not commence with the usual form *k'ai ché*, 'he who respectfully states,' or, 'that which I respectfully state,' corresponding to 'your petitioner,' or the like. Mr. Schuyler says, speaking of the Kirghiz women, 'One curious thing . . . is that, as a mark of respect to their husbands and male relatives, they are not allowed to mention their real names in the presence of others.' * As the name of Jehovah could not be pronounced by a Jew, so "the real name of the Chinese sage is so sacred that it is a statutable offence to pronounce it." The Commissioner Yeh, in a conversation with Mr. Wingrove Cooke, said, "Tien means properly only the material heaven, but it also means Shang-Te (supreme ruler, God); for, as it is not lawful to use his name lightly, we name him by his residence, which is in Tien." This observance seems to be well-nigh universal. Herodotus uses great reserve in reference to the name of Osiris; and the Jews tell how Solomon made heaven and earth to quake by beginning to utter the incommunicable name. Dr. Edkins tells us (*Religion in China*, p. 35) that at the imperial worship of ancestors "an officer reads a prayer upon his knees in the name of the emperor. The prayer states the emperor's descent, as son, grandson, &c., as the case may be; then follows his [the emperor's] proper name, † which is not permitted to be written or pronounced by any of his subjects." I cannot leave this branch of my subject without quoting some remarks of Professor Max Müller, which, as will be seen, might have been written respecting the Chinese with just as much truth and appositeness. ‡ "The Tahitians have

* *Chinese Notes* printed in the *China Mail*, Hongkong. I may add a reference to Müller's *Dorians*, ii. 297, 2nd ed. 1839.

† "In some places it is fâdy for a person to pronounce his own name," *Folk-Lore Record*, ii. 39. I am not aware that the Chinese go so far as this.

‡ See Appendix.

another and a more singular mode of displaying their reverence towards their king, by a custom which they call *Te pi*. They cease to employ in the common language those words which form a part or the whole of the sovereign's name, or that of one of his near relatives, and invent new terms to supply their place. . . . It is not necessary that all the simple words which go to make up a compound name should be changed. The alteration of one is esteemed sufficient. Thus in *Po-mare*, signifying 'the night (*po*) of coughing (*mare*),' only the first word, *po*, has been dropped, *mi* being used in its place." The whole of the section (*Science of Language*, ii. 37 seq.) from which this extract is culled should be carefully read, and to the references there given I may add some others in a footnote.* It will thus be seen that a custom, first made known to us by Captain Cook, and supposed to be peculiar to the South Seas, exists in one form or another in China, Tahiti, Madagascar, among the Dyaks of Borneo (to whom I shall refer again), the Kaffirs, Zulus, and others. Among the Jews the tabu had great force, for "they were forbidden to have leaven in their houses during the Passover, and they abstained from even using the word. Being forbidden swine's flesh, they avoid the word pig altogether, and call the pig *dabhar acheer*, 'the other thing,'" &c. In Canton the porpoise (river pig, *hoi-chü*) is regarded as a creature of ill-omen, and its name is on this account tabued. It is colloquially known as "the black and white terror." Hence has arisen the couplet, applied to certain persons of evil disposition, the sight of whom, as of a porpoise, brings ill-luck:†

*Ô kî pāk kî,
Kín chē pat ŭ;*

which may be rendered :—

"Black terror, white fright,
Unauspicious is the sight."

I come now to another branch of our subject, viz., that which relates to diseases and death. In a paper I am preparing on "Chaldean and

* Fornander, *The Polynesian Race*, i. 113-4; *Folk-Lore Record*, ii. 30, seq.; Baring-Gould, *Origin of Religious Belief*, i. 101, &c.; Tylor, *Primitive Culture*; a work entitled *Old New Zealand*, but to which I am unable just now to refer; and many others.

† See Appendix.

Chinese Magic and Sorcery," I shall show how widespread is the belief that diseases are the work of evil spirits. Here I shall only concern myself, therefore, with the euphemistic part of the subject. We are told of the Dyak of Borneo that he will not speak of the small pox by name, but will call it "the chief," or "jungle leaves." Now the Cantonese speak of it under the name of *t'in hâng*, "heaven's act," or *t'in fâ*, "heavenly flower," the vulgar explanation of the latter name, as given me by a Chinese pandit, being "the flower (*fâ*) which comes at its proper season (*t'in*)." I need not point out that the explanation is far-fetched, there being no doubt that this name was given to the disease from a superstitious fear lest the mention of the same should bring the disease about.* We may be permitted to note Farrar's remark on the names for epilepsy in Welsh.† It is there known as *gwialen Christi* [*Crist*], "rod of Christ," another name being *eledyt* [*clefyd*] *bendigaid*, "blessed disease." In addition to the names of small pox already given I may mention that in Canton it is also called *shing i*, or "good intention," and *châng ngan*, i. e. "making money." This "Attila of the host of diseases" has been deified as a goddess under the title of *T'in fâ shing mô*, or *Tau mô nêung nêung*, and as such she is extensively worshipped. Similarly the Chinese deem ague to be produced by a ghost or spirit, and for fear of offending him they will not speak of the ague under its proper name. In Canton it is often called *tâ pái tsz*, though I have been unable to ascertain the meaning of the words. In Ningpo it is known as *ma-za-bing*, literally "buy firewood sickness," probably because of the shivering sensation.‡

* Do we not retain the survival of a similar superstition in the saying, "Talk of the devil and he's sure to come"? The expression, "Talk of an angel and you hear its wings flap" (with its local variations), is but an euphemism of modern date. The proverb is worth tracing back, if only to ascertain whether such be its origin or not. See Appendix.

† *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, by Canon Farrar, the notes to which contain many interesting references to euphemistic expressions. I have already acknowledged my indebtedness to him for many valuable hints.

‡ I may note that so early as the time of Mencius there was an expression in use similar to this. "Yesterday he was feeling a little unwell," lit. had "the gathering firewood sorrow." In the *Book of Rites* occurs a similar expression, and the native commentator remarks, "Carrying firewood was the business of the children of the common people. From the lips of an officer such language was indicative of humility." Vide *Chinese Classics*, ii. 87.

I have seen it stated that in some parts of China people speak of themselves, not as suffering from the stroke of the ague, but as *pang kung*, "busy at work;" but the statement has been challenged, and the words *pang kung* generally mean "to lend a hand." Every one who knows the Chinese is aware that many of them, fearing the gods will deprive them of their boys, give the lad a girl's name, so that the gods may be deceived. At other times names are tabued altogether, the child being called "little pig" or "little dog." A Chinese father once informed me that, when his second child was born, the grandmother took a pair of scales and weighed it, the object being to lead the god, who was supposed to be waiting to injure the new-born babe, to think that it was only some worthless animal that had been conceived. The reason was that the first child had died, and they were afraid this might also be taken, if the god saw it was a fine child.* I must omit reference to other customs of a similar nature, in order to deal somewhat more at length with the question of euphemisms proper, as distinguished from the tabu. In so doing I shall by no means exhaust the subject, but merely open it up for further research.

All nations, so far as we know their languages and customs, exhibit the same tendency to avoid unlucky sounds. The older languages of Greece and India abound in euphemisms, and the folk-lore of modern nations reveals the same attempt to turn away ill-luck by using words of good omen in the place of ill-sounding or cacophonous ones. "The

* An illustration of this subject, for the accuracy of which I can vouch, may be given from our own English folk-lore. In the village of S—, near Hastings, there once lived a married couple who were blest with a daughter, whom they named Helen. The child early sickened and died, but, another daughter being born, the parents were so forcibly reminded of the dead one that they called this Helen after her. But she also died, and, a third daughter being born, they once more appropriated the name Helen. Strange to say the third daughter also died; and no wonder, the neighbours said; it was because they had used the name of the first child for the others. Close by a neighbour about this time also had a daughter, and because she resembled a dead sister she was named Marian after her. But she soon showed signs of weakness, and all said she would die as the neighbour's children had done, because the name Marian ought not to be used. It was consequently tabued, and the girl was called Maude. She did not die, but grew up and was married; but so utterly had her own proper name Marian been shunned, that she was registered by the name of Maude, and by it continues to be known to this day.

universal prevalence of euphemism as a principle of language is due to a belief in the mystic power of words to work their own fulfilment, as one of the laws of destiny." De Quincey * notices the avoidance of all mention of death as one common euphemism, and nowhere is this more markedly the case than in China. Thus, in Canton, the word for "to die" is *sz*, but, as the sound is unlucky, not only is it frequently avoided when death is the subject of conversation, but other words, such as *sz*, "to send, to order on some service," take a new sound to avoid uttering one that is tabued.† Instead of saying a man has died, the fact is expressed by such words as *tsun tau*, "he has entered the measure," *sc.* coffin; *kwo shan*, "left the body"; or *kwo shai*, "passed out of the world, passed away." In the *Book of Rites* death is called "the great sickness." Compare the foregoing references to the "little sickness." Again, certain terms are applied to the death of certain persons; thus, *e.g.* the emperor's death is called *pang*, "the mountain has fallen"; the nobility "demise" (which word, by the way, savours of the same spirit); when a scholar dies he is *pat luk*, "without salary or emolument," and the official "comes to the end (of his labour)." In Burmah, as Forbes tells us,‡ "the phoongyee does not 'die,' but *pyan dau moo thee*, *i.e.* 'returns' (to the state of blessedness). The king, also, does not 'die,' but *nát yua tsan thee*, or 'ascends to the Náts' village.'" If the word *death* is tabued, so also is that for *coffin*, "longevity boards" (*shau pán*), "long-life wood" (*shau muk*), or some such expression being used instead. If confirmation were necessary, I might adduce a long array of authorities to

* Farrar, *Chapters on Language*, p. 247. The whole of chapter xxii. of this book may be read in connexion with our subject, especially on account of the many references it contains. In Canton an euphemism is called *kat ts'úng nâ*, *i.e.* "good-omen word."

† Compare the word *Síva* in Indian mythology. The god Rudra (the roaring one), he who presides over tempests, was often known as Sarva, *i.e.* the destroyer, the wrathful one. But, though the title was so characteristic, the name *Síva*, which means "the gracious one," or "the eternal producer" (*Folk-Lore Record*, iii. part i. p. 118), was often applied euphemistically to him, in order to appease and reconcile him. Every one will remember the Greek Eumenides, or "the gentle, gracious ones," and other examples. Tiele, *Outlines of the Hist. of Anc. Rel.* pp. 149, *seq.*

‡ Forbes, *British Burmah*, p. 71. *China Review*, vii. 12, 15.

substantiate my statements, but I content myself with one reference.* “‘Boards of old age,’ and ‘clothes of old age sold here,’ are common shop-signs in every Chinese city; death and burial being always, if possible, spoken of euphemistically in some such terms as these.” As an illustration of the mode of speech adopted by the Chinese, take one other quotation from the same work. “‘Alas!’ cried Chang, ‘I am already over thirty, and in fifteen years more I shall be drawing near the wood.’” The translator adds, “(This is) a very ancient expression, signifying ‘the grave,’ the word ‘wood’ being used by synecdoche for ‘coffin’.”† A Chinaman was speaking with me on one occasion in reference to a charge which had been brought against him, and said that, though certain evidence might now be wanting, it would be made plain when we *returned* (*fán hū*), *i. e.* when we died. So Judas is said to have gone unto his own place—a “profound and reverent euphemism, and one of the many traces of the reticence with which the early Church spoke of the fate of those who had departed” (Farrar).

Visiting the Examination Hall at Canton on one occasion I was struck at the sight of a large number of immense buckets or tanks filled with water, and marked *Tái p'ing tsing*, “great peace wells.” Upon inquiry I ascertained that they were neither more nor less than fire-buckets, but that the word *fo*, “fire,” is tabued, and the above-mentioned euphemism used instead. “In each of the principal streets of the city [of Canton] there is a large well, the mouth of which is

* *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*, i. 102, 240.

† There is in Canton a street called *Chéung-lok kái*, “the street of enduring happiness.” The name, doubtless, is euphemistic, the street being set apart for the manufacture and sale of articles used at funeral obsequies, as paper dresses, money, scrolls, fireworks, and the like. In some shops cheap shoes are exposed for sale, it being customary in China to put shoes or boots on the feet of the corpse before burial. Among the articles of clothing burned by them for the use of the wandering spirits, shoes occupy a prominent place. (Comp. *Origin of Religious Belief*, i. 71, 80, *seq.* for similar customs elsewhere.) The soles of the more expensive shoes (*i. e.*, those not made of paper, as is generally the case), however, are made, not of leather, but of *felt*. If you ask the reason of this curious observance you are told that the head of one of the ministering spirits in Hades resembles that of a cow, and that consequently he is very angry with any one who passes under his jurisdiction wearing leather-soled shoes. See *Walks in Canton*, p. 154.

covered with granite slabs. Wells of this nature, which are called *Taai ping tseng*, or "great peace wells," are only opened when fires take place. In order that the exact position of each well of this class may be known, a granite slab, on which the letters *Taai-ping-tseng* are carved, is affixed to the adjoining wall." * Perhaps few words are more frequently used by the Chinese than those just given, viz. *T'ái p'ing*,† "tranquillity, great peace." A curious illustration of its euphemistic use is found among the boat-people in and around Canton. It comes to pass in the following manner: The word *tea*, which is a Chinese word, and is pronounced at Amoy *tay*, just as we find it still pronounced by our country grand-dames, becomes, by a regular phonetic change of *t* to *ch*, *ch'á* at Canton. But the same spoken sound *ch'á* also means "to inspect, to examine," as they do at the native custom-houses. Now the boat-people are great smugglers, and they are also great tea-drinkers; they like their *ch'á* (tea), but do not like to be *ch'á* (examined); as they are on their journeys therefore from one part of the province to the other they tabu the word *ch'á*, and for a cup of tea they say, *Yam t'ái p'ing*, "drink peace, or tranquillity."

These boat-people, an older race than the land-folk, are exceedingly superstitious. A friend of mine was once on a tour in the Canton province, and, having got his shoes wet, took them off and placed them, soles upwards, on the upper deck of the boat, in the sun, to dry. One of the crew coming past insisted that they should be placed soles downwards, as their remaining in the position in which the foreigner had placed them would be sure to cause the capsizing of the boat! On most of the rivers during the rainy season the rapids are something terrific, and many of the poor people find a watery grave. No wonder then that the tabu again comes to their rescue, and euphemism is resorted to to avoid an evil fate. There is a word *kw'an* which means "water flowing in a rapid, bubbling manner, boiling, welling up, rolling," &c. When people want tea they call for *kw'an shui*, i. e.,

* Gray, *Walks in Canton*, p. 16.

† The rebels who caused so much trouble in China during the years 1850-64 went by the name *T'ái-p'ing*, generally written *Taiping*, or *Tai ping*, "Great-peace"; and more charms are inscribed with these words than with any others.

boiling water. But the boat-people fear the boiling, raging water of the rapids, and speak of *shiu shui*, "burnt or fired water," instead. Certain classes of people in Canton hardly ever speak of the liver under its proper name *kon*. The reason is that the same sound in the spoken language means "dry, exhausted." The syllable *yun* is used in its stead. I may be permitted to add a note on this particular example from the *China Mail* for July 27th, 1878. "The habit of avoiding unlucky words has a very curious effect upon the Cantonese dialect, and in many instances the effect is one of philological interest. For example, the sound *yun*, which Dr. Williams's *Tonic Dictionary* gives as a separate word meaning 'the liver,' is simply the word *yun*, 'moist.' The liver is called *kon*, but the same syllable meaning 'dry or parched up' is an unlucky word, to be avoided by agriculturists who desire fertility, and *yun*—ominous of enriching rains for his crops—is used instead." Now it will easily be understood that in cases like this a word will probably only be tabued by certain classes of people, others looking on it as containing nothing unlucky. So it is with this word. Whilst agriculturists will never say *chü kon* for "pig's liver," but *chü yun*, you will hear the painter speak of *chü kon shik*, "dark brown, or pig's liver colour." The jasmine is usually known in Canton as *mut-lí-fá*, though in Peking the *four o'clock* is thus designated. It is, I presume, an adaptation of the Sanskrit *mā-lati*; but as *mut* is an unlucky sound, meaning "to perish, to die," the sound *muk* is used instead, and the jasmine is the *muk-lí-fá*.* To

* The Chinese call arsenic *yan in*, which would literally mean "man's words." In this particular case, however, it is but an analysis of the word *sun*. *Sun shek* is the proper word for arsenic, but for some reason (yet undiscovered) the word *sun* is tabued. As it is composed of two symbols, *yan* and *in*, these are pronounced instead of *sun*. But there is still something strange attaching to the word, for it is also called *p'ai séung*. But the character *séung* is unauthorised, and the words are yet again pronounced *fi shéung*. I confess I am unable as yet to read the riddle; and yet how important it is to know these things in order to be able to grapple with the great question of Chinese philology! In Ningpo both *sing-zah* (= *sun-shek*) and *p'i-sōng* (= *p'ai séung*) are used. There are other instances of words being analysed like *sun* above. Thus a woman of ill fame is often called *man ngau* (which would mean literally "literary cow"), because the word *kü*, with the meaning just given, is so composed. Other examples could be adduced.

exhume the body of a relative is not a pleasant or auspicious undertaking, but it sometimes has to be done. *Kwat* is the regular term for bones, and *chap kwat* means "to gather up bones." But such an expression could not be tolerated, and we find the people saying instead *chap kam*, "to pick up gold," and euphemistically "to take up and re-inter the ashes of the dead." Here is a case of double tabu and euphemism. The tongue is properly called *shít*, but the same sound means "to lose in trade, to be imposed on," the opposite of which is *lí*, "to make money, to prosper, benefit," &c. This sound is therefore adopted, and the tongue becomes *lí*. But this is not all, for as *shít*, "to lose," is under tabu, another word has to supply its place, and *t'ím*, "sweet, agreeable, pleasant," or *lím*, "to amass, to hoard up," takes up the ground. But there is one word which above all others seems to be under ban, and that perhaps because of the constant need one is under of making use of it, viz. the word *hung*. This word means "empty," and, in consequence, unlucky, unprofitable. But the same sound also attaches to a character meaning unfortunate, bad, cruel, &c. Consequently a maker of tea-chests never speaks of his articles as "empty boxes" (*hung séung*), but as "lucky boxes" (*kat séung*). If a house stands empty, and a notification to the effect that it is to let is put on the door, the word "empty" is altogether tabued, lest persons seeing the word *hung* should turn away from such an uncanny spot. It is amusing, too, to hear the coolies as they rush through the streets call out "lucky-hand, clear the road!" The words *hung-shau* mean both "empty-handed" and "a murderer." It would therefore be rather objectionable to the person walking along with an empty hand to hear himself addressed as a murderer.*

* A little anecdote may serve to show the influence exerted on the people by this custom of tabuing unlucky words. Near a mission-house in Canton there was erected, a short time ago, a stage for drying fruit. The persons employed there found constant amusement in watching the "foreign devils" at their meals, or as they took a quiet walk around the garden, and for some time no means could be devised for getting rid of the nuisance. But by-and-bye one of the missionaries hit upon a happy dodge. He took a large piece of paper, and writing upon it in a bold style the character *hung*, "unlucky," posted it in a prominent position just where the eyes of the Chinese must fall in gazing on the mission premises. Its effect was magical, and from that time forward the annoyance ceased.

Amongst ourselves, euphemism and slang go very largely hand in hand. We say "dash me," or "blow me," or by way of oath "by Gully" or "by George." If we speak of the devil it is "the de'il," or "the old boy." But sometimes we use euphemisms just as the Chinese would, *e. g.*, when we say a person is "gone off" for "crazy," or call the workhouse "the home." A man is not sent to prison (*quod* is often the word), but "has a month's lodging" found him, and "dresses in government uniform." Just as we call a ragamuffin "a fine boy," so in China *wan kat chéung*, a euphemism difficult to render into English, is used for "a scamp." *Wan chéung* means "random talk, silly," and *kat* means "lucky." * This word *kat* is constantly used where *hung* should be; and this leads me to notice that we have in China a curious custom, which is the exact converse of tabu. There are certain sounds which are lucky, and which consequently get in for a larger amount of work, just as there are sounds which are unlucky and tabued. *Kat* is one of these; it is defined "good, prosperous, the first day of the moon"; in the *Shi King* it means "fortunate, lucky, it is the fortunate time, with lucky auspices, fine, elegant." As examples of its use in Chinese classic writings, some centuries B.C. we find *ch'ò kat*, "first lucky," *i. e.*, the first day of the moon, which was esteemed a lucky day; *kat üt*, "the first day of the month," &c. So we still say *kat yat*, "a lucky day," or *kat yan*, "a lucky, prosperous man." We have another lucky sound in *fúk*. The common name for the bat is *fúk*, but the same sound also means blessing, happiness. It is a universal practice in China to place on the door-lintel a strip of red paper bearing the inscription *Ng fúk lam mán*, "the five blessings enter this door." Instead, however, of writing these four characters, the same thing is expressed by drawing five bats on the paper. "Five blessings" and "five bats" are alike spoken of as *ng fúk*.

It is usual for officials to keep about their premises a number of deer, as they are supposed to bring good luck. The reason may be found in the fact that deer and official emoluments are both spoken of

* Kavanagh, in his *Myths*, i. 233, gives some good illustrations of our subject from European and other sources. It is a pity that the book should be spoiled by so much rubbish as the author has crowded into it; but the few facts which can be relied on are none the less interesting on that account.

under the term *luk*. "There is a vegetable much eaten by the Cantonese which goes by the name of *kot*. In Hong Kong and other places where foreigners are to be found the proper word *kot* is seldom used, but, instead of it, the apparently awkward expression *shat sam ngau*. The reason for this is that *kot* is considered to be an unlucky sound, and like such syllables as *sz*, *kau*, &c. is tabued as often as possible from familiar conversation. Many natives will be found quite unable to give any satisfactory reason for tabuing this word, but occasionally one will be found who can give the true one, which is this: *kot* is a very wicked word in the foreign languages, and when joined to the word *tám* or the word *mai* (i. e., God d—, or my God), signifies something very terrible connected with the spirits or persons of your ancestors (which by the Chinese are greatly feared), and is generally accompanied by a ferocious look on the part of the imprecating foreigner, and, possibly, a box on the ear at the same time. Let not philologists lose sight of such facts as these when searching for their whys and wherefores." * *Shü* is another name for esculent roots or tubers, as, e. g., the yam. There is a medicinal tuber, of a whitish colour and somewhat bitter, which is rightly called *shü ü*, but since *shü* also means "to kill, to slaughter," it would want a good deal of moral courage to take the tuber for medicine under that name, and *pák chéuk* † is applied to it instead. "In the word *t'ung shü*, 'an almanac,' the sound *shü* also means defeat, and hence ill-luck. The

* *China Mail*, May 15 and July 27, 1878. The first issue contained an error which was corrected in the latter. I may add (1) that some good authorities gave me a different reason for tabuing the word *kot*, viz., because masters in speaking pidgin-English to their servants used to threaten to *cut* their wages short, and because criminals had their queues *cut*, the sound *kot* meaning in Cantonese both "to cut" and "taro." (2) There is a good deal of meaning in the phrase *shat sam ngau* which takes the place of the tabued *kot*. The word *ngau* means "the roots or tubers of the nelumbium, which are full of spiral tubes." The roots are made into comfits and eaten. But the *kot* has no tubes; it is solid or *shat sam*, "firm-hearted." When, therefore, the word *kot* was tabued, it was necessary to find a suitable equivalent, and people called the taro *shat sam ngau*, i. e. the tuber (like the) nelumbium, only with a solid (instead of a porous) heart.

† In some dialects (e. g. Amoy) *pek chiok* (= *pák chéuk*) is the name in regular use, not a substitute for *shü ü*. We may compare the Malagasy custom. *Folk-Lore Record*, ii. 30.

word *shing*, 'victory' [or *ying*, 'to conquer'], is substituted, and the otherwise incomprehensible combination *t'ung shing* [or *t'ung ying*] is arrived at."

I might have enlarged and adduced illustrations and confirmations from other languages, but I refrain from going too far from the subject of the Chinese language, as every student may collect illustrations from Semitic, Polynesian, or African sources for himself. We have but begun to work the language and literature of China, and yet every one must see that it is a field of labour which will well repay any amount of strength expended on it. The one great drawback is that few students think such small things worthy a place in their notebooks, and so they are not gathered up and published in such collections as they might be.

APPENDIX.

I had just finished this Essay when the *China Review*, vol. ix. No. 2, came to hand. In it I find an interesting confirmation of the opinion I have ever held, that the written and spoken language of China is influenced to a very large extent by the custom which I have illustrated in the foregoing pages, and I take the liberty of transcribing the note, giving as the equivalent of the Chinese characters there used the Cantonese sounds which belong to them. "In his *Science of Language*, Professor Max Müller quotes the Rev. J. W. Appleyard's account of a Kaffir peculiarity or custom called *Ukuhlonipa*, which forbids their pronouncing any word which may happen to contain a sound similar to one in the names of their nearest male relations. In the Chinese novel, *Hung-lau mung* [Red-loft dream], we read of *Kâ-ching*, the father of *Kâ-pò-yuk*, objecting to the latter's suggestion of *Hang-fâ-ts'ün* [Village of apricot blossoms], as an appropriate name for a garden, because *ts'ün* was part of the name of his relative *Kâ-ü-ts'ün* and clashed with it. We also read of a maid named *Hung-yuk* who changed her name to *Sü-hung* because it repeated part of the name *Pò-yuk*. We do not mean to hint for a

moment that Cetewayo and Confucius are descended from one stock, but we do think it important to take note of such coincidences until careful research shall have traced the reason of the thing to its source, and the more so as Professor Müller says that such principles as the *tepi*, *taboo*, and *ukuhlonipa* must not be looked for in Sanskrit, Greek, or Latin.* The same authority informs us that the Kaffirs "feel a prejudice against employing a word that is similar in sound to the name of one of their former chiefs." This also is a well-known Chinese (or Manchu?) prejudice. For instance, part of the name of the late emperor (*Shun*) was changed from *tsz* to *yat*, and Confucius (*yau*) is always called *mau*. These facts "show that it is difficult to overestimate the multifarious influences which are at work in nomadic dialects, constantly changing their aspect and multiplying their number." The foregoing illustrations of the force of the tabu upon even the written language of China—be it marked, a language read by millions who are not Chinese—would lead us to the conclusion that Max Müller's statement must be modified (*Sc. of Lang.* ii. 43), in which he says that "such principles as the *Te-pi* and the *Ukuhlonipa* could never become powerful agents in the literary languages of civilised nations." In his *Introduction to the Science of Language*, Prof. Sayce also deals with this question; and I may be pardoned for quoting a few lines from that interesting work (i. 206, and context) in illustration of what has already been said. "Similar to the Polynesian *tapu* is the Chinese custom of tabuing the elements of the reigning Emperor's name, and the *ukuhlonipa*, which forbids the Kafir women to pronounce a word containing a sound like one in the names of their nearest relatives. Thus: 'Mr. Leslie states that the wives of Panda's sons would never call him (Mr. Leslie) by his Kafir name of n'Lpondo, on account of its partial identity with that of the chief their father-in-law. In the name of the river Amanzimtoti, 'Sweet Waters,' in like manner, *mtoti* has been substituted for *mnandi*, *hlonipaed* or *tabooed* on account of its occurring in the name of Tsaka's mother Unandi.'" After quoting another illustration the author remarks, "This is a good instance of the way in which a savage

* *Science of Language*, ii. 26, *seq.* *Chips*, &c. ii. 216.

dialect may grow up." The parallel is almost perfect, only that from the Chinese observance we learn that other languages than those of the savage may be largely affected by such customs, not only in their spoken but even in their written form. Many words exist in Chinese for which, as yet, we can find no satisfactory etymology; and it will require a good deal of careful study both of the written language and of the spoken dialects before we can trace these euphemisms which have grown up around tabued words to their source. Thus, to take a simple illustration, who would guess what a Chinaman meant when he began to speak about "the white affair" which recently occurred, unless he knew that white was the Chinese mourning colour, and the word "funeral," as being a word of ill omen, was under tabu? Not only is the word "funeral" avoided, but it is most unlucky for persons who are rejoicing or receiving congratulations at a birth, marriage, and the like, to meet a person, or be addressed by one, in white. The colour of compliment or congratulation is *red*, and it is somewhat strange that red should almost universally be regarded as a lucky colour, perhaps on account of its connexion with the sun. Another illustration occurs to me. We are told that the women of Sweden, fearing the ravages of the bear, call it euphemistically "the old man." I had often puzzled my brains over the name for bear in Chinese, and at once, on ascertaining the fact just related, inquired whether the word *hung-yan* (a bear) was not also an euphemistic expression. The word *yan* is the Chinese word for *man*, *hung-yan* would therefore be "bear-man." I only suggest the euphemistic explanation with diffidence, as the bear *may* have been confused with the baboon, which in Amoy is called *láng-him*, "man-bear," but then we should have to account for the order of the words. It is not in China as with the Sioux. "Among the Sioux the bear, the most *human* of animals, had four souls" (Tylor, *Prim. Cult.* i. 424); yet the facts respecting the appearance of bear and baboon must be taken into account, though I still incline to the euphemistic interpretation. It is not a little strange that the word *hung*, "a bear," also means "bright," a fact worthy of comparison with those given by Prof. Max Müller (*Science of Language*, ii. 398.) Whether the *hung-yan* is in any way connected with the *lobis homem*, *λυκανθρωπος*, or *wehr-wolf*, I must not here stay to discuss.

It is interesting to find euphemism and tabu acting differently in different localities. In some parts of China, as will be seen by some former remarks, the foreigner is almost invariably spoken of, or to, as *kwei*, "devil." But such is the fear of the people in other parts of the country (Gill, *River of Golden Land*), that they will not pronounce the word devil, lest he should appear.* Up among the Yang-tse gorges, where the fierce wind often capsizes the clumsy barques, the word *fêng*, "wind," is tabued from the language of the boat-people, just as the word *shé*, "snake," is from the language of the people living on land.

As almost every day's study is bringing some new fact to light, I find I must not try to add all the matter collected whilst the foregoing pages have been going through the press. I may, however, notice that the customs treated in relation to China are illustrated from Burmese sources by Forbes's *British Burmah*, p. 50, and note, and that I find (*Credulities Past and Present*, p. 14) the beliefs respecting the porpoise fortelling a storm (*supra*, p. 7) in existence in places far distant from China. Those who possess Dr. Douglas's *Chinese-English Dictionary of the Amoy Vernacular* will find additional facts under the words *kī*, *khī*, and *kim*. Among euphemistic expressions for death a very interesting one comes to hand from Ningpo. The words *kyih kó* mean "to bear fruit," but are also used in speaking of persons, thus *nying kyih'-kó-de* means that the man has come to his end: if he has friends and money he has come to a good end.

A comparative study must be reserved for some future occasion, when materials shall have been gathered and arranged. Meanwhile, to show how fruitful and interesting such a study might prove, I will add one more note in conclusion.

"Then we also learned that with them every day throughout each month has its *fady* [the Malagasy equivalent of *tabu*], or food which must not be eaten when travelling on that day," &c. (*Record*, ii. 31.) So in China, the fortune-tellers "direct men as to certain days on which they ought to avoid the discharge of certain duties. . . . A sauce would be tasteless if made on the day called *Sun*. . . . To take medicine on the day called *Mee* is to take poison. . . . To eat dog's flesh

* *Supra*, p. 78, note *.

on the day called *Sut* is to be haunted at night by the spirit of a dog," &c. &c. (Gray's *China*, ii. 26, *seq.*)

The whole of the section on "Lucky and Unlucky Days and Times," in *Malagasy Folk-Lore*, is full of points of similarity with Chinese folk-lore. "At the death of a sovereign there are a number of things which become *fady*, and must not be done for a specified time. . . . Thus, at the death of Radâma I., not only was almost every one ordered to shave the head, but to use no showy dress," &c. (*Folk-Lore Record*, ii. 40). In China, where the head is regularly shaved, it is *fady* to shave it at the time of mourning. When an emperor dies, the barber loses much of his trade for at least one hundred days. The people may go and have their heads washed, and their hair combed and plaited, but no razor or knife may touch the head. A compromise is made when the hair gets too long, for it may then be cropped with scissors, but no more. Something of this kind is observed in almost every country. See Farrer, *Primitive Manners and Customs*, who, however, in common with most writers, restricts the use of the word *tabu* to the custom as developed in Polynesia. But evidently the word must be made to bear a more general application, or a new word must be found for embracing the various branches and offshoots of what was originally one custom.

FOLK-LORE FROM THE UNITED STATES.

THE following notes have been sent to me by Miss Guernsey, of Rochester, N.Y., and although most of their interest is connected with folk-medicine—as indeed it was with the kind intention of assisting me in the preparation of my book on that subject that Miss Guernsey's letters were addressed to me—yet I think it right, with her permission, to give them to the members of the Folk-Lore Society in a connected form. In every case I use my correspondent's own words.

(1.) The following curious instance of 'medicine' (using that word in the Indian sense) was told to me this summer (1880) in Nantucket. The two ladies from whom I had it were both persons of education, one of them of more than average intelligence. They both declared that they knew it to be a fact, and the process detailed was always a positive success. However, in the words of Caxton's preface to the *Morte d'Arthur*, 'to put faith and truth therein you be at your liberty.' A little boy known to my informant had fits, and his parents were told by some wise person that if they would get a young dog, and allow it to be with the child, and to sleep with him, the dog would take the disease from the child, and as the dog grew worse the child would recover. They followed this sage's counsel, and sure enough, in the course of a few months,

The boy recovered from the fits,
The dog it was that died.

I was assured by my friends that epilepsy could always be cured that way, and they seemed to think me such a Sadducee for venturing

to doubt, that I simply held my tongue. It is certainly rather hard on the poor dog. If no dog is to be had, I am informed that a cat will answer, but I should suppose the dangers of sleeping with a cat liable to fits would balance the possible benefits.

(2.) *Apròpos* of cats, I heard this summer of an old woman in Block Island who actually did put a cat under a barrel, and kept the poor thing there till it was nearly starved, in order to prevent the sailing of a certain schooner, at the captain of which she had some spite. The cat made her escape, and came down to the house where we stayed, to be fed. There was much indignation against the worker of the spell, but though Block Island contains a flourishing Baptist church, and a high school, and a good public library, people did nevertheless, seem to feel that it was just as well not to offend this objectionable old lady, who might cause 'something to happen.' Moreover, though there had been no wind for many days, no sooner had the cat partaken of refreshment from the hospitable Mrs. . . . than a brisk breeze sprang up, and the schooner sailed.

(3.) Block Island is rather a 'wisht' kind of a place any way, being haunted by the ghastly wreck of a burning ship, the 'Palatine.' This ship was an emigrant ship, and after the captain and sailors had got all the money out of the poor people they landed them on Block Island instead of taking them where they were bound (the West Indies), and, setting the ship on fire, set off for the mainland in a boat. One woman, however, was left in the vessel, and died before she could be rescued. The wicked crew, with all their ill-gotten gains, were lost, and still, as the time comes round, the burning ship floats over the sea. I saw as many as half-a-dozen sober-minded, reasonable people, who assured me that they had seen the thing—one of them, no longer ago than last winter (1879-80). This apparition is usually thought to portend a storm. Whittier has a poem about it, only he calls the island by its Indian name, Manisees.

(4.) There is also in Block Island the orthodox haunted house, and a certain ghostly white rabbit which comes hopping about doors in the twilight, or early morning, when death or misfortune is coming.

(5.) *Lucky days for marriage* :—

Monday for health,
 Tuesday for wealth,
 Wednesday the best day of all,
 Thursday for losses,
 And Friday for crosses,
 And Saturday no day at all.

(6.) *Pueblo people. New Mexico.*—They plant feathers to bring about any desired end; the feathers of different birds being productive of different results. The charm seems to act somewhat in the manner of a Bhuddist prayer-mill. Every time the feathers flutter in the wind, the prayer is supposed to be repeated. The feather charms are very neatly made, the feathers being fastened to a stick which is stuck in the ground. Some of them, set out by nominal Roman Catholics, were surmounted by a cross. They also put out around on the hill dishes and bowls for the wandering dead to drink from, and sometimes these bowls are filled with provisions to refresh these ghosts, who are supposed, I believe, to be undergoing a sort of probation before being admitted to the higher spiritual circles.

(7.) *North Carolina.*—The following are current superstitions among the coloured people :—

(a.) To comb your hair after dark makes you lose your memory.

(b.) If your nose itches on the right side a *genteel* man is coming ; if on the left, a *lady* (the arrival of the ignoble vulgar is not supposed to be worth an omen). If on the end, he or she will come riding.

(c.) To sit with your back to the fire brings rain.

(d.) If you sneeze when eating, you will hear of a death.

(e.) To turn a chair on one leg, to carry the axe through the house on your shoulder, and to go in at one door and out of another, brings bad luck.

Cf. New York. To go in at one door and out of another "brings company."

(f.) When more than one go fishing, all the party must get over the fence at the same time, to bring good luck.

(g.) If you go on a journey and put your right foot foremost, keep on, for it will be good luck ahead, but if you start with the left turn back, for bad luck is sure.

(h.) If you start for a place and turn back make a cross mark and spit on it to turn aside bad luck. (This is likely to be a sort of propitiation of the devil, for whom among the old-fashioned coloured folk there is a good deal of furtive respect. They feel that it is a safe sort of thing to be civil to him after all, like the French gentleman who said always *monsieur* even to *ghosts*.)

(i.) To whip any one with a broom makes him lazy.

(j.) To dip water from a bucket which is balanced on the head of a child stunts the child's growth.

(k.) To wear silver in your shoes will save you from the effects of deceit.

(l.) To burn sassafras wood makes white people fall out with the one who does it.

(m.) To cure warts prick them till they bleed, rub the blood upon nine grains of corn and give the corn to the cock—the warts will disappear.

(n.) To cure a tumour of any sort or a swelling rub the swelling with a chip, looking at the same time at the new moon, and say, "What I see increase, what I feel decrease!" If the charm works the swelling will be gone by the next new moon.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

NOTES ON IRISH FOLK-LORE,

By G. H. KINAHAN, M.R.I.A.

[These notes have been collected at spare moments without any attempt to put them into literary order; if they do not give any new items of Folk-Lore they may afford some information on the wide-spread belief in certain superstitions.

Mr. Kinahan wrote to the Honorary Secretary as follows:—

"It has occurred to me that 'the cause' might be benefited if there was an easy mode of registering all chance legends, &c. &c. which afterwards might be catalogued and published in order in the 'Folk-Lore Record.' What occurs to me is to publish a monthly journal somewhat like the *Athenæum* in form. Let it be divided into sections, English, Irish, Scotch, &c. and let every one who hears anything anywhere jot it down and send it to the editor. These should all be printed as they come in, and after a sufficient quantity was in hand the different sections should be handed over to individual members of the Society to edit and classify and put them into a form that might be published in the 'Record.' If such a journal could be published *cheap enough* to be extensively distributed, and communications were solicited, I suspect that a lot of *stray* folk-lore would be picked up. Now for instance I rarely go anywhere that I do not hear something, but what am I to do with it? I cannot send to the 'Record' a proverb from Tipperary, a ghost story from Wicklow, a legend from Antrim, &c. &c., and as I have no place to send it to I forget it. If I had, however, a place to send it to, it would be in safe keeping until it could be utilised; besides, the printing of the story or proverb would make many readers remember others and so add grist to the mill.

G. H. KINAHAN."

In reply to this the Honorary Secretary pointed out that the main reason for the establishment of the *Folk-Lore Record* was to keep it as the member's volume for the printing of the very items Mr. Kinahan sought to have printed, which would thus be preserved for future use. Mr. Kinahan's answer was the following notes.—ED.]

Ploughing with the Heifer of the Gentiles.—This evidently was practised by the early Irish Christians. The day of the god "Doo Crom" has been taken possession of, as on it, that is Garlick Sunday, or the last Sunday in summer (August), the great patrons of St. Paudrick are held, and not on his own day, March 17. In Mayo, in the vicinity

of Croagh Paudrick, they consider the whole month of August as sacred to him; and during that month the pilgrims proceed to Croagh Paudrick to perform their stations.

All the honours due to Brigda the goddess of smiths are now transferred to St. Bridget.

The feast of Bel or Baal has been dedicated to St. John; and on St. John's Eve (June 23rd) in the major portion of Ireland bonfires are lighted. In Munster and Connaught a bone (probably the representative of the former sacrifice) must be burnt in them; and in many places sterile beasts and human beings are passed through the fire. As a boy I with others jumped through the fire "for luck," none of us knowing the original reason, and few or none that practise it now can tell the origin either of the bone or the running through the fire; but tradition tells them the fire brings no luck unless a bone has been burned in it.

The altars, high places, inclosures, wells, &c., were taken possession of and used as places of Christian worship or assembly; thus we find many of the early churches were built on the summit of high and out-of-the-way hills. Pillar-stones and such like were not removed, but on them crosses were inscribed.

The holy wells appear to be relics of paganism; first they were dedicated to Irish saints, but after Bishop Malachi's time in many places were substituted the names of foreign saints, principally those of the Virgin Mary or one of the apostles. Any well in a remarkable place, or having other marked peculiarities, seems to have attracted the attention of the early inhabitant, as we find it mentioned in the Annals; but in later years names of saints have been substituted for those of the pagan heroes. The water of holy wells is supposed to effect cures, especially of sore eyes; this often takes place, as sore eyes, regularly washed every morning, have every chance of getting well.

Bees.—Old kettles, pots, and pans are beaten to make a swarm of bees settle down. This is believed in even by many educated persons. A strange swarm of bees coming to a person or place is most lucky.

Fatal Days.—A belief in lucky and unlucky days is common; anything done on an unlucky day will probably fail

Animals.—The Claddagh fishermen, Galway, would not go out to fish if they saw a fox. This, as mentioned by Hardiman, was taken advantage of by rival fishermen, who, when the fish were plenty in the bay, would hang up a dead fox in the Claddagh village. A hare met of a morning is unlucky; if crossing the path from the right it is not good but at the same time not particularly bad; but if crossing from the left it is unlucky; when sitting or running away it has no effect on the observer. One magpie seen of a morning is very unlucky; many educated persons would turn back if they saw it.

Holy-water.—Whether from wells, or made holy by being blessed by the priest, is most efficient to keep away harm. This is not as much believed in now as before the bad times (1848-54), since which many superstitions have died away.

May-day or rather *May-eve* is a great day among the good people (fairies), and just before sunset a sprig of the mountain ash or of the willow must be stuck over every door and in each field to preserve the inhabitants, the cattle, and the crops. There are certain hills on which the fairies hold their meetings; these in Irish are called "cnocksheean," which is now in general half corrupted and half translated into "Sion Hill" by the English. There are many persons who would not go near such hills on *May-eve*. I have heard people in Connaught state, they had been beaten by fairies while coming home at night; certainly they had been beaten by someone or something, and their neighbours firmly believed that it was the "good people" who did it. Many of the commons would be afraid to call them fairies lest they might be offended, and therefore speak of them as good people. A person throwing water out of a door after dark must say "by your leave," in case he might throw it on any of the "good people." A few years ago I wanted to send a messenger after dark. The man who carried the message was certain of a good feed and drink, besides from half a sovereign to one pound, yet I could only get one man who would go, as the path lay past a fairy mound where a man was said to have been beaten a few months before.

May month is devoted to the Virgin Mary, and formerly on the first day there were bushes erected and dancing commenced in her

honour; this custom however has nearly disappeared since the "bad times."

Serenade.—In many places newly-married people are serenaded, especially if they are old; an old man who marries a young girl is also made to "ride the pole." In Munster some corpses are serenaded and the coffin pelted with clods. If I remember rightly, it is misers' corpses that are so treated. A man who had been married twice—his last wife being young enough to be his grand-daughter—sent to me when he was sick, and implored that if he died I would prevent his coffin from being pelted.

Bell-ringing keeps away evil spirits, the bell however ought to be blessed. Many of the ancient bells were specially kept for such purposes previously to the "bad times"; and they used to be sent for from great distances. Now it seems as if all such bells have been bought up and put in the different museums; although I hear such a bell is somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lough Corrib, co. Galway. This and a stone, both dedicated to St. Enna, seem to have been well known about fifty years ago; one for getting rid of spirits, and the other for healing diseases; all knowledge of the bell seems now to be lost, but the stone was said to be in existence a few years ago.

Omens.—Besides those already mentioned others are—ravens appearing in autumn a sign of much death among the sheep. This seems to be a fact in natural history, for, as far as my experience goes, if ravens appear in the autumn in considerable numbers in the mountainous districts, so surely numbers of sheep will die during the succeeding winter. It is lucky for crows (rooks) to build near a house. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on, and the corpse the rain falls on." A magpie tapping at a window is a sign of death in the house. Fire and light burning brightly when a traveller is expected is good, if dimly, bad. A spark shooting from a fire or light indicates that a stranger is coming. One of those bright red auroras that make the water in rivers and lakes look red is a sign of great slaughter somewhere. This seems to be a very ancient superstition; in the ancient Annals it will often be found stated that on such and such a night the lakes and rivers were filled with blood, and that at the same time, or immediately after, there was a great

slaughter of the Irish or their foes. During the American civil war there was a very brilliant aurora, and the next day many of the natives of Connemara came to me to know if I had heard whether any great slaughter had taken place, as the lakes were full of blood the night before; similar questions were asked after the brilliant aurora during the French and German war. They are distinguished from lightning by being called "blood lights." When of white, blue, or other colours than red, when being described you will hear it said "they were not lightning, but seemed to be some sort or breed of blood lights." In fine weather a display is supposed to indicate rain and storm.

Funerals.—Before the "bad times" keening at funerals was common in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, generally only in the dead-house and at the grave. In the dead-house each fresh arrival started the keen, which was taken up by those assembled; when the corpse came out of the dead-house the keen was raised, and again when the graveyard was reached. In co. Limerick the nearest female relation sat by the coffin with a stone in her hand and hammered the coffin and raised the keen passing through towns and hamlets. In general the keen was a kind of versified lamentation for the dead, a lamentation combined with an enumeration of his various virtues; but in Cork and Kerry there were professional keeners, and it was considered a point of respectability to have as many of them as possible present. You would hear it stated, it was a grand respectable funeral, there were such and such a number of keeners. The Protestant miners of the co. Cork used to sing hymns on their way to the churchyard; but they were principally Cornish men. In Galway and parts of Munster a man who gives his dead wife a good solid coffin is sure to get another wife immediately. The lid of the coffin is left outside the door of the dead-house till the last moment to be examined, and you will hear such comments as, "see how fond he was of her, what an elegant coffin, how nice and warm she will be in it." The dead were honoured by the amount of drink and tobacco provided for the wake. It was a common practice for the men after daylight to contest in such feats of skill as throwing stones, jumping, and the like. I have heard it stated dancing was sometimes indulged in, this, however, I do not believe,

as I never saw it done and never could get proof that it was done. The old wakes are now nearly altogether done away with.

Whistling for Wind.—In a dead calm you may whistle for wind, except in a dangerous place. Crossing from Skibbereen to Clear Island, co. Cork, a friend of mine was very nearly getting into a row for inadvertently whistling.

Worship on Hills.—As already mentioned, on most of the Pagan sacred hills churches were erected by the early Christians, such as Croagh Paudrick in Mayo, and Mount Brandon in Kerry; a remarkable exception, however, is Slieve-na-man, co. Tipperary, which, although a most noted place in Pagan times, has not a vestige of a Christian building on it.

Offertories at Funerals.—Wakes have already been mentioned; they are more prevalent among the Roman Catholics than the Protestants, but some of the ancient Irish families of the latter faith keep them up. In portions of Connaught and Munster at the funerals of Roman Catholics there are altars on which friends lay money to be utilised in masses for the soul of the dead. In a parish in Connemara, co. Galway, where there are now no altars, they are said to have been discontinued as a punishment, as a son took the altar money and appropriated it for his own uses; although it was meant as a punishment by the bishop, I have heard stingy parishioners say they were rather glad of it.

Casting Lots.—This formerly was done on the sacrament, on the cross, or some other holy relic. This was given to each person to kiss, and it pointed out the guilty in some way or another if they dared to swear falsely on it. I think it is now quite done away with.

Divination.—On certain nights girls and boys look out for their sweethearts. This is principally done on All Hallows' Eve. The commonest plan is to go into a garden and pull up the first cabbage stalk you meet, and the size, form, and appearance of it indicate your lot; the buds indicate the number of your offspring; a hollow-hearted or rotten stalk indicates either a bad or no sweetheart. With nuts the fate of lovers is tried by burning them together; if faithful both will burn out, if unfaithful one will jump away. A man's or woman's

cut it up and salted it. Afterwards he used to hear at night the cow in the house with the calf, and one night he went out to see what was going on, and there was his cow suckling the calf. The cow tried to make off, but he caught it by the tail, and he was dragged through the air into the fairy mound and the presence of a lot of the "good people." The queen asked, "What do you want?" and he said "By God, my cow." She said "Take it," and immediately he was back at home with the cow. My informant offered to swear that he saw the cow dead and eat part of it, and that afterwards he saw it alive and well. He even showed me the cow that he said this had happened to. God's name destroys the power of the fairies.

People may be bewitched and changed into animals. One of the Connelys, of Connemara, was said to have been changed into a seal, and none of that name for years would hurt a seal. A few years ago a Connely shot a seal, and everyone expected something awful would happen to him. I did not, however, hear what became of him.

Afterbirth.—An afterbirth must be burned to preserve the child from the fairies.

Charms.—There are different charms, some to prevent drowning, others hanging, or to keep off fairies, or any other danger or harm. These usually are sewed up in a little bag and worn around the neck. The fishermen are very fond of charms, some wearing six or more. Most of the common people and even many educated people wear these charms, especially in country places.

Barren women will vow a child to the Virgin, and, if their prayer is heard, till it comes to a certain age the child is dressed wholly or in part in blue.

Pregnant women, if frightened by a hare, will have a child with a hare lip.

Hedgehogs are considered witches, and called "granogoes." They are said to milk cows, steal eggs, and do various other mischief. A few years ago, I knew in co. Wexford of a hedgehog having been thrown into a pool to see if it could swim, and because it swam to the bank was considered to be a witch and was burnt.

Second Sight.—If at night a man loses his way, let him stop, take

off his coat and turn out the sleeves, and immediately he will see the right path.

Fire and Water Ordeals.—These were once very common, but now seem all to have died out.

House Leeks.—Very general on thatched houses, also on some slated houses; said to be lucky and preserve the house, but against what there seems to be now no general idea. I think when a child I heard it said that they prevented a house being burned; they are used very much as a poultice for sore legs.

Odd Numbers.—An odd number of eggs must be put under a hen or other fowl when hatching.

Hair and Nails.—"It was better you were never born than on the Sabbath pare hair or horn." Many people will not shave on Sunday, but on the Saturday night.

A Sty in the Eye can be cured by rubbing it with a wedding ring.

Superstition.—Half a mile east of Kilquiggan, on the boundary of Aughowle and Mullinacuff, co. Wicklow, there is an old church alongside which is a bullân (stone basin), a baptismal or holy-water font. An English farmer named Tomkins took the bullân for a trough to feed his pigs, but had to bring it back again, as all his pigs died.

Extravagance.—If a woman with a lot of children is accused of extravagance the answer is, "a hen with a lot of chickens will never have a full crow."

Hot Ears.—If your ears are hot, someone is talking of you; if the left ear, it is something good; if the right, something bad.

Blessing.—When a person sneezes you should say, "God bless it!" When you praise anything you ought to ask a blessing on it, and in some districts to spit on it at the same time.

Haunted Houses.—Very common, and believed in by the majority of both the educated and uneducated.

Caul.—A child born with a caul will never come to a violent death, while the caul will preserve a person wearing it.

The Devil's Cloven Foot.—The Devil can do nearly anything but get rid of his cloven foot. There are many stories told of his being thus discovered; one of these stories is as follows: "A certain great

hunter met a huntsman on a black horse, who rode so well that he asked him to the hunt dinner. In those days they sat over their wine till they fell under the table, and it was customary for their boots to be taken off by a servant as they sat. When the girl who was so employed came to the stranger he bounced out from under the table crying out he was the Devil. He was ordered to retire, but would not do so until the Priest came and drove him out with book and bell."

Divining Rod.—This is a forked twig of hazel, and is still believed in by many as a means of finding mines or water. There is a lady at the present day in county Wexford who it is said can discover water by it, and very lately an eminent man, an M.P., employed a diviner to look for mines on his property with a divining rod.

Death.—If a corpse does not stiffen after death, it will be followed immediately by another death in the house.

Proverbs.—"I love him as the devil loves holy water," of one you hate.

"To hell or Connaught." Cromwell ordered all the Roman Catholics who would not change their religion to cross the Shannon into Connaught.

"I'll make you smell hell," to make a man's life a hell on earth.

Forth, co. Wexford.—The people here are peculiar, being a colony that long kept more or less to themselves; where they originally came from it is now hard to say, as different origins are given to them. They are very industrious, and in the summer are up with the sun, but are said to sleep at midday with all their belongings. One thing is certain, that in the summer in the heat of the day you will rarely see man or beast in the fields. They are great barley growers, and it is stated, that, to learn when the ground is in a proper state for planting the barley, an old man is made to sit direct on the ground. If he can then feel any heat from it, the ground is fit to sow.

The word breed is peculiarly used, as they speak of "breeds of cabbages," "breeds of potatoes," &c.

During a cold easterly wind the day is said to be thin.

Any one that excels at anything is a fright, a good gardener is "a fright at gardening," a clever person is "a fright," and so on.

The eldest son must remain unmarried till all his sisters are married; there are therefore many old bachelors.

Caution is used to indicate a clever person; a good housekeeper also is a "caution," so is a good farmer, or anyone else who attends properly to his business.

St. Martin's Day.—Some animal must be killed; in some places it is a cock; however, "blood must be shed."

It is considered unlucky to kill a magpie in the spring, as its comrade will kill every chicken. In the west of Ireland they protect the magpies, as they give warning when a fox is a-foot and about the homestead. I have often heard smothered curses from an old crone when I shot a magpie, especially in co. Mayo.

Shrove Tuesday.—People should not be married in Lent, and in Cork and Kerry on Shrove Tuesday they draw out a list of the maids and bachelors. This is put in doggerel rhyme, usually more or less witty, and not very complimentary to some, especially the old. It is called "the Skellig list," after an island off the coast of Kerry, which in old times was used as a penal settlement for monks and other ecclesiastics who broke the vows of chastity. Pancakes are eaten on this day.

Chalking Sunday.—In the county of Limerick on the first Sunday in Lent all the maids and bachelors are marked or chalked on the back.

Easter Sunday.—Eggs must be eaten on this day. This in Connaught is often carried to such excess, each trying who can eat most, that some become seriously ill.

April 1st.—People are made fools of, the reason why now unknown.

Hansel Monday.—The first Monday in the year, when formerly a present or hansel was given by a master or mistress to the servants, and by fathers or mothers to children. On that day people salute one another with "My hansel on you." Anything that comes into your possession that day indicates luck, such as a child, calf, lambs, or money. If you receive on Hansel Monday you will sure to be lucky the rest of the year.

In West Galway no fire must be removed out of a house in which

a child is born until the woman is up and well. No fire must be taken out of a house where churning is going on or the butter would never come. A lighting coal must be put under the churn before they begin to churn, or the butter will never come. If a stranger come in while churning is going on, he or she must help, or they will take away the butter. Anyone coming to see a new-born child must bring a present let it be only an egg or pat of butter, and they must spit on it for luck.

“The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's day is caught in the furzes.”

The birds assembled to elect a king, and it was arranged that whichever went up highest should be king. The eagle soared aloft, and when it had returned to the ground claimed the title; but the wren said “No, begorraa I was on your back.” Since then the wren has to hide in holes and hedges, as the eagle is always looking out for him to kill him.

On St. Stephen's day men and children turn out to hunt and kill the wren. This used to be very universal in Ireland, but now it seems to be confined to parts of Connaught. One story giving the reason why it is killed is: St. Stephen when being brought to execution was escaping from his sleeping jailers, when a wren flew on the face of one of them and woke him; this would account for his being killed on St. Stephen's day. Another version is that our Saviour was hiding in the garden, and a wren, by kicking up a row, showed the place to the soldiers and servants of the High Priest.

Another legend is: A wren at the siege of Doolinn, by hopping on a drum, woke up the Danes and prevented them being surprised. There are newer versions of the latter, making the persons roused the soldiers of Cromwell, or the soldiers of William III.

“The robin and the wren are God's cock and hen.” This is said to have some connection with the journey into Egypt, but what connection I could never learn. The robin is generally respected, the wren, as just mentioned, is killed on St. Stephen's day.

On St. Stephen's day something must be hunted, a deer, a fox, a hare, or the wren; formerly it was a great day for cockfighting.

Good people (fairies).—Cashelakirke, or hen's castle, on one of the arms of Lough Corrib is said to have been built in a night by a hen (a fairy) for a pair of lovers who were fleeing from their parents or a slighted husband. The soft breezes that pass one in an evening in West Galway are called *fairy paths*. They are said to be due to the flight of a band of the good people on their way to Cnockmaa (Hill of the Plain), near Castle Hackett, on the east of Lough Corrib, which is their great resort in Connaught. These breezes or blasts were the subject of a poem written by the late Dr. Willis of Oughterard and published in the *Nation*.

The Irish fairies have many different names, as mentioned by Dr. Joyce in his books on the derivations of Irish names; some being good, others bad; or they may have special work to do. A soft hot blast indicates the presence of a good fairy; while a sudden shiver shows that a bad one is near.

Fairgurtha or Hungry-grass.—Tufts of a peculiar grass that grows on the mountains, on which if any one tread he immediately becomes faint and hungry and incapable of walking. People found dead in the hills are said to have had the Fairgurtha, that is, they stood on a tuft of this grass and lost the power of going on. Once on the Connemara hills a man with me got faint, and I had to carry or drag him four miles before I got assistance; then I could not get him to eat or drink anything until I had treated him similarly to the way I would have treated a faint dog, that is, forced a spoonful of meal and salt into his mouth, which made him chew; after which he was able to eat a hearty meal. When he first became faint he wanted to lie down and go to sleep. His fairgurtha evidently was due to long fasting.

Aughisky or Waterhorse.—There are fairies like a horse who inhabit certain lakes; they seem to be very common, as the Aughinch (the island of the waterhorse) is not uncommon in connection with most of the lakes. The horse comes out of the water of an evening to graze on the land. In general no bad stories are told about these horses, yet most people are afraid to pass a place they frequent after it is dark. If a person gets between them and the water and can steal up and put a halter on them, they can be subdued and used as long as they are not allowed to see their old lake; but if once allowed to see it all power

over them is lost, and various stories of them and their riders dashing into the water never to be seen again are told. An aughisky a few years ago frequented Lough Mask, co. Mayo, preying on the cattle, until it was laid by a monk of Toormakeady. Another that lived in Lough Corrib had a serpent's body and a horse's head; this used to feed on the bodies buried in the churchyard to the south-east of Oughterard, but one of the Lees whose sister was buried watched her body and killed the monster, its blood staining the church wall to this day: the holes through which this aughisky came up can be seen along its track through Lemonfield Bog. A waterhorse that lived in Littercraffie Lake was captured by a boy of the Coonneys, who was told by a wise woman if he ever let it see the water it would be the death of him. For years it was a faithful horse, but one day he brought it in sight of the lake, into which it shot like an arrow, carrying its rider with it, whom it killed and tore to pieces, as blood and fragments of his body floated on the surface of the water.

A ludicrous story is told of Tom C——. He was turning a "lock of malt" on an island, when he saw a waterhorse coming towards him. He rushed into his boat and pulled for his life; but when he got to land he met a neighbour who asked him to lend him the boat, as his old mare and foal had just swam across the lake and he wanted to follow them—so much for this aughisky.

Weddings.—Before the "bad times" in Connaught and Munster the man and his bride were put on a horse and started for home with all the company after them; it was the duty of his friends to try and ride in the way, or otherwise prevent her friends overtaking him before he got to his own door; this evidently was the survival of the custom of running away with the bride. This is now changed into what is called the "hauling home." The father or brother of the bride rides first, next the bride and bridegroom, and afterwards the friends of both. On the marriage the father of the bride gives a feast, after which the husband stops with her for a few days; then he returns home, and on the seventh day comes with his friends to haul her home, when he gives a feast. In some places, however, the hauling home takes place on the marriage day. Bargains are made respecting the fortune to accompany the bride, and often at the last moment the

marriage may be broken off for a few pounds, a cow, a horse, or a sheep. Before Lent is the great time for marriage contracts, and you will meet "match parties" everywhere going about bargaining for a "boy" or "girl." Usually after the preliminaries are arranged the parties look one another in the face, but often they do not meet till the wedding day. I knew of a wedding that was to come off in co. Limerick, the bridegroom being a Tipperary boy. When he arrived at the bride's house and she saw him, she refused to be married, and no persuasions of her or his friends could change her. He then said to the assembled guests, "Girls, I have come to marry a Limerick girl, which of you will have me, for although I have been refused I am not such a bad-looking fellow, and have plenty of means?" He thereupon took a girl without a fortune, who I heard made him a first-class wife. This bargaining for wives and husbands is much more prevalent among the Anglo-Irish people than among the more pure Irish, as the latter will often run away with their lovers.

Names.—In some places children are called after favourite saints; thus in Wexford many men are called Mogue, and Eana, after the great Saint of Ferns, but in West Galway they are called after the Saint whose day is nearest to that on which they are born, and most births seem to be nearest the days dedicated to Sts. Michael, Thomas, and Peter. I do not know how they manage if two sons in one family are both born near the same saint's day. As Saints Peter and Paul have one and the same day a choice has to be made, and Peter is generally chosen, as Paul by itself is not common, although some are called Peter Paul. If there are twins the eldest is called Peter and the youngest Paul. To distinguish the different persons of a numerous clan, such as the Joyces, a man will be called by his father's or by it and his grandfather's names, thus, Michael Peter, that is, Michael the son of Peter; or Michael Peter Michael, that is, Michael the son of Peter the son of Michael. Or his soubriquet may be from some peculiarity: Shaunfadda, *anglicè* Long John; Shaunrue, Red John; Shaundoo, Black John; or after a place, Shaunakyle, John of the wood; Shaunaglaunna, John of the glen; or from his calling, Shaunagow, John the smith; Shaunbrada, John the thief; Shaunmongara, John the pedlar or hawker.

Celts or stone implements.—These in the west of Ireland, but especially in the Aran Isles, Galway Bay, are looked on with great superstition. They are supposed to be fairy darts or arrows, and are called *saighead* [syed] *anglicè* dart. They had been thrown by fairies, either in fights among themselves or at a mortal man or beast. The finder of one should carefully put it in a hole in a wall or ditch. It should not be brought into a house or given to anyone, yet the Aranites are very fond of making votive offerings of them at the holy wells on the mainland. They carry them to the different patrons and leave them there; the reason for this I could not make out; they do not seem to leave them at the holy wells on the islands. A person supposed to be fairy-struck is said to have been "struck with a dart." Grown people who suddenly get fits are supposed to be struck with a saighead. I knew a fine young man who suddenly went mad; his brother-in-law cared for him until he was sent to a lunatic asylum. This brother-in-law afterwards, from having been a most courageous man, became quite timid and was afraid to be out after dark. He acknowledged that he was afraid of the fairies, as they had struck his brother-in-law, for that at night, when he used to be at the worst, he would see them dancing round him and throwing their darts at him. This man was brought great distances to different priests, who were supposed to have power over fairies, to see if they could cure him; and, although none of them could, yet his friends still had perfect belief in them, and would put forward very plausible reasons why they failed in his case.

Blessing and Cursing.—*Māmdéud* (God save you), *Slaunter* (your good health), and *Boluary* (God bless the work), should be said respectively when you enter a house, when you drink anything, and when you come to people at work; such expressions show that you have no connection with the fairies, and will not bring bad luck. Before the "bad times" these expressions were most general everywhere in Munster, Connaught, and most of Leinster; any one who did not give the salutations, either in English or Irish, was looked on with suspicion—or one might hear the excuse made for him, "He is an Englishman and knows no better." I have often heard *Saasnach* (Englishman) muttered when one of these salutations was neglected

The Irish are very fond of blessing, especially in English, but at the same time they are also fond of cursing especially in Irish. You will often hear "Glory be to God" and *hollemmondoul* coming out nearly in the same breath. I don't think much value is put on the ordinary English blessings or Irish curses. Thus, for instance, if I say "Fine day," the answer I will get is "Fine day, glory be to God," although at the same time it may be a beastly day; or a man may say, "It is awful weather, glory be to God, we will be all ruined if the rain does not cease." Evidently in such cases the pious exclamation was made use of from habit; also, when a person says to a child that is bothering her or him, "Hollemmondoul, go in out of that," he or she does not mean what they say; the appended curse being only intended to give emphasis to the command. Many people seem firmly to believe that cattle, especially horses, understand curses, and will give as an excuse for cursing that the animal understands and is afraid of the curse, and in proof they will stop cursing and show you the horse will not go; of course it will not, as it does not hear the accustomed words of command. I once saw this very amusingly illustrated. There was a lady had two sons, one who could talk Irish and the other who could not, and the latter was driving to catch a train a horse that would not go for any amount of beating except it was also cursed in Irish. The lady thus described the drive: "Garret was driving, and we were late; he never stopped cursing his brother in English, to keep him cursing the horse in Irish, and between the two the cursing was so awful that I was altogether in a flutter." Unfortunately for the lady she understood both languages. I was once on a fearful night of thunder and lightning travelling on a mail car, the horse of which would not go without being cursed, and after each curse the driver would exclaim "Glory be to God, it is awful to have to curse a night like this."

Idiots and Innocents.—These are nearly alike, but not quite, the first being generally more or less deformed, both however are considered lucky. You will pass one, and your companion will say, "Do you see that 'innocent' or 'unfortunate' or 'object?' he was the greatest god-send to so-and-so; before it came nothing went well with him, he never could make a *baubee*, but now everything he touches turns to gold." Or you may be told so-and-so "was a poor man

when an innocent came to him, and then he got rich at once ; but the poor creature died, and everything is failing him—he will die in the poorhouse yet." Before the poorhouses were built it was, "he will die without a bed," or "without a whole breeches," if a man, or "without a shift," if a woman.

As a general rule an innocent is supposed to be a fairy or changeling, the true child having been taken and another left ; this is often believed by educated people. If it lives and the people thrive, the fairy mother is pleased with the people and makes them rich ; if however it pines and dies, they have done something to vex the fairy. When such a child is sick wise people are often consulted who give charms and the like ; if the child recovers the wise-woman is famous ever afterwards, no matter if every other child she treats dies, one good cure giving an everlasting name. It is extraordinary about these wise women and men, that rarely or ever can you get any one to tell of their failures, while every success is lauded to the skies, and, if you are told of a failure, it is always qualified by a reason why it was a failure.

Idiots are not canny, but I never heard them called "fairy children" ; although I have heard it hinted one of the bad class of fairies may have had a hand in them. This may be because only the good fairies have "fairy children," idiots not being so called. An idiot is in general greatly feared, and as a rule they have *animal sense* enough to know that this is so, and play on people accordingly. There was an awful idiot on the island of Achill, co. Mayo, about three feet high, with a head twice the size of any ordinary man's ; he used regularly to come to strangers and demand money, or he would curse them. I knew an idiot when I was a boy of whom I was so afraid that I would have given him anything he asked for, in fact every person did so ; but fortunately his demands were light ; he would sooner have copper than silver, and an old ragged coat than a good one ; in fact if good clothes were given him he would tear them before he would put them on : this seems to be a common peculiarity of idiots, as I have known many whose first act after getting new clothes was to tear them. I heard of one who was given a suit of canvas ; and, as he could not tear it, he took

it off and hammered it between two stones till it was full of holes. The idiot that lived near me when a boy, if given a sixpence or a shilling, would ask coppers for it; and if they were not given he would throw it on the ground and leave it there. Also he would willingly give a shilling for a copper; but at the same time the more "brown money" he got the better he would be pleased. Before the "bad times" an idiot was an institution in nearly every village and town in Ireland, but now they are not so common, most of them being in the various institutions and homes that since then have been established.

Deaf and Dumb are nearly universally supposed to have second sight, which has induced many impostors to feign being deaf and dumb. Many of this class travel through the country, especially Munster and Connaught, and live by telling fortunes and other events. Although they are sought after, yet they are considered uncanny, and a girl that consulted one would not like to be with him outside calling distance of a companion. *Dummies*, having lost two senses, have the other more acutely developed, and are able to make extraordinary guesses; but it is more extraordinary how some people can pretend to be deaf and dumb. In Gort, co. Galway, there was a dummy, about twenty years of age, who was said to have been in the place twelve or thirteen years. A few years before I first saw him the word went out that he could talk, as two boys passing the house where he and his mother lived heard two people talking, and when the door was opened no one was there but himself and his mother. After this, when he was cleaning a window and sitting outside on the sill, a young fellow caught him by the legs, and told him he would drop him unless he spoke; he was dropped by accident and his arm broken, yet he never uttered a word or during the subsequent operation in the hospital. I heard that a few years after I left the place there was a mission of the Redemption Fathers, who ordered him to speak, after which he disappeared. In West Galway there was a "dummy" for four years acting as a fortune-teller. One day however at a big dance, when everyone was more or less elevated, the "dummy," after dancing down every other man, shouted out, "The dummy is the best man in the house!" The poor devil was nearly

killed, the women being the worst, as he had heard so many of their secrets.

Wise Women and Men.—These were very common before the "bad times," and some are still to be met with. They are, like the fairies, bad and good; the first being uncanny and dangerous to thwart. One of this class in co. Wicklow, who may be still alive or is only dead a few years, was supposed to be able to do any mischief she liked. On one occasion she asked a farmer who was looking at his calves for something, which he refused, and she said "None of them (the calves) will see the leaves off the trees," and all of them pined away and died in less than six months. From those she disliked she could take milk, butter, eggs, and such like, or bring in murrain among the cattle or blackleg or rot among the sheep. She was often consulted; by her orders a cow was burned alive because she said it was bewitched; the owner of the cow was taken up, but no evidence could be got against him, as all those who could give evidence were afraid.

Twenty years ago, near the village of Feakle, co. Clare, there was a famous wise woman, so famous that people came even from England and Scotland to consult her, and it was curious to see carriages and cars which had brought well-educated people to see her from Limerick. She was said to be a most extraordinary woman—I never spoke to her myself, but I have heard people state that the first thing she said to them when they went in, although they were perfect strangers to her, was the place they came from; such as, "Welcome, my lady from Scotland," or "Welcome, your English honour." She would take presents, but no money. She was great at cures, especially in the case of sterile people and "fairy-stricken" children, to whom she gave a decoction of dried herbs, of which she had large quantities. These of course were to be taken at certain times and under certain conditions, but I never heard that she depended solely on charms. The country-people reported that she gathered her herbs at certain times, as well as I can remember it was at the full of the moon.

Wise women are under the ban of the Church, but, curiously enough, all the wise men I ever heard of were *religieuses* whose pretensions, although they were as great and often greater than those of

the wise women, were never questioned by their *confrères*; this was remarkable especially in cases where the persons said to be "endued with powers" lead far from reputable lives. One man I knew who was supposed to be able to cure fits was never sober if he could help it, and nobody ever went to consult him without bringing a bottle of whisky, and the first question he always asked was for the drink. I heard a conversation about him to the following effect: "Well, did he give the cure before he got the drop?" "Faix, he did not; he drank every drop of the bottle before he would look at the boy." "Musha, musha! why did you let him get it? the devil a bit of use is the cure at all, at all." "Well, alana, I could not help it; the moment he saw us he said 'Welcome with the poteen, as I know you come from —,' I said, 'Oh, your riverence, see the boy first;' but he said, 'Devil a sight I will put on him till I get a taste of the poteen, for I have not seen a drop of it for a month of Sundays, and I am mortal dry, having had fish for breakfast,' and what could I do?" In the west of Ireland "fish for breakfast" is a great excuse for a person taking a drink. "Will you have a drink?" "Well, your honour, it is very early in the day, but I had fish for breakfast, and if your honour will excuse me I will have a drop."

Mogra-myra.—In co. Wicklow the early purple orchis (*O. mascula*) is called "Mogra-myra," and is supposed to be most efficient as a love-potion. This word seems to be an English corruption of old Irish words, because as yet I cannot find any meaning for *Mogra-myra*. Even Dr. P. W. Joyce cannot fathom its original meaning, and whether the name refers to its properties, to peculiarities of the plant, or to the places in which it is found, I cannot tell.

Mountain Ash, or Whitten Tree, or Rowan Tree.—A great specific against the fairies; a branch of it carried keeps them away, and it is always put over the door and in the fields on May Eve to save man, beast, and crop.

A lighted coal of fire carried at night keeps fairies and other evils away.

Heather.—Dr. Boate in his *Natural History of Ireland*, written in 1654, mentions that the English and Irish went out in May to collect the dew, and in Kerry and West Cork the bell-heather is gathered at early morning, while the dew is on it, to wash the milk vessels; it is

said to sweeten them, It must be gathered fresh with the dew on it, and on your own pasture ; if on another person's pasture you take his butter. I think there used to be special times for gathering, at the full and change of moon, now, however, they seem to gather it any dewy morning.

Motty Stone.—In the co. Wicklow, over Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," on the summit of the hill of Cronbane, is a remarkably large block of granite. On account of its position and size it has attracted attention, hence its Irish name of *Moatta*. There is also a legend that the moment twelve o'clock is past on May eve the stone goes down to the Meeting of the Waters and washes itself in a big hole called the "May hole." This fully accounts for the whiteness of the Motty stone. Formerly a large patron was held here on May day ; but on account of the fights they engendered this and the other patrons in the co. Wicklow were done away with.

Peculiar Expressions.—In West Cork there are some peculiar expressions, such as the use of the words "east" and "west." If a person wants you to stop a horse he will say "Will you get to the east, or west (as the case may be) of the horse," instead of asking you to go before him ; or, if they are asking for directions as to where they are to go, it is not for the place they ask, but "Am I to go west?" or "Am I to go east?" but they never mention the north or south. This seems to be due to the form of the county, as long narrow promontories run out nearly east and west into the Atlantic, or rather, being nearly east and west, bays extend into this portion of Ireland.

They have also a peculiar meaning for the word "carry"; instead of saying, will you go on a horse and car to such a place, they will say "will you carry the mare and car to so and so?" or "how many sheep will you carry to the fair?" and such like. You rarely hear the word horse used, all horse kind are usually spoken of as mares ; the reason apparently being that every one sells his colts, while he only keeps the mares ; this is also a peculiarity of Kerry. As the Cork and Kerry horses bring high prices as hacks, colts before they are off the grass, unless bad ones, are picked up by the dealers.

"He tells the truth when he is shook for a lie," that is, he could not invent a lie on the spur of a moment, or "he told the truth by

accident," or "he never spoke but he said something," sayings used in south-east Ireland in reference to persons who rarely tell the truth. It is remarkable-how natural this habit comes to these people. They will tell you, So-and-so asked me so-and-so, and of course I told him so-and-so; the latter so-and-so being anything but the truth. Or they will tell you I heard so-and-so from so-and-so; I tell it as I heard it but of course it is not the truth.

Newts and Lizards.—In most portions of Ireland considered venomous. They were said to have been banished with the other reptiles by St. Patrick, but subsequently to have been introduced by some heretics. They are often called *man-eaters*, and are supposed to go down a person's throat when asleep and prey on his vitals. The only way to get rid of them is to eat a quantity of salt meat and not to drink anything, then lie down near a stream or other water, and the newt or lizard will run out to drink, when it must be killed and cut up into little bits. Snakes will not live in Ireland since they were banished by the Saint, and why the newts and lizards exist there I could never learn. In different places in the west of Ireland at the margins of the wild areas you are shown places to which and no further St. Patrick is said to have gone, and when he saw the desolate country beyond he said "I'll bless yees to the west, but the deil a foot I'll put among you." This is told of Ieragh, west Kerry, which accounts for the Natterjack toad being found there.

Funerals.—At Castlemacadam old churchyard, co. Wicklow, the corpse must be carried across the stream which flows to the south of the churchyard; so that a funeral from the north has to make a detour from the new road and go along the old one, now only a foot-path, and through the neighbouring farmyard. A similar custom prevails in Kilcarra, a little to the south (four or five miles); the land about the church was improved, and a road made to the graveyard; but, as the stream had to be crossed, the corpse is carried across the fields sometimes through a crop of standing corn. In the baronies of Forth and Bargy, co. Wexford, the pieces of board cut off the bottom and lid of the coffin are made into small crosses, some of which are planted at different cross roads on the way to the graveyard. This seems to have originally been a custom solely confined to "the

baronies," but now, as the Forth and Bargo people are more or less scattered about the country, you will find their crosses in nearly every graveyard in the county, and in some of those of the co. Wicklow. At some cross roads in the baronies, near the principal graveyards, there are hundreds of these crosses stuck up on the ditch. In West Galway (Hiar Connaught) they erect *laghtas*, or pillars of loose stones, on the road to the graveyards, each family having its own laghta; three stones are placed at a time, in the names of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by the head of the family or the principal representative present. On some of the old mountain roads now disused, such as those leading to Salrock, you will find the remains of laghtas; while in other places you may find them leading to a graveyard not used since "the bad times;" all the families that used it having died out or emigrated or been hunted out of the country by their landlords at that time. Some few laghtas are regularly built. On the road to Cong is a built laghta, said to have been erected to Shaun-na-baunia, *anglicè* John of the baunia, a baunia being a large square piece of home-made flannel, like a shawl, very commonly worn by the women on their heads, and reaching down to their heels, covering the whole body, except the face. The story goes Shaun was the only son of his mother and she was a widow. He wore only a baunia until he was a remarkably tall lad of over sixteen; and it is commonly believed he grew so fast, large, and fine in every way because his limbs were never incommoded by clothes, he being so ticklesome that no tailor could measure him. Afterwards he was most lucky, everything he touched turned to gold. He eventually kept a hotel at Leenaun, when, out of respect, his *soubriquet* was changed to John Fadda, *anglicè* Long John. He is said to have been the tallest man of the Joyces, although that sept are remarkable for their height; and when he died the built laghta was erected to him on the road to Cong. Many of his descendants are now rich, well-to-do men.

Scattered about Galway here and there you will find built laghtas sometimes to commemorate a remarkable man, but at other times erected by a fellow to commemorate himself. On Inchmore the O'Flaherties of Aran have had built laghtas erected to them for a number of generations alongside the road to their burial place,

I think the Seven Churches, but I cannot exactly remember, there are so many churches on those islands of saints. According to the Annals the islands of Aran were a bone of contention for years between the O'Briens of Clare and the O'Flaherties of Bunowen. The O'Flahertie of Bunowen, who was the head of the sept until it was given to the O'Flaherties of Fough (now of Lemonfield) by Queen Elizabeth, was in Aran when his castle was visited by "Black Tom" (Earl of Strafford), who after having been hospitably entertained over three weeks returned to Athlone and confiscated all the property, dividing it between the Lynchs, Darcys, Blakes, and the Provost of Trinity College. An O'Flaherty however seems to have been in Aran continuously since Cromwell's time, although not owning the fee simple.

Home burial.—People like to go home, or to bring their people home. A childless wife often asks to be buried with her own people, and if the husband does not comply with her request, and anything afterwards happens, people say, "He could not have better luck, why did he not bring his wife home?" The people of a Roman Catholic priest often want to bring him home, and there are often fights about it unless the priest has willed where he is to be buried, his wish being paramount. This liking to be carried home is not confined to the Catholics, it is also very general among the Protestants.

Banshee.—All Celtic families claim their banshee, who comes to warn them of death. The Anglo-Irish also claim them, saying they got them by inter-marriage. Before the "bad times" they were generally believed in, when every family had old servants that were born and died in the family, but now such old servants are as rare as swallows in winter, and we don't hear much of the banshee. It was amusing in old times to hear a dispute between the servants of an old and those of an upstart family. The latter, for his own respectability, would swear he heard the banshee before one of his master's people died, and the other would laugh at the idea of any banshee being so mean as to cry for low blood: "Arrah, now, Paudeen, don't be trying to come over us; you were drunk, and it was the cat you heard, or a mouse or a rat in the press; don't try to think we believe that any banshee would so bemean herself as to cry for people who never had a grandfather." "Cock them up with a banshee, moyah, partly like." "Moyah" is

equivalent to the English expression "So I'm told." Very often gibes would be much more broad and disrespectful. If, however, the upstart had good blood, as was often the case by money marrying blood, the upstart descended from the blood might claim a banshee. As a child I have often heard the laws regarding banshees laid down when servants were discussing a death or a burial, especially by my old nurse, who was great on folk-lore; now, however, most of these good old souls are gone.

Factions.—"Two-year-olds" and "three-year-olds" are the names of two factions in the co. Limerick, that from their continual fighting give the authorities much trouble. Various reasons have been given for the *soubriquets*, but I suspect the following is probably the correct one. When the Cromwellians settled in the Golden Valley and the plain of Limerick, the natives had to retire to the hills, principally Slieve MacPhelim and the neighbouring uplands. After a time however they met one another at the fairs and markets on the confines of the separate territories, and although dealing with one another there was always "bad blood," and a hasty word or act might at any time originate a fight. In fact, nearly all the "Irish factions" can be traced to this cause; one faction having its origin in the foreign element, and the opposite one in the native. Of course, inter-marriage and such like has now greatly modified the original faction, and an inter-mingling of bloods has caused opposite factions to be now made up of families as much of English as Irish origin. But, to return to the "two and three year olds." Limerick is a great dairy county, and the cow-owners in April and May buy bulls for the herds, selling them in September and October. To meet their requirements there are two great bull-fairs, one at Hospital and the other at Ballybrood, when from six hundred to fifteen or eighteen hundred bulls are assembled. As tradition goes, at one of the fairs at Ballybrood, two bulls, a two-year-old and a three-year-old, began to fight. The owner of the two-year-old, considering that his bull was over handicapped, assisted it by beating the three-year-old, which did not please the owner of the latter, he, therefore, began beating the owner of the two-year-old. From this it went on, friend joining friend, until there was a regular set-to between the "two-year-olds" and the "three-

year-olds," thus forming two factions that fought regularly at fairs and markets until the "bad times," which, for an interval, put an end to the faction fights; but since better times came they have revived, and at times enliven the county, especially the neighbourhood of Pallas Green. It is said these fights originated over two hundred years ago.

Lower Ormond, on the north-east portion of the county of Tipperary, had a large infusion of English blood, although most of the families had Irish names; while adjoining them in the King's County and in the co. Galway the people were more Irish; consequently at the fairs of Bannagher in the King's County and Portumna and Pallas in Galway there were numerous fights; the wacry of one of the engaged parties nearly invariably being "Lower Ormond and the sky over it." A fight on Pallas Fair Green was well worth seeing. Standing on the high ground at the western end of the green, you had a view of the whole. The Connaught men generally tried to take an unfair advantage, attacking the Munster men at the end of the fair when most of them had left to go home; of course, by dint of numbers they would be "driven out of the fair," but the scouts had followed those who were on their way to Portumna Bridge, and they quickly returned, bursting with a yell on their opponents. Then the fight began again, and as nearly always by this time many of the Connaught men had left, the latter were outnumbered and driven out of the green.

Before the "bad times" everywhere on the borders of the English settlements there were these factions, and consequently the faction fights. Some seem to have had very ancient origins, apparently dating from the time the Geraldine de Burgos and such other Anglo-Irish came into the country; others were of Cromwell's time or that of William the Third; in fact of all the times of the different settlements, when the offscouring of England was sent over to improve the Irish. There is an old saying, "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," and these "improvers" considered they had a right to ride roughshod over everybody, thus generating the faction fights. Two famous factions on the borders of Limerick and Tipperary

are the Shannavats and Cannavats, but the origin of the names I do not know. The feeling of party ran so high that before the "bad times" I have known a girl of one faction who was married into an opposition one, in a fight that came off after the "hauling home," fighting like a Trojan against her own people, although she had never seen her husband before she was married to him about a week previous.

The spirit of faction seems now to be nearly extinct; before the "bad times" if a man transgressed and suffered for it, his friends would search out the aggressors, so that, although the murderers did not always suffer by the laws of the country, they were punished by the faction.

FOLK-LORE RECORD, vol. iii. part ii. Japanese Folk-lore, page 280. *Clippings of Hair*.—Very commonly in Ireland (Leinster, Munster, and Connaught) even educated people object to burn hair, as it will bring disaster on the person or the house; they therefore collect it and bury it or ram it into holes in the walls.

Ibid. page 280. *Cock-crowing*.—In Munster a cock-crowing before the usual hour (daybreak) is an unlucky omen.

Ibid. page 281. *A Girl and her Lover*.—The straw test is not uncommon in Ireland, or the thorns on a holly-leaf, or the sprouts on a cabbage-stalk. On Allhallows eve you go into a garden and pull the first cabbage-stalk you meet, and for each bud you say, "He or she have me," "He or she won't," and so on to the end. The size, form, &c. of the stalk indicate the appearance of the coming lover.

Ibid. page 281. *Dreams*.—These are always said to go by contraries, yet everywhere you will hear of a "lucky dream" that turned out correct.

Ibid. page 282. *You'll die in your shoes*.—The common Irish expression is, "You will never be drowned, as the hemp is growing for you," i.e. you will be hanged; another is, "May you never die in child-bed, or any other bed, but in the open air, where you will have room to kick;" the last I never heard out of the co. Dublin.

Ibid. vol. iii. page 282. *Human being under new building*.—In places in Ireland it is commonly believed that the early English arrivals

built their castles on the bodies of the slaughtered Irish. You will hear tell of such and such a castle that fell; and when it was routed up human bones were found under it. I do not however know of any authentic instance.

FOLK-LORE RECORD, vol. iii. page 285. *Cut my lace and cover my face, I die else.*—This seems very easily explained; the girl wanted the body hid from her view, and her bodice or stay-lace cut. I have often heard nearly the same expression when a girl did not want to see something horrid, such as a horse cut up by a train; when not one but a dozen girls sang out, "Cover it up, hide it from me, I'll faint, loose the lace of my stays." The expression given by Mr. Apperson is the same in different words.

Ibid. page 288. *Halfpennyworth of Tar.*—Everywhere in Ireland the saying is, if a person is inclined to be stingy, "Never lose a sheep for a ha'porth of tar." Never heard the word "ship" used. Year-old sheep are hoggets; this seems to be a word imported by the English as it has no Irish signification. It is now, however, common both with the English and Irish speaking people.

Ibid. page 288. *Overlooked.*—This is commonly believed in Ireland even by people who ought to know better.

Ibid. page 291. *Wart Cures.*—Melted down cowries is no superstition, it is only the old cure of burning them out with a caustic, similar to buttermilk and slacklime, or various others.

Ibid. page 294. *Foundation Sacrifices.*—When putting a lightning conductor to the repaired Round Tower of Kilmacdoughgout, co. Galway, human bodies were found under its wall. They have been accounted for by saying the tower was built *on the surface of an older graveyard*. It is, however, quite possible that the bodies were put there purposely.

WEATHER PROVERBS AND SAYINGS

NOT CONTAINED IN

INWARDS' OR SWAINSON'S BOOKS.

By C. W. EMPSON.



HAVE compared the collections of *Weather Proverbs*, published by Inwards and Swainson with a MS. collection of my own, and the following is a transcript of those which I cannot find in their books. Some of these I sent to Inwards several years ago, placing them at his disposal for a second edition of his book, but a second edition has not apparently been called for.

Figures between square brackets denote old style. I consider it a great omission in Inwards' and Swainson's books that they do not attribute ancient proverbs to days *old style*. Unless you do so you cannot make fair comparisons. I have drawn attention to this in my "Notes on Weather Proverbs" in the *Leisure Hour* for 1876, p. 14. The arrangement of my notes follows that of Inwards's book.

Oak, smoke,

Ash, squash.—*Kent*.

If the oak is out before the ash

'Twill be a summer of wet and splash.

But if the ash is before the oak

'Twill be a summer of fire and smoke.

When the Great Bear is on this side of the North Pole, the summer is dry; if he gets on the other side, the summer is wet, especially if he be then in conjunction with Venus and Jupiter.—*Yorkshire*.

If the ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a duck after.—*Notts*.

Breast-bone of goose dark-coloured after cooking, no genial spring, and *vice versa*—*Lincoln*.

[In Richmondshire for "goose" read "duck" in above.]

6 Jan. [18 Jan.] At Twelfth Day the days are lengthened a cock's stride.—*Italian*.

Jan. and May. A warm January, a cold May.

2 Feb. [14 Feb.]—

If it neither rains nor snows on Candlemas Day,
You may striddle your horse and go and buy hay.—*Lincoln*.

Candlemass Day ! Candlemass Day !
Half our fire, and half our hay.

[i.e., half through winter only, and so half our provisions should be left.]

You should on Candlemass Day
Throw candle and candlestick away.

Snow at Candlemass
Stops to handle us.—*Rutland*.

March. In March, and at all seasons of the year when the judges are on circuit and there are criminals to be hanged, storms prevail.—*Grantham*.

A peck of March dust is worth an *Earl's* ransom, "when do vail on thornen leaves."—*Dorset*.

March and August.—A wet March makes a sad August.

April. It is always cold when the blackthorn comes into flower.—*Surrey*.

"Blackthorn winter."—*Hants, Kent*.

Whatever the weather may be on Easter Day, such it will be during harvest.—*Yorkshire*.

A late Easter a long cold spring.

A wet Good Friday and wet Easter Day
Makes plenty of grass and very little hay.

13 *May*. About this day it is always cold. Professor Erman of Berlin, writing to the astronomer Arago in 1840, says :—"The two swarms or currents of planetary bodies (meteors, &c.) which the earth meets on the ecliptic, respectively about 10th of August and 13th of November, annually interpose themselves between her and the sun, the first during the days comprised between the 5th and 11th of February, the second from the 10th to the 13th of May. Each of these conjunctions causes annually at these periods a very notable extinction of the calorific rays of the sun, and thereby lowers the temperature at all the points of the earth's surface."

Fine on Holy Thursday, wet on Whit-Monday.

Wet on Holy Thursday, fine on Whit-Monday.

July. The first Friday in July is always wet.—*London*.

13 *July* [25 *July*]. Margaret's Flood.

15 *July*. (S. Gallo's Day). The weather on this day will prevail for forty days after.—*Tuscany*.

Or,

To any day within the octave of the Feast of S. Bartholomew.—*Rome*.

19 *Sept*. [1 *Oct*.] Storm from south, mild winter.—*Derby*.

21 *Sept*. A quiet week before the autumn equinox and after, the temperature will continue higher than usual into the winter.

S. Matthew sends the sap into the tree.

29 *Sept*. [11 *Oct*.] On Michaelmas Day the devil puts his foot on the blackberries.—*N. Ireland*.

October always has twenty-one fine days.

11 *November* [23 *Nov*.] From whatever quarter the wind blows at midnight at Martinmas Eve, it will continue there mostly for the next three months. N.W. wind bodes a hard winter.—*Notts*.

31 *October* [12 *November*]—

If ducks do slide at Hollandtide,
At Christmas they will swim ;
If ducks do swim at Hollandtide,
At Christmas they will slide.—*Bucks*.

21 December—

Lucy light ! Lucy light !
Longest day and shortest night !

Sun—

An evening gray and morning red
Will send the shepherd wet to bed.

A gaudy morning bodes a wet afternoon.

Moon. A Wednesday's change is bad.—*N. Italy.*

A Saturday new moon, if it comes once in seven years, comes too often for sailors.—*Dorset.*

In the waning of the moon
A cloudy morn—fair afternoon.

—*Hone's Year Book*, p. 299.

A fog and a small moon
Bring an easterly wind soon.—*Cornwall.*

If a big star is dogging the moon, wild weather may be expected.
—*Nautical.*

"If a star is seen near the moon, which they (the fishermen) call Hurlbassey, tempestuous weather is looked for by them."—*M'Skimin, History of Carrickfergus* (A.D. 1823).

"One star a-head of the moon towing her, and another astern chasing her," a sure sign of storm.—*Torquay.*

The weather remains the same during the whole moon.

(A.) Eleven times out of twelve, as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day ;

(B.) Nine times out of twelve, as it is on the fourth day, if the sixth day resembles the fourth.

Wind. There are certain weather-holes or wind-holes, *i.e.*, caverns and clefts, which stand to the inhabitants of the Alps instead of barometers. When the wind blows cold from them the weather may be expected fine.—*Schenchzer, Naturgeschichte*, iv. 122.

Similar hole near a gap in the Malvern Hills called "the Wytche." We shall have rain, for the wind is in Bodjham Hole.—*Ashford Vale, East Kent.*

There'll be some rain, for the wind has got into Habberley Hole.—
Shrewsbury.

An out [southerly] wind and a fog
ring an east wind home snug.—*Cornwall.*

Clouds—

If Bever hath a cap,
Ye churles of the Vale, look to that.—*Leicestershire.*

When Hood Hill has on its cap,
Hamilton's sure to come down with a clap.—*Cleveland.**

When Eston nabbe puts on a cloake,
And Roysberrye a cappe,
Then all the folks on Cleveland's clay
Ken there will be a clappe.—*Yorkshire.*

When Roseberry Topping wears a hat
Morden Carre will suffer for that.—*Yorkshire.*

When Oliver's Mount puts on his hat
Scarborough town will pay for that.—*Yorkshire.*

When Percelly weareth a hat
All Pembrokeshire shall weet of that.—*Pembroke.*

When Ladie Lift
Puts on her shift,
She feares a downright raine ;
But when she doffs it, you will finde
The raine is o'er, and still the winde,
And Phœbus shine againe.—*Herefordshire.*
[Lady Lift Clump is a clump of trees near Weobley.]

When the clouds go up the hill
They'll send down water to turn a mill.

When Tottenham Wood is all a fire
Then Tottenham Street is nought but mire.—*Middlesex.*

"Spreading the table-cloth," on Table Mountain.—*Cape of Good Hope.*

Rain. Wet continues if the ground dries up too soon.

When rain threatens in the morning it is likely to rain when the
sun and the wind get together.

Rain afore church,
Rain all the week, little or much.—*Norfolk.*

[* For this and the three following rhymes see *ante*, vol. i. pp. 160-175.—*Ed.*]

If in handling bread you break it into two parts it will rain for a whole week.

Rainbow—Rainbow in the south brings heavy rain ; in the west, slight showers and dew ; in the east, fair weather.

A Saturday's rainbow is sure to be followed by a week of rotten (rainy) weather.—*S. Ireland*.

Thunder—

If it sinks from the north
It will double its wrath.
If it sinks from the south
It will open its mouth.
If it sinks from the west
It is never at rest.
If it sinks from the east
It will leave us at peace.—*Kent*.

Frost. Three white frosts bring rain.

Hoar frost and gypsies never stay nine days in a place.

Cattle. On a wet day, if cattle are all lying down in the fields it will clear up ; but the reverse if they stand about.—*Wilts*.

If cattle remain on the top of the hills it will be fine ; but wet if they descend to the valleys.—*Derbyshire*.

Moles. If during frost moles throw up fresh earth the frost will disappear in forty-eight hours.

Previously to the setting in of winter the mole prepares a sort of basin, forming it in a bed of clay, which will hold about a quart. In this basin a great quantity of worms are deposited, and in order to prevent their escape they are partly mutilated but not so as to kill them. On these worms the mole feeds in winter. When these basins are few in number the following winter will be mild.—*Cottage Gardener*, i. 73 (Nov. 1848).

Birds. It is said that the flight of wild geese is always in the form either of letters or of figures, and that the figure denotes the number of weeks of frost that will follow their appearance.

If birds begin to whistle in the early morning in winter it bodes frost.

The often doping or diving of waterfowl foreshows rain is at hand.

—*Shepherd's Calendar.*

Frogs. If bright yellow frogs are to be seen now and then it is a good sign of a fine harvest.—*Derbyshire.*

If frogs are very active in jumping, rain is not far off.

Snakes. Fresh tracks of snakes bode rain if they are numerous.—*Italy.*

Plants—

When elm leaves are as big as a shilling,
Plant kidney beans, if to plant'em you're willing.
When elm leaves are as big as a penny,
You *must* plant kidney beans if you mean to have any.

When the elmen leaf is as big as a mouse's ear,
Then to sow barley never fear.

When the elmen leaf is as big as an ox's eye,
Then says, "Hie ! boys ! hie !"

Stone. The sweating of tombs or stone pillars denotes rain.—*Shepherd's Calendar.*

Wheat. Abundant wheat crops never follow a mild winter.

NOTES ON INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

I have just come across the following pretty piece of folk-lore which I think may be worth a place in *The Folk-Lore Record*:—

“ In the days of old, more than two thousand years ago, the good Raja Ben was king over all the land, from the Himalayas to far-off Lanka (Ceylon), and his capital was at Surat; and he came to the dark forests by the Sardah river, than which there was no forest in the whole world more gloomy or more full of things of dread, to perform the rite of Tapasa, and thereby acquire all knowledge and all power over the spirit world: and the terrible rite being duly performed he dwelt awhile at Shahgarh, where he built a lofty castle, and meditated on that delusion which men call life and the universe, but which is only an impression on the senses which soon vanishes away. And good Raja Ben saw that the rich man was decked out with useless jewels, and eat the finest food, and was discontented therewith, while the poor man was barely covered with rags, and scarcely satisfied his craving hunger with the coarsest of diet, and was happy withal. He marvelled greatly at these delusions, and, casting off his costly and priceless jewels, he arrayed himself in the poor dress of a peasant, and refused all food but that which fell to the lot of husbandmen. And his young bride Sundri through love for her Raja did even as he; and, abandoning all vanity of gorgeous array and of jewels that were vain show, clothed herself as a girl that had never known riches, and came down to the court to draw water with her own hands, and she looked long for a vessel wherewith to draw the water, but she could find none save a jug of unbaked clay, and no rope save a thread of untwisted cotton; not knowing that the water must dissolve the clay, and the thread must snap with the weight of even the empty vessel. But men know not the ways of the gods. In the innocence of her heart she went down to the deep pool of ice-cold water, where the

lotus flowers had just unfolded themselves to greet and welcome the rising sun ; and she stepped on the first flower, which kissed her tiny bared feet, and scarcely marvelled that it bore her weight, and thus in all innocence she passed on lightly from flower to flower till she reached the darker depths, and there she plunged in the unbaked vessel and drew it up by the untwisted thread, and, setting it on her head, returned singing in happiness to the castle. And so she lived on happy in her daily task, still happier in her husband's love ; and he the great Raja, whom all the world obeyed, wove the while mats and baskets, and by their sale earned his daily food. But the mind of a woman is constant to one thing never, and is always desirous of new things. So Sundri grew weary of the coarse garments, and the daily task, and the poor food of a peasant girl, and she longed for her delicate apparel and her priceless gems ; and one morning, rising early, she arrayed herself in her queenly robes and her glittering jewels, and came down to the lotus pool ; and she placed the vessel on her head, and walked as before on the petals of the flowers, but they seemed to bear her till she reached the dark depths of the mid-pool, and she marvelled much at her own beauty as she saw it reflected in the still waters, and she plunged in the vessel, but when she would have drawn it out it melted in the water, and the untwisted thread broke, and she herself sank deep in the ice-cold water : but she was saved, and henceforward learned the evil of vanity and pride in riches, and the strength of innocence and a pure mind. And in all the reign of the good Raja Ben gold and silver were as dross and as plentiful as pebbles in the Sardah stream : and the lotus pool, in memory of the good Queen Sundri, was called by all men the Rami Tâl or tank, and is to be seen even to this day just outside the town of Kabur, though the lotus flowers have perished, and the castle of Shahgarh has sunk into dust."—*Settlement Report of Bareilly District, N. W. P.*, by S. M. Moens, pp. 20, 21.

Mr. W. G. Black, in the FOLK-LORE RECORD, vol. i. p. 246, wants some notes on charms, &c. Perhaps the following notes of ideas implicitly believed in by the people about here may interest him and other Members of the Society :

A bit of bat's bone tied round the ankle is a specific for rheumatism.

Tying an owl's claw round a child's neck keeps him from nervousness, and the smoke of owl's flesh is very efficacious in keeping off ghosts from children.

If you kill a blood-sucker lizard on a Sunday, burn it, and give the ashes to a child, it cures convulsions.

The teeth of the rohu or Indian carp tied round a child's neck are a remedy for diseases of the eye.

The hair of an elephant's tail keeps the evil eye from children. In ordinary cases it is tied round the neck as an amulet, but, in the last resource, it is burnt and the child exposed to the smoke.

The milk of a black cow is cooling for a child, and is the next best thing to his mother's milk.

A scorpion's sting is cured by the smoke of dry acacia leaves.

Your child will never be stung by a scorpion if you make a square on the wall with ground rice, kill a scorpion and put its sting under the square.

Using a walking-stick of the anthil-tree wood is a remedy for leprosy.

In cases of serious sickness, passing pice over the head of the sick person and then giving them to Brahmans is very efficacious.

The seeds of the ghumri are hung round the necks of people attacked with rheumatism.

In cases of small pox it is a common custom to take some of the pieces of skin as it peels off the body of the patient, put them in a little earthen pot, and place them under some rubbish in a place where four roads meet. The first person who touches them will carry away the sickness with him. One morning recently, in passing through a village I came on two old women carrying on a fierce dispute in a lane. I inquired the reason and found that one of them had a child attacked with small pox. She had taken some of the skin of the patient and put it as I have described before the door of the other old woman, who on coming out had accidentally trodden on it. The villagers were unanimous in believing that she had been very hardly treated. They said it would not have mattered if the pot had been placed where four roads meet, but putting it before the door of one particular person was outrageous and quite opposed to custom. Before I left they had

arranged that the offender was to perform certain ceremonies, and feed a Brahman or two, in order to avert any evil consequences from her neighbour.

Children are supposed to be very liable to the evil eye. It is a good thing to keep a piece of iron or some catgut in a child's bed. A blue string is tied round a colt's neck for the same purpose. With the same object catgut is tied round a buffalo's leg.

A safe cure for a burn is to string cowries on hair and put them near the injured place.

Itch is cured by rubbing in saliva or the juice of a bean.

In serious epidemics of cholera the people go out of their villages and encamp in groves in the neighbourhood. After some days of prayer they sacrifice grain, goats, and pigs to the goddess Bhavânî, wife of Shiva. Then they tie on a goat's back a sort of cloth bag steeped in turmeric, and fill it on one side with rice and the other with barley. They then drive it beyond the village boundary as a sacrifice to Bhavânî. This is the regular scapegoat.

If a man is bitten by a snake, throw up a cowrie into the air, say a prayer, and the snake will come back and forgive him. The man is sure to recover.

Barrenness is cured by tearing off secretly and eating a piece of cloth from the dress of a woman who has children. But this is dangerous to the woman who has had the children. It may cause her to have no more, or may be fatal to those already born.

If you make a cut on the wall of your enemy's house it is very likely that a similar cut will come on his body.

If you throw a porcupine's quill into an enemy's house there are sure to be quarrels in his family.

In a case of snake-bite it is a good plan to keep on drumming with a brass dish. It keeps off any vicious ghosts who are lurking about the place.

Hydrophobia is cured by making the patient look down seven wells in succession.

When two or three children have died, the next infant born is dragged about in a basket to ensure good health.

The dead part of the nail is a deadly poison. Natives usually keep

their nails very closely cut. The nails of Europeans are supposed to be particularly poisonous, and this is the reason popularly assigned for their using knives and forks.

No one will admit ever having seen a dead monkey. It is terribly unlucky.

If you say to a grain-seller "Look! there is a monkey on your head!" he will shut up his shop for the day.

You should be very careful in selecting the site of your house. Should you chance to build it over a monkey-bone the result will be disastrous. Roguish astrologers wander about the country discovering these monkey-bones.

If you are bitten by a mad jackal, hydrophobia does not show itself until the next thunderstorm.

When rinderpest appears in the cattle the people catch jackals and bury them in their fields to avert the disease. Mr. Henderson quotes a case of a lamb burnt for this purpose (*Folk-Lore of Northern Countries*, p. 149).

The stock remedy for cattle disease is of course tiger's flesh, which is burnt, and the smoke applied to the nostrils of the sick cattle.

Tiger's fat is a sovereign cure for rheumatism in the human subject.

The "horn," or fire sacrifice, is commonly resorted to in case of cattle disease, like the "need fires" still used in parts of England. The cattle are driven through the smoke. This is exactly the same as the ceremony described by Mr. Henderson, pp. 167, 168.

In cases of small pox the patient is kept in a separate room and women's shadows are not allowed to fall on him. A lamp is kept burning all night and a fire by day. They keep cats out of the room. During this disease various dangerous ghosts and demons are supposed to take the form of cats. None of the family bathe, wash, shave, or change their clothes during the progress of the disease. No other divinity but the goddess Sibala, the small pox goddess, is named.

The Jâts believe that if a man bitten by a snake tie a cord round his right foot and repeat the words "Tejâ jî," he will recover.

WILLIAM CROOKE.

Awagarh, viâ Jalesar,
N. W. P. India.

PORTUGUESE STORIES.



THE interest which is so generally manifested in England for the study of the Folk-Lore of all nations, as an aid to the acquisition of a greater knowledge of the early history, manners, and customs of the European family, has impelled me to bring forward a few Portuguese stories which I have translated from an interesting collection of the popular traditions of Portugal, by Senhor Cuelho, the first volume of which was published in Lisbon in 1879.

The great mass of popular traditions and stories had never received in Portugal the attention which it was entitled to until this distinguished and learned author, after much labour, collected them together. In his preface he says truly, that these stories would bear no importance for science had they been brought into Portugal recently, or had they been introduced through literary channels. And that the principal and most conclusive arguments which prove their great antiquity and their genuine authenticity proceeds from the fact that these stories have been gathered from traditions carried from mouth to mouth for ages, until they have come down to the very persons from whom he received them.

As a Portuguese lady, I have much pleasure in translating for the Society these three specimens of Senhor Cuelho's work; of their value and interest for comparison with the stories of other countries I do not speak, because the members of the Society will no doubt fully avail themselves of the information thus given.

The full title of Senhor Cuelho's book is *Contos Populares Portugueses Colligidos por J. Adolpho Cuelho*.

THE STORY OF MAMMA-NA-BURRA.

[O HOMEM DA ESPADA DE VINTE QUINTAES.]

Once upon a time there was a man and wife who had no children. The wife continually lamented their loneliness, and regretted not having a son to inherit their wealth; but the good man endeavoured to console her in her desolate state, and would sometimes say to her: "If it is the will of God that we should have no children how can we help it? Be resigned, and the Almighty will reward you for your patience."

The day at last arrived when a son was born to them, and there was as you may suppose great joy in that household at the event.

But the child grew so fast from day to day that he actually eat on the first night of his birth two great loaves of bread at a meal. Indeed to such an extent did he devour whatever he could get that the mother, unable to support a child with such a marvellous appetite, decided to get a she-donkey to suckle him, and from that circumstance he was named Mamma-na-burra.*

When he was seven years old, the mother having nothing else to give him to eat, told him she thought it was time that he should go to seek for his living. The precocious child then went up to his father and told him that if he was to travel through the world, seeking for fortune, or working to support himself, he must have a sword of twenty hundredweight of steel to carry with him. The father accordingly ordered the blacksmith to make one.

After two months' time the smith sent word to say that the sword was ready, but that they must come for it with two carts and two sets of oxen to take it home, as it was terribly heavy. Upon hearing this, the father, who knew the child's strength, sent him for it. Mamma-na-burra went to the forge and asked to have the sword given to him. But the blacksmith in surprise said, "Where are the carts and oxen to carry it home?" "There is no necessity for carts

* A donkey suckling.

or for oxen as I am strong enough to carry the sword myself, and without the help of any one else." The blacksmith, however, not believing that the child, however big for his age, could bear the weight of that heavy sword on his shoulder, made a bet of a thousand dollars with the boy that he would not manage to take the sword three steps without falling under its weight, much less reach home with it. Mamma-na-burra accepted the bet, and off he went to his rich uncle to ask him to lend him a thousand dollars as deposit for the wager. The uncle lent him the money, and he returned to the forge for the sword.

Great was the surprise of the blacksmith when he saw the boy take up the sword and carry it home on his shoulder as if it had been a mere toy; so there was nothing left him but to give Mamma-na-burra the thousand dollars as he had lost the wager.

When Mamma-na-burra received the money he went to his uncle to return him the thousand dollars he had kindly lent him, but instead of receiving it his good relation desired him to take it to his mother for her special wants. He now went home, but he did not give the whole sum to his mother as his uncle had bidden him do, but reserved a little for his own travelling expenses.

He now took leave of his parents and started on his journey: he had not proceeded far when he came to a place where two roads met, and not knowing which to take he asked a labourer which was the right road. The labourer took with one hand his cart, oxen, and plough and came to show him the way. Burra, with a look of astonishment at the feat, said to the man: "You must be very strong and powerful to be able to take up so many things together, which are heavy of themselves, whilst you walk along as if they were as light as a feather." To this the labourer replied, "It is true that I am very strong and powerful, but from what I hear I haven't the power and nerve of the young fellow that goes by the name of Mamma-na-Burra." But our sly giant never told him that he was the redoubtable Mamma-na-Burra, but took leave of him and thanked him for having shown him the way.

After he had walked along the road pointed out, he came to a pine-forest, and there he saw a man who was felling some trees. The man

had already brought down eight pine-trees, and was felling four more to make up a sufficient quantity to carry home, just as if he were preparing a mere faggot easily shouldered. Burra, upon seeing this, went up to the man and accosted him with these words: "I have been watching you with surprise. You certainly do not intend to bear such a weight on your shoulders? If you do, I say you are the most powerful man I have ever heard of." "I am of a very powerful build, and can bear greater weights than any one I know, though I am told that there is a fellow who is called Mamma-na-Burra, to whom I am no match in size or strength. But then he was nursed by a she-donkey, as his name implies; so no wonder he has the strength of a beast of burden." To which Mamma-na-Burra, without making himself known, replied: "Indeed! what a wonderful giant he must be!" "Yes; but you seem a vigorous, sturdy fellow yourself." "Well, to tell you the truth, I have been looking out for a man of your strength, and I am ready to hire you for four pence a day if you come along with me." Feller-of-Pines readily agreed to the bargain, and joined Burra.

They had not gone far on their way when they saw a man who was digging up mountains as if they were mere mole-hills, and each time that he dug with his tremendous spade he brought up earth enough to fill half-a-dozen carts. Mamma-na-Burra thought to himself, that is just the man I require to go along with me; so he went up to the man and said, "You must be a Hercules to dig up such loads at one time; there would be no mountains left if every man had your strength." "You are right; there are very few men, I should say, as strong and sturdy as myself; but I am not to be compared to the renowned giant Mamma-na-Burra. I would give dollars to set my eyes upon him, if only for once." "Well," replied Burra; "come along with me, and you will very likely see him before long." Remover-of-Mountains gladly left everything to follow a man who could show him Mamma-na-Burra.

When they had walked on a few miles they came up to some houses, and, seeing an old woman, they asked her if she knew where they could get sleeping apartments in one of those houses. To which she replied that she knew there was accommodation to be found in one of

the houses, but she must warn them that whoever entered it was never seen to come out again. Burra, however, without heeding the warning, went up to the house and inquired of the woman who opened the door if she could give them a night's lodging, to which she replied that they only had room for one person in the kitchen, as the rest of the house was already full. Burra accepted the offer, and desired Feller-of-Pines to go in, whilst he and his companion would seek shelter for the night somewhere else.

Shortly after midnight, when Feller-of-Pines was fast asleep, he was startled by a great noise, and, as he was looking round to find whence it came, he beheld with horror Satan himself coming down the chimney with the intention of fighting him—if possible to kill, and take him to the lower regions with him. But the devil made here a mistake, for he found in the man more than a match. Feller-of-Pines wrestled with the devil until he completely overpowered him, whilst his Satanic Majesty was glad to make an ignominious retreat up the chimney.

Next day, when Feller-of-Pines joined his companions, he took care not to tell them what had happened to him in his mysterious quarters, but said that he had been very comfortable indeed.

On the following evening Remover-of-Mountains was the next to occupy the kitchen, and as on the previous night the Devil came down the chimney and stood with glaring eyes, gnashing his teeth ferociously at the man, and the next moment clutched hold of him. But if the Evil One had found in Feller-of-Pines more than a match, now he encountered an enemy far his superior in strength and courage, and, after a severe struggle, Remover-of-Mountains dealt the Devil a blow which laid him on the floor completely vanquished.

The man, going out of the kitchen, left the Devil to recover as best he could.

On the third night Mamma-na-Burra took up his quarters in the kitchen, and when he saw the Devil appear said to him, "Is that you?" and, taking up his sword, pierced the demon through. The Devil, without waiting for more, quickly got into a huge log of wood which was ready to be thrown into the fire.

Next morning Burra said to his companions, "We have the Devil safe in a log of wood in the kitchen; let us hide it away, and so bind

the wretch that he may never more attempt to fight and harass another human creature, for we are the only ones in the world who are his match."

Thereupon they continued their route, and had hardly gone many paces when they came to a deep well. Here they determined to hide the log at the bottom of it, and for the purpose they procured a rope, a basket, and a bell. Feller-of-Pines was put into the basket with the log of wood, and lowered into the well whilst his companions held the rope. But, on reaching half way down, he saw a number of terrible-looking reptiles and venomous vipers, which glared at him angrily, and, not feeling equal to their encounter, he rang the bell that they might pull him up again; and when he got to the top he looked very pale and scared, and explained why he had not gone deeper into the well. Then Remover-of-Mountains said he would go down into the well, and try how he could reach to the bottom in spite of the vipers. But when he was lowered to the middle he also was overawed by the horrid and fierce vipers, which seemed ready to devour him; and he also rang the bell to be pulled up, as he did not relish the company he found himself in.

Burra, finding that neither of his companions had strength and courage enough to kill the viper, said to them: "Now let us see what Mamma-na-Burra can do;" which so astonished the two men, who until then were not aware that they were in company of the redoubtable Burra, that in utter surprise, awestruck, they stood aghast and speechless.

Burra was now let down into the well with the log in the basket, and when on reaching half-way down the well he saw the reptiles and vipers, with one stroke of his sword he killed them all and descended to the bottom.

Great was his surprise and delight, however, when unexpectedly he found himself in a splendid chamber, where he only thought to find earth, stones, and water. In this chamber he met three princesses, all lovely and charming, who were kept there enchanted.

The princesses, astonished to see him among them, inquired how he had managed to get there, to which he replied that he was there because he wished it, and could do it. "But," said one of the damsels to him,

"you are too young and weak to encounter our formidable enchanter, and I advise you to get out of the well before he finds you here."

"Who then is your enchanter?" asked Mamma-na-Burra. "Oh," she replied, "he is a horrid hissing serpent." Hardly had these words been pronounced when the enchanter in the form of a serpent, as the girl had described him, crept into the apartment, saying, "I smell human flesh. Who has dared to come down here?" But the young princess merely answered that he must be mistaken in his impressions, for who could possibly visit those inaccessible regions? When the serpent noticed the young giant, he attempted to spring upon him, but Burra quickly drawing his sword slew him. He next proceeded to disenchant the princess, and when he had effected this she gave him a pocket-handkerchief, with her name marked on every corner, as a mark of her gratitude. He then placed her in the basket, and rang the bell, so that his companions might pull her up. Great, however, was the men's surprise, when the basket reached the top, to find a pretty damsel instead of Burra in it. The princess explained to them her presence there, and begged them to lower down the basket again for Burra to come up, which they at once did. Mamma-na-Burra next addressed another of the princesses, who, like the first, informed him that she was spell-bound to the place; and on asking her who was her enchanter she said that it was a hideous-looking beast.

This beast came in growling and said also that he smelt human flesh, but Mamma-na-Burra advanced towards him, and with a slash of his sword instantly cut him in two, killing him on the spot. His next act was to disenchant this princess as he had done the first, and delivered her from her confinement in the same way. The princess before she was drawn up gave Burra a gold staff, which she said he must keep, as it might some day be of use to him. Mamma-na-Burra now asked the third and youngest damsel, who was the most beautiful of the three princesses, who was her cruel enchanter, and she timidly answered him that it was no less than the prince demon himself, who kept her bound.

When the young giant saw the Devil coming in all his pride and insolence, he addressed him thus: "Is that you, you evil one? You are just the very person I wished to encounter." And grasping his sword

he cut off his ear and put it into his pocket, as a talisman against the Devil. The princess, in token of her gratitude, passed her hand over Mamma-na-Burra's head, and turned his hair golden. After disenchanting her, he placed her in the basket, rang the bell, and the princess was delivered from her prison as her sisters had been.

Mamma-na-Burra now remained alone and master of the place; and in order to test the fidelity of his companions, Feller-of-Pines and Remover-of-Mountains, he put a heavy stone into the basket and rang the bell as before. The men began to draw up the basket, but on reaching the middle of the well they let go the rope, believing that this time it must be Burra himself who was in the basket, and as they wished to take possession of the damsels they let the basket fall to the bottom, and left, as they thought, Mamma-na-Burra to perish in the well, and ran away with the disenchanted princesses.

When Burra perceived their treachery he drew the Devil's ear out of his pocket and threw it with great force into the well, and instantly the Devil appeared to him and said: "What is it that you want with me?" But Burra answered in a voice of command, "Pull me out of the well this instant." "I will if you return me my ear." "Take me out of the well and then I'll return it to you."

The Devil took hold of Burra and pulled him out of the well, but the young giant did not give up to the Evil One his ear as agreed upon.

Burra, on reaching the mouth of the well, caught sight of Feller-of-Pines and Remover-of-Mountains running away as fast as they could with the three princesses; he therefore determined to follow them. But as all the world had heard of Mamma-na-Burra's prowess, and all who passed him on the road recognised him, and took off their hats and saluted him with every demonstration of respect and curiosity, some even turning back and following him, he began to fear lest the fugitives might discover him and guess that he was pursuing them, so he entered a slaughter-house on the road and asked for a cow's bladder, which he put over his head to serve as a veil. In this way he journeyed on until he saw the three princesses enter the king's palace, with the two men.

On the opposite side of the palace there was a farmstead, and

Mamma-na-Burra entering in asked the farmer to give him work to do, and this he did because he wished to watch the movements of the two men and of the princesses. The farmer was glad to employ one who seemed strong and hardy, and willing to work ; but before long he was obliged to dismiss the young giant, for he was eating up all the produce of the farm and everything else he could find.

Burra had scarcely left the farm when the Devil appeared to him, who told him that on the following Sunday races were to take place in front of the palace for the king's and his three daughters' amusement. Burra then told him to get ready for him the best and swiftest horse in the kingdom. The Devil obeyed the command, and brought him just in time for the races a most splendid horse. Mamma-na-Burra mounted it, repaired to the racecourse, and took part in the race without being invited.

Before long a whisper ran through all ranks present, as Burra rode among them, proudly riding his superb charger, with his redoubtable sword in hand, and vizor drawn over his face, " Who is this gallant knight and horse, so well matched and without rivals for gallantry and force? We have never looked upon a horseman that could compare with him, nor charger worthy of such a cavalier. Surely he must be a knight of some noble race."

Presently the king and princesses came to their stand, surrounded by all his majesty's noblemen, who had come from the neighbouring fortresses and castles. Six fleet horses and their riders stood before the king ready to start for the race, when suddenly there was a stir among the people, for Mamma-na-Burra had taken his stand among the racers, and his charger lowering his head down to the sand, his nostrils sniffed the wind as if impatient to start, and, as may be supposed, won the race.

The crowds in a fever of excitement, and full of curiosity, came up to him and demanded loudly to be told who he might be and whence he came, but Burra simply replied that he was a knight errant, who was wandering through those lands. The people, however, not being satisfied with his curt reply, threatened to keep him a prisoner with them until he should satisfy them. But, perceiving that the stranger was determined to remain incognito, they formed themselves in a circle

round him with drawn swords and guns, saying that if he persisted in not making himself known, or telling them whence he came, they would kill him.

The Devil, on being apprised of what was passing, again appeared to Burra and advised him not to satisfy the people, but that if he could save himself from the sword-thrust, he, the Devil, would deliver him from the firing.

Mamma-na-Burra, therefore, full of confidence in his own powers, and the promised help of the Devil, his slave, refused to give the people any further information about himself; whilst his charger, who was the Devil himself transformed into a horse, gave such tremendous leaps over the swords that he completely escaped the thrusts; and when the guns were fired the devil tossed Burra over and right out of the circle of men as lightly as if he had been no more than a mere bundle of clothes. Once out of danger of swords and guns, Mamma-na-Burra took to flight. But admiring crowds followed him to his retreat, and complimented him amid a chorus of applause for his most wonderful feat and courage. The king then sent him an invitation to dinner, which the Devil told him to accept.

I must now tell you, that when Feller-of-Pines and Remover-of-Mountains brought the three princesses to the king's palace, pretending to have rescued them from their spell and prison, the damsels denied the men's assertion, and entreated their father, the king, not to reward them, but to keep them prisoners until the man that really had saved them should appear.

As Mamma-na-Burra entered the palace gates on the day of the king's invitation, the princesses saw him as they were looking out of the window, and immediately recognised him as their deliverer; and they ran to their father to tell him that the knight he had that day invited to dinner was the very person who had so valiantly liberated them from their prison by killing their enchanters. They also informed him of the presents they had given him in gratitude for their deliverance.

You may imagine how well received Burra was by the king and princesses, and how they honoured him by their kind condescension.

After dinner, when they were all in the grand saloon, the king, who

wished to make certain that the stranger was really his daughters' deliverer, suddenly asked Mamma-na-Burra if he could show him the gifts that his daughters had given him; and when he set them before the king the princesses at once cried out, "Oh, yes, these are indeed the presents we gave him."

There being now no doubt in the king's mind that Burra was the man his daughters represented him to be, bade him choose a wife among his three daughters; but our young giant remained silent and made no choice. He, however, pinched the Devil's ear he had in his pocket, and immediately the Devil appeared to him and said very humbly, "What may you please to want from me now?" "I wish you to tell me which of the princesses has the best temper, and which will make the best wife." "Oh!" said the Devil, "I can satisfy you on that point, but you must first promise to give me back my ear." "Well, I promise you faithfully this time to give you back your ear if you give me the desired information." The Devil then said, "Put the three princesses in a room by themselves, and, when you have shut the door, ask them to insert each in turn the little finger of the right hand through the key-hole; and the one that you find has a gold mark like a dash on the nail is the princess you should chose for your wife, for it is she who has the sweetest temper." Mamma-na-Burra did as the Devil desired him to do, and the chosen princess proved to be the one who had turned his hair golden, and the first who had put her finger through the key-hole, and the youngest of them.

Mamma-na-Burra now made his choice known to the king, and to the princess.

Mamma-na-Burra married the princess amid great rejoicings; and after the marriage was over the king asked him what punishment he wished inflicted on his two companions, Feller-of-Pines and Remover-of-Mountains, who had so basely abandoned him in the well, there to perish. Burra replied that he wished one to be thrown down a well and drowned, the other to be tied to a horse's tail, and while the horse paced round the garden to be whipped until he was dead.

Foz do Duoro.

THE STORY OF A TURNER.

[O COLHEAREIRO.]

There once lived a turner who was in the habit of going into a forest which was some distance from his cottage to cut down wood to make spoons. One day as he was sawing a venerable old chestnut tree he noticed a deep hole in the tree, and being curious to see what was inside he unluckily penetrated within, and immediately an enchanted Moor came forward to meet him, and in angry tones at the intrusion said to him: "Since you have dared to penetrate into my palace I order you to bring me the first thing you shall meet on reaching your cottage, but take heed that you comply with my command, otherwise you will surely die within three days." The turner now departed and went home, where he had three daughters and a little pet dog which always came to the door to meet him.

That day, however, contrary to her custom, as ill luck would have it, it was his eldest daughter, and not his dog, who came out to meet him. This of course so distressed him that he, weeping bitterly, told her what had happened to him and what the Moor had demanded from him. But he entreated her at the same time to go with him and give herself up to the Moor, for otherwise she and her sisters would remain without a supporter or protection.

The eldest daughter very unselfishly consented to go, and prepared to set out with her father; and after taking leave of her sisters she left home for the enchanted Moor's palace. We shall now leave the turner and his two daughters and record how the Moor acted towards his eldest daughter.

As soon as the girl arrived at the tree and entered the enchanted Moor's palace he gave her the keys of all the apartments, and at the same time he put round her neck a very fine gold chain with a key which belonged to a chamber into which he forbade her ever to enter under pain of death.

One day, however, the girl full of curiosity longed to enter and see for herself what was contained in that chamber, which it was so essential she should not find out. Unable to contain her curiosity she took the chain from her neck, and with the gold key opened the forbidden chamber.

Great, however, was her surprise and horror to find a number of bodies with their heads cut off. Much frightened and terror-struck at the fearful sight she immediately shut the door, and trusting not to be found out she put back the chain and key round her neck; but when the Moor returned to the palace the first thing he did was to look at the gold key hanging from her neck, and finding a tiny mark of blood upon it he knew what had happened, and without saying a word cut her head off that instant, and laid her down on the floor in the apartment with the other corpses.

A few days after this occurrence the turner, in hopes of seeing or hearing some news of his daughter, and desirous to know how she was getting on with the Moor, returned to the palace and inquired of him how his daughter was; to which he replied: "Go and fetch me your next daughter to be a companion to the one already here, as she feels very lonely and dull without her." The turner went back for his second daughter and brought her to the Moor.

Like the first girl she received all the keys, and the chain with the one particular key which belonged to the chamber which she was never to attempt to open; but like her sister she also was led by her curiosity to the same fate, and had her head cut off by the Moor on account of her disobedience.

The turner as before called at the Moor's palace to know how his daughters were, met with the same reply, and was ordered to bring his third daughter. This of course grieved the good honest man very much, who was loth to part with his only remaining daughter, but, fearing to disobey the Moor's commands, he brought her also to him as desired. When she arrived in the palace the Moor gave her the same injunctions as he had given to her two sisters. But the girl did open and enter the forbidden chamber in spite of the command, and she saw her beheaded sisters, and although horrified she had sufficient courage to remain in the chamber and inspect everything in it. She touched

her sisters' bodies, and finding that they were still warm she felt a great desire to bring them back to life.

In this chamber there was a cupboard in which she found a number of earthenware pots containing blood; and, seeing that two of them had her sisters' names upon them, she stuck the heads of her sisters to their bodies with the blood; and when she found that they adhered, and remained perfectly set, she wiped the blood off from their necks. When she had finished this operation her sisters came to life again. She, however, enjoined upon them perfect silence, telling them that she would manage to send them home to their father again, unknown to the Moor; whilst the sisters recommended her to wipe the key very carefully from any spot of blood, that the Moor might not discover what she had been doing.

The Moor returned home, and, not seeing any spot of blood upon the gold key, he did not, of course, suspect anything, and believing her to be an obedient loving wife he soon began to love her very much, until he idolized her to such a degree that he at last allowed himself to be domineered over by her, and she could rule him as she pleased; and thus he became a complete slave to her, and ready to do anything at her bidding.

One day she begged the Moor to take a barrel of sugar to her father, for he was very poor, and it would not come amiss to him. To this he readily agreed. She then put one of her sisters in the barrel, and desired the Moor to go quickly and return soon, as, said she, it was joyless to her to be long separated from him; and that to make sure he did not stop anywhere she would go up to the watch-tower and look after him all the way. Before the Moor set out on his journey with the barrel, she told her sister to repeat the following words all the way: "I can see you, dear, oh, I can see you, dear," so that the Moor should believe that the voice came from her in the watch-tower. The girl who was hidden in the barrel obeyed her clever sister's injunction, and continued to repeat the words in sweet tender tones: "I can see you, dear, oh, I can see you still, darling;" whilst the Moor, quite fascinated with his charmer, answered her most lovingly: "Magnificent eyes that can see so far; yes, I am running, dear;" and he ran until he reached the turner's cottage. He left

the barrel, and, after a few hurried words, turned towards home, running all the way.

Some days had elapsed when she again asked the Moor to take another barrel with provisions to her father; he again consented, and she sent her second sister home in the same manner as she had done the first.

She was now the only one remaining in the enchanted palace, and to extricate herself from the Moor was a much more difficult affair; but, as she was clever and quick at inventing, what do you think she thought of? She made up a figure with straw, dressed it up with her own clothes, and placed it in the watch-tower, as if she were looking out. She now told the Moor that another barrel was ready to take to her home, and that she would go up to the turret of the tower and watch for him until his return; then she secretly got inside the barrel, and whilst the Moor carried the barrel she went repeating the same words as her sisters had done: "Oh, I can see you, darling, yes, I can see you, quick, quick, dear;" and the Moor replied: "Yes, darling, I am running, I am running as fast as I can; beautiful eyes that can see so far."

Thus did the three sisters find their way back to their father and home. When the Moor returned to his palace, and did not find the girl at the threshold ready to welcome him back, he ran up quickly into the watch-tower, and on endeavouring to embrace the straw figure, which he believed to be his bride, he missed his footing, and fell from the tower down to the ground, and was picked up quite dead.

The venerable chestnut tree and the palace immediately disappeared, for the whole had been but the work of enchantment.

COIMBRA.

UNLESS THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE, THEY
LABOUR IN VAIN THAT BUILD IT.

[MAIS VALE QUEM DEUS ADJUDA QUE QUEM MUITO MADRUGA.]

Once upon a time two men were driving their donkeys to the fair, loaded with merchandise, and as they went along they started a very animated conversation. Which man was more likely to succeed in life, he who had God for a helper, or he who, believing himself self-sufficient, trusted mainly to his own exertions.

However, as they trudged on still undecided which course to pursue, they suddenly and very unexpectedly met the Devil, who came gaily riding on horseback, and to him they referred the matter in question for solution; and, as may be readily and naturally supposed, the Devil's answer to so momentous a question was that it was better, without a shadow of doubt, to trust solely to one's own exertions, be self-reliant, and leave God out of question altogether, as was proved every day in men's lives.

The pious driver, who in all confidence trusted in God, was much shocked with the Devil's decision, and expressed his determination to put himself under God's guidance in all his concerns, and ask Him to be ever his helper.

The other driver, who heard him express himself thus, suddenly turning round said to him: "If such is your determination, give up your donkey and merchandise to me from this very moment, and go forth into the wide world with nothing to depend upon but God's help." "I do not see the necessity to do that yet; give me a little time to consider what I shall do," answered his companion.

As they journeyed on they saw a man who was coming towards them, and having accosted him they also referred to him their subject of inquiry, hoping to get a solution which should satisfy them, but, as this man entertained the same views as the Devil, he expressed himself on the subject much in the same words as his satanic majesty; and thus everyone they met gave them the same advice—not to trust to the divine ordering of human affairs, but to attribute success to one's own sagacity and well-directed exertions.

The good honest driver, however, taught to look up to God for his daily bread, was determined to persevere in his resolve to put himself under the immediate care of God, and as a mark of his determination gave up to his companion both donkey and merchandise. But he had hardly done so, and had parted company with his friend, when, finding himself alone and unprotected, he cried out: "Oh, Lord, what shall I do now, and where find shelter?" At last, perceiving at a short distance a grove of trees, he advanced towards it, and took shelter under the shadow of the beautiful leafy canopy afforded by the fine old trees; but he had not been long there when he perceived a gleam of light, which seemed, he thought, to proceed from a dwelling-house or habitation of some kind; however, as he approached it he found that, instead of a house there stood a large cave, and, making the best of the matter, he entered it and laid himself down to rest. Soon after this he heard a noise outside which he discovered to proceed from a troop of devils who had congregated on the top of the cave, and he heard them converse together thus: "Have you seen the new well over the way? The workmen have been working for hours with their pickaxes, and whilst they strike hard and are making a great fuss over their work the only result of their labours is a mere rill of water, which oozes out from an abundant spring underneath. But, as you know, they are not aware that we have cast a spell over the spring, and that unless they are in the secret how to get water from it their labours will be useless. The owner of the well has offered a purseful of silver pieces to whoever shall succeed in filling it; but if any of the workmen knew that they had only to strike the ground very gently at the bottom of the well to immediately get an abundant supply of water, and consequently the reward promised to boot.—Let him who has ears take the hint."

As the devils continued their conversation the driver heard another piece of information which was likely to prove useful to him. "The king's daughter is dangerously ill, and several physicians have been summoned in consultation, but not one of them has been able to discover a cure for her malady; but were they to fill a large pan with milk and put the princess's head into it, holding her up by the legs, the snake which is in her would at once come out to drink

the milk, and if the cause of her illness is removed she will be restored to health." The driver, who had been attentively listening to the devils' conversation, and taking note of what he heard, went early next morning to the owner of the well, and offered to dig for water, saying that he was almost sure of succeeding as he knew where to strike for water under a stone which had been overlooked by the workmen on the previous day. The owner at once consented to the man's proposal, and promised him a purseful of money if he were successful in filling the well with water. The driver at once went down to the bottom of the well, followed the devils' advice, and struck the ground gently, and immediately a great flow of water rushed in, and in a few minutes the well was full to overflowing. The owner, surprised and delighted, rewarded the driver with a purseful of silver pieces, and the honest man went his way rejoicing in his good fortune, and proceeded towards the capital with the object of going to the king's palace and offering his services to cure his daughter.

On arriving at the palace gates the driver informed the king's servants of the purpose of his visit and his wish to see the king immediately. The servants, much amused at the man's pretension, laughed outright and made fun of him, saying: "Why, all the best physicians of the kingdom have been called in to find a remedy for the princess's malady, and not one of them, with all their science, has succeeded in discovering a cure, and you an ignorant man dare to come here pretending to know a remedy. We shall certainly not trouble the king with your petition." But the driver insisted on seeing the king, and at length the servants apprised his majesty that a man stood at the gates of the palace who said he knew of a remedy which would restore the princess to health. The king, who was nearly distracted with grief on seeing that his favourite daughter lay in danger of death, bade the man come in, and seeing him so certain of being able to cure his daughter he consented to allow him to try what he could do for the princess.

The first thing the man did on entering the sick room was to feel the pulse of the princess with all the dignity and the airs of a doctor who knew what he was about, and then proceeded to thoroughly examine the state of her heart. He then ordered a large pan to

be filled with milk, and holding the girl up by the legs put her head into the milk. As soon as this was done, wonderful to relate, a snake was seen to issue out of her mouth, and from that moment the princess began to rally, and within a short time she was restored to perfect health.

The king, who had promised to give his daughter in marriage to whomsoever should be clever enough to cure her, asked the mock doctor which he preferred to do, to marry his daughter or to receive half the revenue of the kingdom and a fine horse to ride upon. The man wisely preferred riches to the honour of becoming the husband of a royal princess, and after receiving his reward he started for home, rejoicing once more in his good fortune, and returning thanks to God who had been his helper, in whom he had trusted, and who had not failed to assist him.

Some time after this event, as he was passing through the principal street of his native town, where he was much respected on account of his riches and integrity, he met the driver to whom he had given the donkey and merchandise. The man accosted him with these words: "Since you have been so successful in amassing wealth, and are so rich and happy now, whilst I am still so poor, pray tell me how you managed." "Do as I have done," he replied. "First go and take shelter under the pine grove where we separated when we were together. Wait till you see the gleam of a light shining in the distance; then go towards it, and the light will direct you to a cave; enter it, and remain there the night. You will see some devils coming and meeting together on the top of the cave; listen to what they may say, and take whatever hints they throw out in the course of their conversation, and make good use of the information which they will afford you."

The man followed his friend's directions, not doubting that before long he would be in a fair way of becoming rich by doing what he was told. When he was inside the cave some devils met to discuss various matters, and they had not been long there when one, sniffing the air, said to the other devils, "I smell the breath of a human being;" and as he said this they all went into the cave and killed the poor driver with blows.

(Foz do Douro.)

HENRIQUETA MONTEIRO.

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REPRINTS.

PROVERBS.

[From *The Praise of York-shire Ale*. By G. M[ERITON], Gent. Third Edition.
York, 1697. Pp. 83-87. The square brackets are as in the original.]



ERE followeth a Collection of Significant and usefull
Proverbs, some of which are apropiated to York-
shire:—

As blake [*i.e.* yellow] as a paigle.

He'll never dow [*i.e.* be good] egg nor bird.

As flat as a flaun [*i.e.* a custard].

I'll foreheet [*i.e.* predetermine] nothing but building of churches,
and louping over them.

Meeterly [*i.e.* indifferently] as maids are in fairness.

Weell and woemen cannot pan [*i.e.* close together], but way and
woemen can.

A scauld head is seaun broken.

Awd men are twice bairnes [children].

As dead as a deaur-naile.

A vaunter and a lyar is baith yay thing.

A feauls bolt is seaun shot.

A geen horse sud not be leauk'd in the mouth.

A careless hussie macks monny thieves.

A wool seller kens whore a wool buyer lives.

As the sew fills the draff sowers.

A new bissome sweeps clean.

An ill servant will never be a good master.

An hyred horse tyred never.

A horse may stumble on four feet.

All things hes an end and a pudding hes twa.

A friend is not knawn but in need.

Better sit idle then work teaum [*i.e.* for nothing].

Better one bird in hand than twa in a bush.

Better say here it is, nor here it was.

Better heve a mouse in the pot as neay fleh.

Cats eat that which sluts spares.

Comparisons are odious.

Draff is good eneugh for swine.

A hungry dog is fain of a dirty pudding.

A reeking house and a scawding wife will mack yan weary of his life.

Foul words break neay banes.

A pare of good spurs to a borrowed horse is better than a peck of haver.

The best is best to speak teau.

As nimble as a cat on a haite back-stane.

Seauu awd lang young.

A mile and a wea bit.

Neay faire words in flighting.

Faire words macks feauls faine.

Love me and love my dogg.

As good comes behind as gangs before.

The still sew eats all the draff.

Every man knaws best whore his sheaw wrings.

After witt comes ower late.

For love of the nurse the bairn gets mony a cuss.

Fair words butter neay parsnebs.

Feauls mack feasts and wise men eat them.

Fidlers doggs and flies come to feasts uncal'd.

God never sends mouths but he sends meat.

Geay flay the geese.

He mon heve leave to speak that cannot haud his tongue.

He that spares to speak spares to speed.

He that speaks the things he sud not, hears the things he wad not.

He is not the feaul that the feaul is, but he that with the feaul deals.

He is a feaul that forgets himself.
 He mun have a lang shafted speaun that sups kail with the devil.
 He that hes goud may buy land.
 Haste macks waste.
 He that marries a slut eats mickle durt.
 Hame is hamely an't be neer seay poor.
 He that fishes afore the net, lang fish or he fish get.
 He that gives all his geir to his bairns may tack a mell and knock
 out his harnes.
 He sees an inch before his nose.
 As angry as if he had piss'd on a nettle.
 Mony hands macks leet wark.
 Live and let live.
 Honours changes manners.
 Men are blind in their awn cause.
 Penny wise pound feaulish.
 Thrust your arm neay farther than your sleeve will reach.
 Sike a man sike a master.
 Leet gaines macks a hevvy purse.
 Send him to the sea and he will not git watter.
 Twa hungry mael's macks the third a glutton.
 This bolt com never out of your bag.
 Mae the merrier fewer better faire.
 Give losers leaue to tank.
 Youth and age will never agree.
 Ye braide of the millers dogg, ye lick your mouth or the poke be
 open.

Scarborough warning.*

As true steel as Ripon rowels.

{ Pendle, Inglebrough, and Peny-gent,
 { Are the three highest hills between Scotland and Trent.
 { If Brayton Bargh and Hamelton Hough, and Burton bream
 { Warr all in thy belly it wad neer be team.
 Cleaveland in the Clay, bring tway shun carry yane away.

[* See *ante*, vol. i. pp. 160-175, for this and the four following local sayings.
 —Ed.]

There's great deauings in the North when they barr their deaurs
with taylors.

{ Three great ills come out of the North,
A cawd wind, a cunning knave, and a shrinking cloth.

A Scottish-man and a Newcastle grundstane travel all the world
over.

Credle streays are scarce out of his breech.

He is a feaul that is not mallancholy yance a day.

As nimble as a cow in a cage.

Sett a cow to git a hare.

Neither good egg nor good bird.

You come with your five eggs a penny and four of them be rotten.

I'll not put of my dublet before I gang to bed.

A chip of the awd block.

Like a chip in the porridge pot.

He carrys coale to New Castle.

Bush natural mare hair than wit.

Neay butter will stick on his bread.

You seek breechs of a bare ars'd man.

His bread is butterd on beath sides.

His breech macks buttons [said of a man in fear].

As they brew e'en seay let them bake.

They agree like bells, they want neathing but hanging.

A young saint, an awd devil.

He that wrusles with a t—d is sure to be besh—whether he fall
ower or under.

Wishers and woulders are never good householders.

If wishes wad bide beggars wad ride.

Wish in yea hand and shit in tother, and see whilk will be full first.

They had need of a beesome that sweeps house with a turf.

Best is best cheap.

Beware of had I wist.

Birds of a feather flock together.

Every bird mun hetch her own eggs.

AMULETS IN SCOTLAND.



THE following extract from a letter (dated Linlithgow in Scotland, Decemb. 17, 1699, from "Mr. Edward Lhwyd (M.A.), late Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, to Dr. Rich. Richardson (M.D.), of North Bierly in Yorkshire," printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, xxviii. 97-101 (1713), seems to me worth extracting for the *Folk-Lore Record*. It appears to be the result of Mr. Lhwyd's observations during his travels in Scotland, and is the fullest connected account I have met with of the objects to which it relates.

JAMES BRITTEN.

"What we were most diverted with, was their variety of amulets; many of which (if not all) were certainly used by the Druids, and so have been handed down from parents to children ever since. Some of these may be render'd in English, 1. *Snake-button*. 2. *Cock-knee-stone*. 3. *Toad-stone*. 4. *Snail-stone*. 5. *Mole-stone*. 6. *Shower-stone*; and 7. *Elf-arrow*.

"1. The *Snake-button* is the same described in the Notes on Denbighshire in Camden, by the name of Adder-Beads: But there are of these great variety, as to colour and ornament; insomuch, that betwixt Wales and the Highlands, I have seen at least fifty differences of them. In Ireland, though they are tenacious enough of all old customs, I could hear nothing of them: so I conclude, that either the Irish had no Druids, or that their want of snakes frustrated their advancing that imposture amongst the people: But there were but a few places where we inquired; and perhaps we may hereafter hear of them in other parts of that kingdom. Not only the vulgar, but even gentlemen of good education throughout all Scotland, are fully persuaded the snakes make them, though they are as plain glass as any in a bottle.

"2. The *Cock-knee Stone** is an *Echinites pileatus minor*, of Flint; which they firmly believe to be sometimes found in the knees of old cock; and a fellow in Mul protested to me (though I was never the nearer believing him) that he had with his own hands taken one of them out of a cock's knee; and named two or three others, who had done the like.

"3. The *Toad-stone* is some pebble, remarkable for its shape and sometimes variety of colours. This is presumed to prevent the burning of a house, and the sinking of a boat; and if a commander in the field has one of them about him, he will either be sure to win the day, or all his men shall fairly dye on spot.

"4. The *Snail-stone* is a small hollow cilinder of blue glass, composed of four or five amulets; so that as to form and size it resembles a midling *Entrochus*. This, amongst others of its mysterious virtues, cures sore eyes.

"5. The *Mole-stones* are rings of blue glass, annulated as the afore-said snail-stones.

"6. They have the *Ombriæ pellucidæ* (which are crystal balls, or hemispheres, or depressed ovals) in great esteem for curing of cattle; and some on May Day put them into a tub of water, and besprinkle all their cattle with that water, to prevent being elf-struck, bewitch'd, &c., and

"7. As to this *Elf-stricking*, their opinion is, that the fairies (having not much power themselves to hurt animal bodies) do sometimes carry away men in the air, and furnishing them with bows and arrows, employ them to shoot men, cattle, &c. I doubt not but you have often

* [In *Phil. Trans.* xxiv. 1566 (1706), Lhwyd gives another reference to these stones as follows:—

"Your chalky countries only afford those *Echinitæ* I have stil'd *Pileatus*, *Galeatus*, and *Cordatus*: So I could never find them in all my travels but at that place; from whence in the time of Paganism the Druids procur'd them, and sold them amongst our Northern Britains for stones of miraculous efficacy against perils by fire and water; perswading the vulgar they were generated in cocks-knees; as thousands in the High-Lands believe at this day. And one fellow had the impudence to tell me (finding me a little hard of belief) that he himself had taken one (that his master had shew'd me) out of a cocks knee with his own hand."]

seen of those arrow-heads * they ascribe to Elfs or Fairies. They are just the same chip'd flints the natives of New England head their arrows with at this day ; and there are also several stone hatchets found in this kingdom not unlike those of Americans. I never heard of these arrows-heads nor hatchets in Wales; and therefore would gladly be informed whether you have ever heard of their being found in England. These Elf arrow-heads have not been used as amulets above thirty or forty years; but the use of the rest is immemorial: Whence I gather they were not invented for charms, but were once used in shooting here, as they are still in America. The most curious, as well as the vulgar throughout this country, are satisfied they often drop out of the air, being shot by fairies, and relate many instances of it; but for my part I must crave leave to suspend my faith untill I see one of them descend."

* [In *Phil. Trans.* xxii. 768 (1700), Lhwyd describes and figures one of these arrow-heads. He says: "An Arrows Head of Flint, commonly call'd *Elf-Arrow* throughout Ireland and Scotland, where they are fully perswaded the elves often shoot them at men and beasts. This is set in silver, and worn about the neck, as an amulet, against being elf-shot." They are again referred to in this connection by Thomas Hearne in *Phil. Trans.* xxvi. 398 (1709), and are described in Sibbald's *Scotia Illustrata* (1784), part ii. book 4, p. 49.—J. B.]



**NOTES, QUERIES, NOTICES,
AND NEWS.**

NOTES.

[*Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary.*]

i. *Singing Games* (*ante*, vol. iii. pp. 169-173).—The article on singing games in the third volume of the *Folk-Lore Record* has impressed me much with the propriety of giving all local variations of the same story, as it helps to get at their origin. The story of Jenny Jones seems a very simple affair: a girl falls sick and her companions in a body visit her, and when she dies take part in the funeral. The game as played in the west of Scotland suggests a different origin: a man is in love with a young woman, whom her relations oppose, and keep her out of the way. Thus—

“I’m come to court Janet-jo, Janet-jo, Janet-jo,
Come to court Janet-jo,
How is she the day?”

Reply—

“She’s butt the house washing, washing, washing,
She’s butt the house washing,
You can’t see her to-day.”

He then retires, saying—

“Fare ye well ladies, ladies, ladies,
Fare ye well ladies,
For I must away.”

He comes again for the same purpose and repeats his story, and is told that she is up the stairs *ironing* and could not see her that day.

Coming the third time with the same message he is told she is in bed very sick and he cannot see her. He retires, and returns the fourth time, and is told that she is dead and he need not come back any more. Then begins the wailing, but he politely takes farewell with

the ladies. The game is played by girls in the same manner as given in the *Folk-Lore Record*, iii. p. 171, only there is no funeral. The game begins anew with a different *Janet-jo*.

This suggests an intrigue more in keeping with old times, and if his *Janet-jo* was ironing upstairs it suggests that she belonged to a family of some importance, as the poor did not live in storied houses, but in huts. I am speaking of Scotland.

On page 170 there is "Nuts in May;" the version common with us is, the girls form a ring by catching each other's hands and dance round, singing—

"Here we go round the gooseberry, gooseberry bush, gooseberry bush,
Here we go round the gooseberry bush,

In a cold frosty morning."

They then loose hands and sing—

"Here's the way we wash the claise, wash the claise, wash the claise,
Here's the way we wash the claise,

In a cold frosty morning."

Each then imitates the action of washing clothes.

Next they sing—

"Here's the way we ring the claise, ring the claise, ring the claise,
Here's the way we ring the claise,

In a cold frosty morning."

They then imitate the action of wringing, then spreading out the clothes and *ironing*, &c. &c., good exercise and very amusing.

Again in same page, "Here comes one duke," &c. With us it is—

"There came three dukes a-riding, ride, ride, riding,
There came three dukes a-riding,

With a tinsy, tinsy, Tee.

Come away, lady fair, there is no time to spare;

Let us dance, let us sing,

Let us join the wedding ring."

This is supposed to be a survival of sun-worship, as all these round games are.

When children agree to have a game, say "Hide and seek," they arrange who is to be first to remain at the "den" till the others hide for him to seek them; it is done in this way: say they fix on number twelve, one begins with himself and counts round, and the number twelve is free and put out of the ring; he begins again and

goes on, the number twelve going out; the one left at the end is the person doomed to keep the den. Instead of counting by numbers there are rhymes used, common in all the west of Scotland. The following are a few of these :—

“ Zeeny, meeny, fickety fick,
Deal doll, dolmanick,
Zanty, panty, on a rock, *toosh*.”

The one getting the last word, “ *toosh*,” is out.

“ Ease ose, man’s nose,
Caul parritch, pease brose.”

“ Mr. Foster’s a very good man,
Sooks the college now and than,
When he’s done he takes a dance
Up to London, o’er to France,
With a black beaver, and a red snout;
Stand you there for you are out.”

“ Eery, orrey, o’er the mill dam,
Fill my pock, and let me gang.”

Cure for a sleepy foot :—

“ Spit in your hock, chap on your knee,
And say, dinly, dinly, gang frae me.”

When a person finds anything he wishes to keep to himself he says—

“ Hale my ain, and nane o’ my neighbour’s,
Neither halves nor quarters.”

To boast of having anything better than your neighbour :—

“ I chaws ye, chaws ye, bawbee, ba’s ye,
Cast the kettle o’er your head
And then the wind blows ye.”

Sung at Hallowe’en by children :—

“ Hallowe’en a night at e’en
I heard an unca’ squeaking,
Janny Bain has got a wean,
They ca’ it Jenny Aitken.
Some pu’s a kail stock,
Some pu’s a bean,
Some sits a-hint the dyke
Crying Hallowe’en.”

Said by opponents in a game :—

“ Cree's cross, I wish you may lose,
Fine fun for me to win.”

Song sung by children in street :—

“ Some say the deil's dead, and buried in Kirka'dy,
Others say he'll rise again, and dance the Hieland laddy.”

Story told to Children.—“ There once was a miller that mis quantity of his meal every morning, and he resolved to sit up one and watch, so at twelve o'clock he saw a wee man coming into the and fill his cappie wi' meal, so he asked what he was and what was his name; the little man said his name was Self, and then asked the miller what his name was; to which the miller replied his name was also Self; the miller then struck him with a big stick, which made him roar, when an old woman came running to him, crying, “ Wha did it?” when he replied “ Self did it,” at which she gave him a smack on the side of the head, saying, “ If self did it, self must own it.” This story, told by a mother to a number of young children, was of great amusement.

Fairy Money.—A fairy belief was often told to young people by their parents and guardians in my young days, say sixty years ago, that fairies took notice of good children and often hid pieces of money in such places where these children were sure to find it. As an illustration of this, when I was about twelve years of age all my spare pocket money was spent on old ballads and tales. I was sent on a message by my mother to the city, and one penny change was to be left with me I was to get to keep. On my way I had a look at some ballads and pamphlets, among which was *Robinson Crusoe*, but the price was threepence, which put it out of my reach. After I did my message and feeling rich with my penny, I came upon a wretched object, a blind man on the wayside, begging. My feelings were excited and I pitched my penny into his hat. I then hurried home to have an hour's fishing before the tide went too low in the river. On my way I had to get some worms for bait; for this purpose I lifted a flat stone embedded among grass, when under it there were three old penny pieces, which put me in possession of *Robinson Crusoe*. I had

other thought than that this was fairy money placed there for me, as a reward for giving my penny to the blind man, and even yet, at the age of seventy, I can hardly condemn the use of this pleasing superstition.

JAMES NAPIER.

- ii. *Borneo Folk-Lore: Extracts from "Notes on Sarawak and Northern Borneo."* A paper read at the Royal Geographical Society's evening meeting, February 14th, 1881, by WM. CROCKER, *Resident of Sarawak*, and printed in the "*Proceedings of the Society*," No. 4, vol. iii. pp. 199-201.

Superstitions of the Milanows, a tribe living on the northern coast of Sarawak.—"They believe in dreams and omens, and regulate their journeys by the flight of birds. Their religion—if a belief in good and evil spirits can be called a religion—is, curiously, the same as that found amongst the Cochin Chinese. They believe that the regions above are similar to the terrestrial world; that mountains, valleys, streams, and lakes are found there as here, and governed by various spirits. They believe in a Supreme God, who possesses power over all the spirits, whose name is 'Epoo.' His habitation they cannot define, but he reigns supreme in the unseen world. They have several malignant spirits of the river, lightning, sea, &c. but only one good spirit, named 'Balu Adad,' described as a beautiful female: all souls are given into her care at the feasts of the dead, and she conducts them to the other world.

"When a man of property dies sago trees are cut down, with the belief that they will be found ready grown for the owner's use in the other world. An elaborately got-up prahu, or small ship, is carved out of the sago palm, and decorated with flags; this is placed near the grave, and is to be reproduced in the next world in the shape of a large schooner, anchored off the departed spirit's abode, ready for use. Arms, sirih box, brass guns (the current money of the Milanows), and clothes, are placed in the coffin for use in the next world; the coffin is then interred for three days, during which time the deceased is supposed to be preparing for his journey. 'Balu Adad,'

the beautiful female, now conducts the spirit to the Elysian Fields. But the troubles of the deceased are not over yet, as in the middle of the narrow road which leads to paradise is stationed a huge and ferocious dog, named 'Maweang,' and woe be to him who is not provided with a small bead, named 'telak,' to appease the monster. For this purpose a bead of the proper description is always placed on the right arm of the dead.

"When a chief dies, the body is allowed to decay, and the remains are placed in a jar, which is deposited in a large tree or post hollowed out for the purpose."

At the death of the grandfather of a prince, "a slave was chained to the post and starved to death, that he might be ready to follow and serve his master in the other world."

"Death enters the other world, and the spirit finally assumes the form of a grub or caterpillar.

A few months after the death of a Milanow, his friends assemble for a monster cock-fighting and feasting, which lasts three or four days. Sometimes as many as three or four hundred cocks are killed, the sacrifice being for the benefit of the departed spirit."

The resemblance of the bead "telak," placed with the dead Milanow to appease the ferocious dog "Maweang," and the cakes the old Greeks and Romans used to provide their dead friends with to propitiate Cerberus, is, I think, curious.

The idea also of the spirit turning into a grub or caterpillar is striking, and bears some faint resemblance to the analogy often spoken of between the butterfly emerging from its prison cocoon and the resurrection of the body from the grave.

ISABEL RUSSELL.

iii. *Foundation Sacrifices*.—The finding of human remains beneath the foundations of churches will scarcely bear the inferences which have been drawn from it in the *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. p. 294. The fact is a very common one, and the explanation is simple. Our old parish churches, even the oldest and smallest of them, are nearly always upon the sites of older and smaller ones, round which burials had taken place. The foundations are often very shallow, indeed I

have met with walls simply built upon the sod without any foundation at all, and it is therefore quite natural that bones should sometimes be found under them.

J. T. MICKLETHWAITE.

iv. *Indian Folk-Lore*.—The vulgar Panjabis will not wear clothes on which a *lizard* has fallen. In the hot weather here small lizards crawl all over the walls and ceilings of houses after flies, &c. They are constantly falling down, often from a great height. I have seen them come down from the ceiling of my dining-room, 25½ feet, and then run along the ground quite unhurt. If however one of them falls on a native servant he will immediately take off his clothes and send them to the wash. This is done as a protection against ill luck.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ferozapore, India.

v. *Lord Peter's Brown Loaf* (vol. iii. p. 294).—Mr. Britten may find the history of "Lord Peter's Brown Loaf" in the *Tale of a Tub*. In the abstract of that work given by Forster in his unfinished *Life of Jonathan Swift*, p. 145, we are told that "Lord Peter" curses his brothers Martin and Jack "in the most dreadful manner if they make the least scruple of believing the huge palpable lies he tells them ; sets a brown loaf before them, which he declares to be true good natural mutton as any in Leadenhall Market, praying God to confound them and the Devil to broil them both eternally if they offer to believe otherwise."

X.

vi. *Continental Notes*. A waiter at Aix les Bains upset some wine on the dinner table ; " Cela porte le bonheur ! " he exclaimed, and he was careful to inform me that, in order to produce happiness, a spill of the kind must be purely accidental, and not of malice prepense.

" Morgen Regen und alt Weiber Weh'
Ist um neun Uhr numme meh'."

heard at Lucerne, 1880.

" Voyez ce sainfoin rose, il y a une légende sur son compte la savez-vous, monsieur ? Non ? Eh bien ! Quand le petit Jésus était dans la crèche il se trouvait du sainfoin parmi les herbes sèches qui

lui servaient d'oreiller; et tout-à-coup le sainfoin s'est mis en plein hiver à épanouir ses jolies fleurs roses autour de la tête de l'enfant. . . . 'Ah!' dit-elle, 'voici *l'herbe au lait*, qui gonfle les pis des vaches. et *l'herbe aux perles*, dont les graines rendent les poules fécondes.'" *Le Filleul d'un Marquis*, par André Theuriot, pp. 196, 197.

In the same book, at p. 42, the following "dicton local" is placed to the credit of "Juvigny."

"Entre Pâques et la Pentecôte
On mange sa croûte,"

i. e. does not indulge in delicacies.

X.

vii. *Brand's Popular Antiquities*.—"I have (a correspondent writes to us) on my shelves five editions of our most popular book on English folk-lore; yet, if it were permitted to the spirits of departed scholars to revisit this world, and the worthy curate of All Saints, Newcastle, the original author, were to re-enter that admirable institution for readers who cannot study in public, the London Library, and turn over its catalogue of a hundred thousand well-selected volumes, and find, as he would do, that it does not contain a copy of his extremely rare little volume, *Antiquities Vulgares*, published in 1725, it would probably be small consolation to him to find in that library no fewer than four enlarged editions of it, with the names of their editors duly displayed, while his name, Henry Bourn, nowhere appears. This is not as it should be. When John Brand, also a clergyman of Newcastle, reproduced Bourn's very scarce little volume in 1777, he not only reprinted it very carefully, but retained Bourn's name on the title-page. It appears also on Brand's second edition in 1810. This would seem to have proved so great a success that Brand—who had come to London and had been elected secretary of the Society of Antiquaries—devoted himself to the preparation of an enlarged edition. But this he did not live to accomplish. At the sale of his library in 1808 his manuscript collections for it were purchased for £600. The editorship of the new edition was, in 1810, entrusted to Sir Henry Ellis, who produced the work in 1813, in two large quarto volumes, but without Bourn's name on the title-pages. Charles Knight published a revised edition by the same learned editor in three small quartos;

and subsequent editions, with claims to improvement, have been issued by Bohn and Carew Hazlitt; but the connection of Bourn with this English classic is altogether ignored by them. There is room for a new and enlarged edition of what ought in common justice to be styled 'Bourn and Brand's Popular Antiquities of Great Britain;' and it is to be hoped that the next editor will have the good taste to follow the example set by Boswell in his twenty-one-volume edition of Shakespeare, and give the various editors credit for what they have severally added to the work, by marking with their names the new materials for which they have to be credited."—*St. James's Gazette*, August 18th, 1880.

viii. *Witchcraft in the Midlands*.—On April 20th, at the Dudley Police-court, Ellen Lovell, one of a family of gipsies at Eve Hill, was charged with obtaining money by pretending to tell fortunes, and by false pretences, from Celia Peters. The complainant stated that the prisoner having learned that she (Peters) was in trouble over domestic matters, called upon her and told her she was bewitched. A black woman had bewitched her, and would keep on the spell unless she (Lovell) removed it. For two shillings the thing could be put straight. Witness was too poor to find the money, but, being weak and ill, and fearing that she really was bewitched, she gave the prisoner grocery worth 1s. 6d., and made up the balance with money. Then Lovell gave her a powder, one-half of which was to be burned at two o'clock and the other half at midnight, the left hand only to be used in delivering up the powder to the flames. Defendant pleaded guilty, and was sent to gaol for a month, the Bench remarking that Peters was a very silly woman.—*Leeds Mercury*, 23rd April, 1881.

ix. *Bean-sowing*.—A curious superstition still finds currency among many horticultural inhabitants in the surrounding districts. An old man informed me the other day that the 7th of May was for some occult reason specially adapted for the planting of French beans. He is himself a firm believer in the tradition, and informed me that that day was regarded as one of unusual good omen by a very large number of gardeners in the neighbourhood.—*Warrington Examiner*, 14th May, 1881.

x. *Superstition in Naples.*—The Naples Correspondent of *The Daily News* writes:—"A correspondent of the *Gazzetta di Napoli* gives the following graphic account of a superstitious ceremony which is performed three times every week towards eleven o'clock at night by a group of men, women, and children of the lowest Neapolitan classes. The ceremony consists of a pilgrimage to the old cemetery, with the object of invoking the dead and obtaining numbers to play in the lottery. More than fifty men and women, says the correspondent, marched slowly and silently to the old cemetery, and when they reached the gate prostrated themselves and recited the customary prayers for the dead. Then some of the elder persons, the interpreters of the party, grasped the iron bars of the gates, and began attentively to examine the interior of the cemetery. A quarter of an hour passed in religious silence. All at once one of those who were gazing through the bars turned round, and in a low voice exclaimed, 'Sixteen!' The moon had issued from behind a cloud and illuminated sixteen crosses. Then all the people made the sign of the cross and recited sixteen aves and sixteen gloria-patris. Ten minutes after an old hag cried out, 'A dog, a dog! Six!' and immediately all the others exclaimed, 'Six, six!' and repeated six aves, six gloria-patris, and six requiems. Then the crowd anxiously waited for the dead to furnish them with the third number. But no sign was given. They began to murmur; their devotion was on the point of turning into blasphemy. A few curses were heard. Suddenly a boy exclaimed, 'Look! look! that grave down there, there is fire on it!' Some slight gaseous flames were flickering over it. At this sight the whole group broke into cries of joy, 'There are two numbers! there are two!—five and fourteen.' 'No, no,' exclaimed one of the men, who must have been a proved cabalist, 'those are infernal flames, and give the number nine.' At this declaration some of the devotees began to dance. A few minutes afterwards the crowd again prostrated themselves, and intoned the Rosario. The dead had spoken. The numbers were sixteen, six, five, and nine. The pilgrimage had been successful. Chance sometimes allows the numbers thus chosen and played by this deluded people to issue from the fatal urn, which, among other evils, keeps superstition thus alive. This group of benighted men and

women returned home, no longer silent and anxious, but joyful, merry, and noisy. And we talk of progress !"—*Daily News*, Feb. 9, 1881.

xi. *Charms for Illness*.—A correspondent at Shieldaig writes to a northern newspaper: "A respectable crofter and fisherman, residing in this neighbourhood, was taken ill, with symptoms of what, no doubt, was gravel, and, as is usual in such cases, a messenger was at once despatched to a neighbouring gamekeeper for the *otter's bladder*. The bladder is the property of the keeper, in whose possession it has been for a number of years, and is kept by him specially for the purpose of curing this distressing complaint. Immediately upon the bladder having been brought to the sick man's house, and the appropriate charms and incantations having been solemnly repeated, it was several times filled with cold water taken from a stream running towards the east, and the patient was made to swallow the contents each time direct from the mouth of the bladder. The poor patient not having experienced any alleviation or relief from his suffering, it was discovered that the failure of the charm was owing to the fact that the cure was attempted on a Friday, which is well known to be an unlucky day on which to commence any undertaking or business."—*Dublin Daily Express*, April 9, 1881.

xii. *Greek Superstition*.—For the last three thousand years—at least, such is the conviction of every Grecian patriot—there has stood in the immediate neighbourhood of Sparta a gigantic cypress, the very same tree which of old found mention in the pages of Pausanias and other Greek historians. It reared its stately head to a height of one hundred and sixty feet above the ground, and its dark foliage overshadowed a space nearly three hundred feet in circumference. It was a source of profit, as well as of pride, to the inhabitants of Sparta, for its world-wide fame annually attracted hundreds of curious tourists from all parts of Europe. Only the other day this venerable sylvan patriarch was ignited by a band of gipsies whilst cooking their mid-day meal under the shade of its leafy branches, and burnt to the ground, despite strenuous efforts made to save it from annihilation. It would appear that this grievous accident is regarded by the

Greek populace as of evil omen to the enterprise in which the Hellenic nation is just now embarked.—*Daily Telegraph*, 23rd Feb. 1881.

xiii. *The Burial of the Sardine*.—The carnival of 1881 in Madrid was somewhat dull in comparison with later years; nevertheless there were quantities of grand receptions and dances in society, with numerous masked balls at the Opera House and other theatres. On the morning of *El día de ceniza*, or Ash Wednesday, an important ceremony took place upon the banks of the Manzanares. Crowds flocked to the river or canal for the purpose of burying *la sardina* or sardine. This ancient custom is observed in Madrid and Murcia. In former days it was carried out with much ostentatious show and pomp. The fish was put either into a coffin by itself, or in the mouth of an elaborately dressed figure called a *pelele*, which was placed likewise in a coffin, and carried in procession to the river for interment. The procession consisted of men, women, boys, and girls, clothed in quaint and gaudy costumes. There were masters of the ceremonies, bands of music, horses and carriages, the latter being sometimes drawn by oxen richly adorned; guilds of various kinds went before and followed; eccentric chants and dirges were sung with the curious Spanish drawl; hands were clapped and breasts beaten, until the throng reached the river's brink, when the little silvery fish was buried with due solemnity, decently and in order, with musical honours, and amidst the chanting of hymns. In these days of independence the formal ceremony seldom takes place, and it is chiefly among the poorer classes that the sardine gets its proper funeral rites attended to; and these people in parties each take their little fish with or without a coffin and bury it by the river-side. But why do the lower classes still keep up a custom which the richer people neglect? It must be remembered that on this first fasting day of Lent the "upper ten" and its outskirts, *i. e.* those who ever hover around the *élite* of society, chose the merriment of the fashionable Prado and the fun of the masquerade; while the humbler classes bury their fish, and then, on the agreeable and shady banks of the river, give themselves up to a by no means Lenten picnic. The bright springtide sun shone down on a most picturesque scene. Along by the river and beneath the trees

were groups of merry-makers, some in Spanish dress, some in masquerade attire, some in masks, some without disguise. Fires were lighted, and many a piece of mutton and beef and pork was stewed and eaten with an evident relish. Guitars were being merrily played, the national dances were entered into with intense delight, while songs and laughter dismissed all recollection of ashes and penitence. Such is the function of the "burial of the sardine" and its surroundings. The vast majority of those who participate in the ceremony at once declare that they are ignorant of what it means. Many others say that the fish is buried to show that the carnival is over and the fast of Lent is begun. The subsequent proceedings scarcely accord with this interpretation, especially as the First Sunday in Lent is also devoted to carnival festivities, both in the Prado and at the opera, where a grand masked ball is given. Inquiries from some of the chief *savants* in Madrid and consultations with various books on Spanish practices show that the origin is somewhat uncertain. The following explanations seem the most plausible. It is supposed in former ages the sardine was buried at the end of Lent to point out that the season of fasting was over. But, Spain being a country of anomalies and contradictions, for some unknown reason the practice was transposed from the end to the beginning of Lent. At the most scientific club in Spain it was stated that the custom is a part of the carnival impiety, the people having broken bounds for a few days, and, taking their full share of liberty and indulgence, make, as it were, one final protest against returning to discipline and Lenten penances; so they bury their fish to show that they will have none of it, and then, upon the very banks of the river where they have interred the fish, they make merry, dance, sing, and eat their meat. This theory is supported by the fact that the observance is entirely secular, and many who participate in it during the day end by attending services of reparation in the churches before nightfall. Another curious explanation is given as follows: Many years ago the assistants at the various shops were all lodged and boarded by their masters, who, on account of the plentiful supply and cheapness of sardines, were wont to give them to their apprentices as food all the year round, except during Lent. So tired of sardines did these poor assistants grow that even Lenten food

seemed a welcome change, and so on Ash Wednesday they used to bury a sardine to express their delight at its temporal decease. But the most generally received opinion, and supported by one or two learned writers, is to this effect:—It is supposed that in olden times the people used to bring at the beginning of Lent the bowels of a pig, or, to use the exact words of a learned French author, “*un bout de boyau de porc*.” These they buried to signify that no more meat was to be eaten during Lent. Now these intestines of the pig were called *sardina* or *sardinia*, the former being also the word for the sardine, and so eventually it became customary to substitute the pretty silver fish for the unsavoury pork, the emblem being lost, but the artistic mind being set at ease. The date of the introduction of the burial of the sardine is unknown.—*The Church Review*, March 18th, 1881.

xiii. *Indian Superstitions*.—In the *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. pp. 282-283, I see a superstition (No. x.) is noticed. The point of it is that a human sacrifice is necessary to the stability of an important building. The idea is, I believe, current *throughout* India. It is certainly as strong in Rājputāna and the Panjāb as in Bengal proper. Every old or even comparatively modern fort or palace in the Panjab has some such tradition, and the people say that it was only the advent of the British in the Panjāb some forty years ago that stopped the practice. In my note to the “Panjāb Folklore,” No. XI. in the *Indian Antiquary*, I relate a tale of Akbar turning on this superstition.

I may as well relate two more customs here, as I fancy they will have counterparts somewhere in Europe :—

(1.) I have a little son aged about four months. Behind his ear (right) is a small natural hollow or hole. I believe such holes are not rare among children. However, the discovery of this hole was a source of great delight to the nurses (*ayahs*) and the house servants, who said at once that the *luck* of the house was now assured, and that the child would grow up into a great and rich man and would have a long life. I should add that on close questioning they denied the existence of the superstition, but their *first* exclamations on discovering the hole were too genuine to be thus set aside. The boring of

the right ear and right nostril for *luck* and the prevention of evil is a very prevalent custom in India and is explained in "Panjab Folklore," No. XI. *Indian Antiquary*.

(2.) There is a very widely spread Panjabi custom known as *sher dahán*, or tiger's body. It is popular among Mussulmans and Hindus alike. It came very prominently under my notice lately thus. I have had to induce some two thousand people to move from one locality to another for Government purposes, and it was important this should be done without fuss or disturbance, and I therefore had to deal gently with their prejudices. After some haggling they agreed that their only objection to the new ground allotted to them for *building purposes* was that it was *sher dahán*, or tiger-formed, *i. e.* larger in front than behind, this being the popular idea of the construction of a tiger's body! To build on a plot of ground which is *sher dahán* is simply to them fatal; it forebodes loss of wealth, loss of members to the family by death, and every sort of ill-luck, and so strong is its hold on the people that a man will rather forego a corner of ground and *give it up*—a great sacrifice to a native of India, for they love *land* beyond any people I know—than build his house in the dreaded shape. In this sketch, if the *door* is where what is called "front," the building would be *sher dahán* and altogether abominable. If, however, the owner could apparently manage to have his "front" at the back or sides he would build. The desirable form for a Panjabi house is either a square or parallelogram.

R. C. TEMPLE.

Ferozapore, Punjab.

xiv. *Indian Superstitions*.—It suggests itself to me that I might be able to give some assistance to any of your members who are engaged in folklore inquiries by answering questions or procuring information on definite points out here. If I can do anything in this way I shall be only too happy to correspond with any one on such subjects.

WILLIAM CROOKE.

Awagarh, *viâ* Jalesar,
North-West Provinces, India.

xv. *Witchcraft in Prussia*.—A case of torturing a witch is reported from Stangenwalde in the columns of the *Danziger Zeitung*. A potato hawker, returning from the Danzig market to her village with a lame horse, was driving past the cottage of an aged female, believed throughout the countryside to be in league with the powers of Darkness, when the tired animal came to a dead halt, and declined to proceed any farther. This not unnatural result of lameness and fatigue was forthwith ascribed to a spell, cast upon the horse by the venerable dame inhabiting the cottage; and at a late hour of the same evening the indignant potato hawker's husband and mother-in-law proceeded to haul the sorceress out of her bed, and to inflict the most barbarous torments upon her, with a view towards compelling her to exorcise the demon of which she had obviously caused the horse to be possessed. They hacked her fingers with knives, kicked her, trod upon her face, and beat her unmercifully. Her screams aroused the neighbourhood, and between forty and fifty peasants were soon assembled in the poor old woman's dwelling, where they gave all imaginable encouragement to her brutal tormentors. One burly bumpkin volunteered to fetch a razor wherewith to sever the arteries of her wrists. Another produced a rope, and was adjusting a clumsily-tied noose round her neck, with the avowed intention to hang her, when she was rescued from his clutches by the district physician from Carthaus, who happened to be visiting a patient in Stangenwalde, and was attracted to the scene of the outrage by the shrieks of the victim. But for his timely interposition murder had surely been done. As it is, the unfortunate woman, who is nearly eighty years old, is not expected to recover from her injuries. The whole affair is being rigorously investigated by the Danzig authorities, and the chief offenders have already been lodged in gaol, there to await their trial for house-breaking and aggravated assault.—*Daily Telegraph*, Aug. 24, 1881.

xvi. *A curious Sea-festival*.—A curious sea-festival takes place in Naples on the last Sunday in August in honour of Santa Maria della Catena (the Holy Mary of the chains), in front of the church dedicated to her, facing the sea at Santa Lucia. The correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has forwarded an account of it, says that soon after

daybreak of the above-mentioned day crowds of people are lining the embankment opposite the church, dressed in strange paper costumes adorned with squibs and crackers, some carrying umbrellas of the same materials and with some adornments, others large baskets with fruit, decorated likewise with fireworks. At the first stroke of the church bell for early mass the fireworks are let off, the fruit baskets emptied on the ground, over the contents of which hundreds of children begin to fight, undaunted by pails of water which are freely emptied over them. A second bell is the signal for hundreds of the crowd to throw themselves in various states of dress or undress from the embankment into the sea, women and children included. Invalids even are brought to take a dip, and those who are unable to swim are assisted by others. This curious freak originates in the belief that the sea-water on the last Sunday in August is a sure remedy against infirmity, present and future. The custom is believed to have originated centuries ago, some inhabitants of Santa Lucia having, so runs the story, been saved from drowning on the last Sunday in August by the intervention of the Madonna, in whose name a subscription had been raised to ransom them from the pirates. The latter, afraid of treachery, threw their ransomed prisoners, chained hand and foot, into the sea, notwithstanding which they were saved by their friends, and a church was erected in commemoration of the event in 1576.

xvii. *Hampshire Folk-Lore*.—I have been staying on a visit at Bitterne, near Southampton, and have noted the two following scraps of folk-lore:—

(1.) The nailing of a horseshoe over the door of a building to keep the luck in it. This occurs at Southampton railway station, and, on my asking a porter how the horseshoe came there, he replied, that the boys put it there for luck. The same thing occurs at Bitterne over the door of a pigeon aviary at the house where I am visiting.

(2.) The gardener of my friend was told to sow some parsley-seed in the garden, but he refused, saying that it would be the worst day's work *to him* if ever he brought parsley-seed to the house; he would not mind bringing a plant or two and throwing them down, that his master might pick them up if he chose, but he would not bring them to him for anything.

A. B. GOMME.

QUERIES.

[*Communications for these columns should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary.*]

i. Is anything known about the following statement, and cannot the Society obtain assistance to publish the stories alluded to? "There is a common story of an ascent by a rope to a region above the earth, and a host of other stories which I hardly like to leave unrecorded, for savage myths are in many respects interesting to the students of early history It is to be hoped that some account of the primitive mythology of all the Indians in Vancouver Island will be published before it is much farther intermixed and distorted. The Rev. A. C. Garrett, of Victoria, Vancouver Island, and the active and observant traveller Dr. Robert Brown, lately commanding the Vancouver Island Government Exploring Expedition, possess extensive information on this subject."—Sproat's *Scenes and Studies of Savage Life*, p. 177, note.

G. L. G.

ii. Will members of the Society refer me to any legends or traditions relating to great stones or stone circles?

G. L. GOMME.

iii. I should be glad to know of any superstitions or customs connected with the cutting down of trees.

A. G. R.

NOTICES AND NEWS.

BOOKS ON FOLK-LORE LATELY PUBLISHED.

- i. *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio*. Translated and Annotated by Herbert A. Giles, of H.M.'s Consular Service. 2 vols. (London: Thos. De la Rue and Co. 1880.)

This valuable work, though not distinctively a work on Folk-Lore, deserves a brief notice. The title is a not very literal rendering of the Chinese *Liao Chai Chih I*, "Strange Stories from my Poor Study" (see Dr. Legge's Review in the *Academy*, Sept. 11, 1880, p. 185). The book was written by one P'u Sung-ling, a native of the province of Shan-tung, and has been translated by Herbert Giles, Esq., of H.M.'s Consular Service. This is the first time the stories have appeared in an English dress; just about two centuries have elapsed since the author first circulated them in manuscript among his fellow-countrymen. The collection is called by M. Julien *Contes de Fées*, though this by no means indicates the real character and nature of many of the "Strange Tales." Both Buddhist monks and Tâoist priests are the actors in some of the stories, which are probably not all originally native. But it is not to the text alone that the student will look for aid in his folk-lore studies. The notes of the translator are of more than passing value, though in some points we are bound to differ. We do not admit, for example, that fetichism or tree-worship may be said to be unknown in China. Yet the learning of the translator carries weight. As an instance of what may be expected from this work, take the following note (from vol. i. p. 39) on the pulse. "Volumes have been written by Chinese doctors on the subject of the pulse. They profess to distinguish as many as twenty-four different kinds, among which is one well known to our

own practitioners, namely, the "thready pulse"; they moreover make a point of feeling the pulses of *both* wrists." Du Halde, in his *History of China*, has dwelt more at length on this subject. There are no less than 164 "stories" in the two volumes which make up this work, the titles and subjects of which are as varied as their number. Among them are The Alchemist, The Country of the Cave Men, Flower Nymphs, A Chinese Jonah, The Magic Sword, The Wonderful Stone, &c.; whilst the notes comprise such subjects as Alchemy, Auspicious Sites, Betrothals, Coffins, Dragons, Elixir of Immortality, *Fêng-shui* or Geomancy, Fox Influence, Marriages, and many others. The book is most entertaining as a companion for a leisure hour, and gives us withal a good insight into life and customs as witnessed in the Celestial Empire. The paper, printing, and binding do great credit to the firm of De la Rue and Co.

- ii. *Buddhist Birth-stories; or Jātaka Tales*: the oldest collection of Folk-Lore extant, being the *Jātakatthavannanā*. For the first time edited in the original Pāli by V. Fausböll, and translated by T. W. Rhys Davids. Translation, vol. i. 8vo. pp. lxxxvii. 347. (Trübner, 1881.)

It is well known to scholars that among the Buddhist scriptures there is one book which contains a large number of old stories, fables, and fairy tales. Orthodox Buddhists believe that the Buddha was accustomed throughout his long career to explain and comment on the events happening around him by telling of similar events that had occurred in his own previous births. The stories so told are said to have been reverently learnt and repeated by his disciples, and immediately after his death 550 of them were gathered together in one collection called the Book of the 550 Jātakas or Births. This is the explanation Mr. Davids gives us of the supposed origin of this curious collection, and, although by the light of cold reason this traditional belief vanishes altogether, yet it is nevertheless the key to the understanding of the importance which the Buddhists attach to the book.

Now these Buddhist Birth-stories in many instances bear a close resemblance to stories current in the West, and upon this resemblance

hinges some very important evidence upon the wide-spread transmission of popular tales. Mr. Davids at once answers a part of the question as to how this similarity could have arisen by stating that in many instances the Western stories were borrowed from the Buddhist ones. These tales, says Mr. Davids, though originally Buddhist, became great favourites among the Arabs; and, as the Arabs were gradually brought into contact with Europeans and penetrated into the south of Europe, they brought the stories with them, and we soon afterwards find them translated into Western tongues. But this leads up to an important question. Is it true that the so-called Æsop's Fables are merely adaptations from Eastern Tales? Mr. Davids traces this subject through its several stages and comes to the following summary:—that none of "Æsop's Fables" are really Æsopean at all; that the collection was first formed in the Middle Ages; that a large number of them have been traced back to our Buddhist Jātaka book; and that almost the whole of them are probably derived in one way or another from Indian sources.

This is a very important step in the consideration of the origin of popular tales; and we owe a debt of considerable magnitude to Mr. Rhys Davids for the important evidence he has brought to bear upon it. This evidence helps to clear away definitely some of the theories that have been from time to time propounded by various students of Folk-Lore, and it sets a standard of inquiry by which the origin of many stories may be tested. It says that all stories are not to be counted as heir-looms of the primitive Aryan family. Does it then say that all the popular stories of the West have been borrowed from the East? The temptation thus to generalise is no doubt the great error to be guarded against, because there is plenty of evidence to show that many stories preserved on the lips of the populace contain germs of early social history which go a long way to prove their co-existence with the events of such history.

And, moreover, the mere parallel to stories of other lands does not prove a borrowing by one nation or people from another. If so there would seem to be nothing of home growth in Western popular history. A writer in the third volume of the *Indian Antiquary*, for instance, points

out that there is hardly a medieval legend of the saints that has not its parallel in the East. The Saiva Catechism tells of the saint Tiru-Naruk-Karasu-Svâmi, that, when the Buddhists tied him to a pillar of stone and cast him into the sea, the pillar floated on the waves of the raft of wood, and the saint was carried along upon it until he came to the mouth of the river Kedila, near Tiru-Padrippuliyur, and there he landed. In like manner Scott relates the traditional wanderings of St. Cuthbert's body :—

In his stone coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his Cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear.

—(*Marmion*, canto ii.)

But there are other ways of accounting for this than by supposing a direct borrowing of the Eastern legend.

There are forty tales in the present volume, and all of them are of more or less interest to those who study or are fond of these matters. All of them breathe the life of past ages, and give us, as Mr. Davids says, an almost complete picture of the social life and customs and popular beliefs of the common people of Aryan tribes closely allied to ourselves. Besides the stories themselves, which will be read with delight, Mr. Davids has done everything to make the book acceptable to scholars. His learned and valuable introduction affords a great mass of information on popular tales, and besides this there are "Tables illustrative of the history and migrations of the Buddhist stories," very good notes, and a capital index. We subjoin the English titles of the stories :—Holding to the Truth, The Sandy Road, The Merchant of Sēri, The Story of Chullaka the Treasurer, The Measure of Rice, On True Divinity, The Story of Makhā Deva, The Happy Life, The Story of Beauty, The Banyan Deer, The Dart of Love, The Greedy Antelope, The Deer who would not Learn, The Cunning Deer, The Wind, On offering Food to the Dead, On Offerings

given under a Vow, The Monkeys and the Demon, The Wily Antelope, The Dog who turned Preacher, The Bhoja Thoroughbred, The Thoroughbred War Horse, The Horse at the Ford, Evil Communications corrupt Good Manners, The Elephant and the Dog, The Bull who won the Bet, The Old Woman's Black Bull, The Ox who envied the Pig, On Mercy to Animals, The Dancing Peacock, The sad Quarrel of the Quails, The Fish and his Wife, The Holy Quail, The Wise Bird and the Fool, The Partridge Monkey and Elephant, The Cruel Crane Outwitted, Nanda on the buried Gold, The Fiery Furnace.

- iii. *Popular Romances of the West of England: or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and edited by Robert Hunt. 8vo. pp. 480. (1881. Chatto and Windus.)

That this is the third edition of this well-known book testifies to its continued popularity. And indeed, when we come to consider what an interesting district of England Mr. Hunt's book takes us over and the extent of his researches, this is perhaps not surprising. We have divisions upon giants, fairies, Tregagle, mermaids, the rocks, lost cities, fire-worship, demons and spectres, saints, holy wells, King Arthur, sorcery and witchcraft, miners' superstitions, fishermen and sailors, death superstitions, old usages, popular superstitions relating to sickness, birth, death, &c. This is pretty nearly the whole length and breadth of folk-lore subjects. Mr. Hunt gives us his assurance that all the stories given in these volumes are the genuine household tales of the people. The only liberties which have been taken with them has been to alter them from the vernacular, in which they were for the most part related, into modern language. Could not Mr. Hunt have followed the plan of Mr. Campbell and given us both vernacular and translation? So much is sometimes gained by a knowledge of the actual words spoken. One looks with suspicion upon stories told by the populace and containing words and expressions which tell us that the scholar or the editor has been at work. We do not in the least wish to depreciate Mr. Hunt's valuable book, but we would offer to him every inducement and urge upon him every argument to

print, if now possible, the original vernacular version of all the interesting legends he tells us. A word of warning comes to the would-be collector of modern times. Mr. Hunt employed a postman to hunt over the district for stories; and, although this very admirable delegate spent many days and nights with the peasantry, he failed to procure many stories which had been told Mr. Hunt himself without hesitation thirty years before.

iv. *Stories and Folk-Lore of West Cornwall.*—By William Bottrell.

Third series. post 8vo. pp. 200. (Penzance, Rodda, 1880.)

There are many interesting scraps to be gleaned from the stories here collected. The book is not a scientific collection of Cornish stories, but it has the great merit of being the genuine record of a story-collector's results, good, bad, or indifferent. It is therefore a book to be welcomed by those who are studying folk-lore. The local traditions are not very valuable as traditions, but they often contain, in the course of their narration, a very genuine fragment of an old folk-tale or of an archaic custom. The Cornish sailors' Isle of Avalon (p. 87) is a rather pretty legend:

"It is known to most persons who have mixed much with Cornish sailors that they often speak of the 'Green,' which they frequently call Fiddler's Green amongst themselves. They described this place as an 'Isle of the Blest,' in which honest tars, after the toils of this life, are to enjoy unmixed bliss with their old comrades and favourite fair ones. In orchards of fruit, ever ripe, they are to be entertained with music, dancing, and every thing else in which they delighted in their lifetime." Breton and Welsh sailors have similar notions.

The tradition of the four parishes (p. 121) adds another item to the folk-lore of great stones and stone circles, about which some day there will be much to say over and above what M. Cartilhac has done for us. This tradition is given as follows: "At a short distance to the northward of Men-scryfa there is a large flat stone, with a cross cut on it, to show that the four parishes of Madron, Gulval, Morvah, and Zennor meet there. There is a tradition that some Saxon kings dined on this stone in days of yore. According to another tradition,

when Prince Arthur and four British kings were on their way to drive the Danes from Penwith, they rested on this rock. Then, on their way down along towards the Land's End, Prince Arthur and the four kings collected the native Cornish, who fought the Danes, and under guidance of the royal personages conquered them in the battle of Vellan-drucchar (wheel-mill) moor, where the Danes were nearly all killed, and so great was the slaughter that 'the mill was worked with blood,' so old folk said."

Besides the local traditions, the ghost stories, and the witchcraft tales, there are some interesting sections devoted to local nick-names, ancient midsummer customs, and other matters of value to the students of and lovers of folk-lore.

v. *Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends*.—Small sq. 8vo. pp. 124.
(London: H. K. Lewis, 1881.)

In the shape of a very handsome little volume forming a most suitable present for children, as well as a not unwelcome addition to the folk-lore shelves of older readers, we have here a translation of some of the popular Basme (tales) and legends of the country. The translator has kept, he tells us, to the original text as strictly as possible, but it would have been useful to know what original text had been followed, because in England the literature of Roumania is not very well known. The titles of the stories are, "The Slippers of the Twelve Princesses," "The ungrateful Woodcutter," "The Hermit's Foundling," "The Daughters of the Rose," "The Twelve-headed Griffin," "Vasilica the Brave," "Handsome is as Handsome does," "The Fisherman and the Boyard's Daughter," beside which we have the legends of "Manoli," "The Fortress of Poinarii," "The Gentle Shepherd," and the historical tales of "The Death of Constantin II." and "The Mother of Stephen the Great." Both of these two last are particularly good stories of Roumanian struggles into historical existence, and they are effectively told. The folk-tales and legends do not afford any particular subject of remark, as they are (as might be expected) paralleled in the folk-tales of other parts of Europe. The legend of Manola is a singularly touching narrative, and is beautifully

told (though we fear the text of the original has been improved). It is one of the many building legends to be found all over the world, and the refrain of the sacrificed wife, "Manoli, Manoli, the Jew is pressing on me, my body is crushed, and my life is dying on me," is a poetic interest to the story that is not to be found in similar legends elsewhere.

vi. *The Wandering Jew*. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Cr. 8vo (London: Chatto and Windus, 1881.)

That part of this book which lies within the domain of folk tradition is a very acceptable contribution from the pen of the writer. The only pity is that the subject should have been treated into other domains, and those, too, of theology and political economy. It is curious that, until Mr. Conway took it in hand, no other book had been written in our language on the same subject, though Schoebel's *La Légende du Juif-Errant* published in 1877, Paris's *Le Juif Errant* published in 1880, and Grässe's *Die ewigen Juden historisch entwickelt mit verwandter Mythen und beleuchtet*, 1844. Mr. Conway gives us a bibliography of the Wandering Jew, and then discusses the sources of the many legends generalised, the Jew in theology, the pound of flesh, and other interesting matters connected with the subject. The chapter on the pound of flesh, wherein the Shakespearian incident is shown to be a Hindoo legend, the earliest version of which is probably B.C. 1000, is the most valuable piece of work in the book, although we are inclined to resist Mr. Conway's conclusions relative to the typical incident in a man's life which this incident affords. Mr. Conway does not know a rather curious version of the story which has been given by Lieut. R. Carnac Temple in a collection of stories he has translated from a Dukhani (Deccanee) book, purporting to be the work of one Imam Abd-ul-Aziz, and written for the amusement of the Mahomedan youth of Madras and the Deccan generally. They are the same as those told in Gladwin's *Persian Moonshree*, an educational tract published in 1801. The pound of flesh incident is as follows: A man made a bet with another about a game, and said, 'If I

win the game, you may cut from my body a seer (i.e. 2 lbs.) of flesh.' When he did not win the game, the winner wished to close the bet, but the man would not agree to it. They both went before the judge. The judge said to the winner, 'Pardon him the bet;' but he would not agree to do it. The judge being very angry, said: 'Cut away; but, if you cut more or less than a seer (2lbs.), I will punish you.' The winner being helpless, forgave him the bet." Another curious parallel of this incident is to be met with in Scandinavian tradition. Mr. Metcalf in his *Englishman and Scandinavian*, page 427, says, "There is another tale in the Prose Edda, the incidents of which resemble those in a passage in the 'Merchant of Venice.' Loki had made a bet with the dwarf Brokr. The Aser had to decide, and they pronounced Loki to have lost. The stake was his head. He offered a money compensation, but the dwarf was obdurate. No money would he take, and prepared to decapitate the god. He will have nothing but the prescribed penalty. But the astute Loki interposes. 'My head, yes, but not my neck, is yours. Soft, no haste. He shall have nothing but the penalty.'"

vii. *Contes Populaires de la Haute-Brétagne*; 2me série. *Contes des Paysans et des Pêcheurs*. Par Paul Sebillot. Paris. G. Charpentier, editeur. 13, Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain. 1881.

This book is a most substantial and interesting contribution to the folk-lore of France, and affords new means for the study of comparative folk-lore. It is divided into five parts. The first part, entitled "Les Fées des Houles et de la Mer," contains twenty tales of fairies inhabiting the caves on the sea-coast, near Saint-Cast. The second, called "Les Féeries et les Aventures Merveilleuses," contains twenty-two tales. Part third, with the title, "Les Facéties et les Bons Tours," gives seven such. The fourth, named "Les Diables, les Sorciers, et les Lutins," gives twelve stories of devil compacts, e.g. "Le Doreur et le Diable," "Le Pacte," &c. The fifth and last part is devoted to tales of animals and short legends, eight in number, and bears the title of "Contes d'Animaux et Petites Légendes."

The tales were taken down from the dictation of those who told

them, and afterwards read over in their hearing, so that their true colour might be preserved, without which they would be worse than useless. They are told with neatness and picturesqueness, and are authenticated by the name, age, and place of abode of each contributor. About some of them, *e. g.*, "La Charrette Moulinoire" and "Le Pacte," there is a weirdness that makes one grue. All who love the tales of a people would do well to possess themselves of this book.

viii. *Domestic Folk-Lore*. By T. F. Thistleton Dyer. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.)

Mr. Dyer has given here in a popular form, for a popular audience, a short summary of folk-lore connected with birth and infancy, childhood, love and courtship, marriage, death and burial, the human body, articles of dress, table superstitions, furniture omens, household superstitions, popular divinations, and common ailments. If by thus recasting facts already well known Mr. Dyer succeeds in interesting people in the subject of folk-lore he will have done good service.

BOOKS ON FOLK-LORE PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT DURING THE YEAR 1880-81. Communicated by Alfred Nutt.

- Adam, Lucien. *Les Patois Lorrains*. Nancy. 1881. 8vo. Pp. li. 459. Pp. 382-398, proverbs. Pp. 398 *ad finem*, folk-tales and songs.
- Avenarius, V. P. *Das Buch der Bylinen*. St. Petersburg. 1880. *In Russian*.
- Belenskij, T. *Volksthümliche Bienenbeschwürungen aus zwei Handschriften des 18. Jahrhunderts*. Kaminiec-Podolsk. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 67. *In Russian*.
- Collection de Contes et Chansons populaires. Paris. E. Leroux:
- I. Legrand, Emile. *Contes populaires grecs, recueillis et traduits*. 1881. 18mo. Pp. xix. 175.
 - II. Puymaigre, le Comte de, *Romanceiro. Choix de vieux Chants portugais, traduits et annotés*. 1881. 18mo. Pp. lx. 280.
 - III. Dozon, Auguste. *Contes albanais recueillis et traduits*. 1881. 18mo. Pp. xxvii. 264.
- Demófilo. *Coleccion de Enigmas y Adivinanzas en forma de diccionario*. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 405.
- Dobsinsky, P. *Volksthümliche Gebräuche, Meinungen, und Spiele der Slovaken*. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 179. *In Slovakian*.
- Dozon. See "Collection de Contes," &c.
- Filipovic, Ivan. *Kraljevic Marko in den Serbischen Volksliedern*. Zagreb. 1880. 16mo. Pp. xviii. 470. *In Servian*.
- Florinskij, V. M. *Volkthümliche Kräuter und Arzneibücher der Russen aus Handschriften des 16 und 17 Jahrhunderts*. Kasan. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 280. *In Russian*.
- Jarnik, Johann Urban. *Zur albanischen Sprachenkunde*. Leipzig. 1881. Pp. 51. 8vo. Contains, pp. 6-18, two inedited Albanian folk-tales, original text and German translation.

- Jascurzinskij, Ch. Die Hochzeitslieder der Kleinrussen im Vergleich zu den Grossrussischen. Warsaw. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 133. *In Russian.*
- Juskevic, Antanas. Hochzeitsgebräuche der Litauer von Velona. Kazan. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 120. *In Lithuanian.*
- Juskevic, Antanas. Lithuanian Folk-songs. 1880. 8vo. Pp. xviii. 418. *In Lithuanian.*
- Kolberg, Oskar. Das polnische Volk, seine Sitten, Lebensweise, Sprache, Ueberlieferungen, Sprichwörter, Gebräuche, Musikinstrumente, Unterhaltungen, Lieder, Musik, und Tänze. Vol. XII. Aus dem Grossherzogthum Posen. Krakow. 1880. 8vo. Pp. xv. 212. *In Polish.*
- Krainz, Johann. Mythen und Sagen an dem Steirischen Hochlande. Bruck a. d. Mur. 1880. 8vo. Pp. xviii. 424.
- Le Duc, Philibert. Chansons et lettres patoises Bressanes, Bugeysiennes, et Dombistes, avec une Etude sur le Patois du Pays de Gex et la Musique des Chansons. Textes traduits et annotés. Bourg-en-Bresse. 1881. Pp. xiii. 466, 21. Sq. 16mo.
- Legrand. See "Collection."
- Nemcova, Bozena. Volksmärchen und Erzählungen. Vols. I. II. Prague. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 316, 340. *In Bohemian.*
- Pavlinovic, M. Servian Folk-songs. 1879. 8vo. Pp. 354. *In Servian.*
- Ploss, H. Das Kind in Brauch und Sitte der Völker. 2. bedeutend vermehrte Auflage. Berlin. 1882. 8vo. Vol. I. Pp. 208.
- Podbereski, A. Zur Dämonologie des ukrainischen Volkes aus Volkssagen im Kreis Czehrryn. Cracow. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 82. *In Polish.*
- Povesti. Slovakische Volksagen. Parts I.-III. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 96 each. *In Slovakian.*
- Popov, V. Volkslieder aus dem Kreise Cerdyn im Gouvernement Perm. Moscow. 1881. 8vo. Pp. 256. *In Russian.*
- Prym, Eugen und Albert Socin. Der neu aramaeische Dialekt des Tür-Abdin. 2 vols. 8vo. Göttingen. 1881. Pp. xxx. 257, v. 420. Contains a valuable selection of modern Aramaic Märchen.
- Puymaigre. See "Collection."
- Sébillot, Paul. Contes des Paysans et des Pêcheurs. Paris. 1881. 12mo. Pp. xvi. 344. The second series of the "Contes populaires de la Haute Bretagne."
- Sébillot, Paul. Literature orale de la Haute Bretagne. Paris. 1881. Pp. xii. 400. 16mo.
- Vol. I. of "Les Littératures populaires de toutes les Nations."
- Siemski und Motty. Polnische, russische, und litauische Ueberlieferungen und Legenden. Part I. Poznam. 1810. Folio. *Polish and French Text.*
- Servanayaka, Alexander Mendis. A Collection of Sinhalese Proverbs, Maxims, Fables, &c. compiled and translated into English. 8vo. Pp. 84.
- Slovakische Lieder. Part I. 1880. Pp. viii. 40. *In Slovakian.*
- Spevy. Slovakische Volkslieder mit Melodien. 1880. 4to. Pp. viii. 120. *In Slovakian.*
- Stojanovic, Mijat. Bilder aus dem kroatischen Volksleben in Slavonien und Syrmien. U. Zagrebu. 1881. 8vo. Pp. xiii. 267. *In Servian.*
- Vrána, F. M. Mährische Volkssagen. Part I. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 61. *In Bohemian.*
- Zima, Luka. Die Figuren in der serbisch-kroatischen Volkspoesie. Zagreb. 1880. 8vo. Pp. 335. *In Servian.*

Members are earnestly requested to forward to the Honorary Secretary any information respecting contributions on folk-lore in periodicals and the Transactions of Societies. The Council desire to carry

out the suggestion made by the President, Lord Beauchamp, at the Second Annual Meeting (1880), namely, to publish a bibliographical list of articles on folk-lore in periodical journals and Transactions of Societies, and to do this as thoroughly as possible the co-operation of Members is needed. The articles subsequent to 1880 will be tabulated annually in the Folk-Lore Record. Any information, even of the smallest kind, will be acceptable; but those who can should give their information in the following order:

- (1) Author's name. Full title of the article or paper.
- (2) The pagination of the journal or volume in which it appears and the short title of such journal or volume.
- (3) A short summary of the contents of the article.

Evening Meetings will not be regularly continued this session (1881-1882), but Special Meetings will be held for the reading of papers. Notices of these will be advertised in the usual literary journals.

The Council have appointed a Committee to frame a standard scheme of Folk-tale classification, to ascertain what steps should be taken for the classifying and indexing of existing collections of Folk-tales in accordance with such scheme, and to devise a system of Folk-tale terminology. The Committee appointed by the Council are Messrs. Nutt, Ralston, Lang, Brabrook, Gomme, Wheatley, Solly, Blind, and Clodd, Reverend A. H. Sayce, and Miss Frere. The Honorary Secretary would be glad to receive any suggestions to be laid before the Committee.

The South African Folk-Lore Society has unfortunately ceased to publish the *Folk-lore Journal*. The Council have considered the matter with a view of endeavouring to carry on the work, and it is hoped that satisfactory arrangements may be made.

From America and in India the Council have received gratifying assurances of the interest felt in those countries in the work of the Society, and steps are being taken to appoint local Committees in both countries for the collection of native Folk-lore.

The Bibliography of Folk-lore is satisfactorily though slowly progressing. It is proposed to print in the next volume some titles of

books which are ready for the bibliography with a view of soliciting the help of members in the work. The Honorary Secretary is having the titles of books and articles in journals transcribed every week at the British Museum, but the work is necessarily one of very heavy labour and can only proceed at a slow rate.

All the publications of the Society are issued to Members; and those volumes that are priced in the following list may be obtained of the publishers by the general public.

The publications of the Society are :—

For 1878—

I. THE FOLK-LORE RECORD, VOL. I.

Containing:—Some West Sussex Superstitions lingering in 1868, by Mrs. Latham.—Miscellaneous: Notes on Folk-Tales, by W. R. S. Ralston, M.A.—The Folk-Lore of France, by A. Lang, M.A.—Some Japan Folk-Tales, by C. Pfoundes.—A Folk-tale and various Superstitions of the Hidatsa-Indians, communicated by Dr. E. B. Tylor.—Chaucer's Night-Spell, by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—Plant-Lore Notes to Mrs. Latham's West Sussex Superstitions, by James Britten, F.L.S.—Yorkshire Local Rhymes and Sayings.—Divination by the Blade-bone, by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—Index to the Folk-Lore in the First Series of Hardwicke's "Science-Gossip," by James Britten, F.L.S.—Some Italian Folk-Lore, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Wart and Wen Cures, by James Hardy.—Fairies at Ilkley Wells, by Charles C. Smith.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.

For 1879—

II. NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND AND THE BORDERS. By William Henderson. A new edition, with considerable additions by the Author. Published at 12s.

III. THE FOLK-LORE RECORD, VOL. II.

Containing:—Preface.—The Neo-Latin Fay, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Malagasy Folk-Lore and Popular Superstitions, by the Reverend James Sibree, Junior.—Popular History of the Cuckoo, by James Hardy.—Old Ballad Folk-Lore, by James Napier.—A Note on the "White Pater-noster," by Miss Evelyn Carrington.—Some Folk-Lore from Chaucer, by the Reverend F. G. Fleay.—Reprints, &c.: Four Transcripts by the late Thomas Wright, F.S.A., communicated by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.—The Story of Conn-Edda; or the Golden Apples of Lough Erne, communicated by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.—Index to Vols. i. and ii.—Appendix: The Annual Report for 1878.

For 1880—

IV. AUBREY'S REMAINS OF GENTILISME AND JUDAISME, WITH THE ADDITIONS BY DR. WHITE KENNET. Edited by James Britten, F.L.S. Published at 13s. 6d.

THE FOLK-LORE RECORD, VOL. III. (in two half-yearly parts), together with the Annual Report for 1879:—

V. Part I. *Containing*:—Catskin; the English and Irish Peau d'Ane, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Biographical Myths; illustrated from the lives of Buddha and Muhammad, by John Fenton.—Stories from Mentone, by J. B. Andrews.—Ananci Stories, communicated by J. B. Andrews.—

Proverbs, English and Keltic, with their Eastern Relations, by the Rev. J. Long, F.R.G.S.—Proverbs and Folk-Lore from William Ellis's "Modern Husbandman" (1750), by James Britten, F.L.S.—Christmas Mummers in Dorsetshire, by J. S. Udal.—Indian Mother-worship, communicated by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.

VI. Part II. *Containing*:—Two English Folk-Tales, by Professor Dr. George Stephens—Folk-Lore Traditions of Historical Events, by the Reverend W. S. Lach-Szyrma.—Singing Games, by Miss Evelyn Carrington.—Additions to "Yorkshire Local Rhymes and Sayings."—Folk-Lore the source of some of M. Galland's Tales, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A.—M. Sébillot's scheme for the Collection and Classification of Folk-Lore, by Alfred Nutt—Danish Popular Tales, by Professor Grundtvig.—The Icelandic Story of Cinderella, by William Howard Carpenter.—An Old Danish Ballad, communicated by Professor Grundtvig.—A Rural Wedding in Lorraine.—Notes.—Queries.—Notices and News.—Index.—Appendix: The Annual Report for 1879.

For 1881 :—

VII. NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF THE NORTH-EAST OF SCOTLAND. By the Rev. Walter Gregor. Published at 13s. 6d. [Issued.]

VIII. RESEARCHES RESPECTING THE BOOK OF SINDIBAD. By Professor Domenico Comparetti. [In the press.]

IX. THE FOLK-LORE RECORD, VOL. IV. together with the Annual Report of 1880.

For 1882 :—

FOLK-MEDICINE. By William George Black. [In the press.]

FOLK-LORE RECORD, VOL. V. together with the Annual Report for 1881.

In preparation :—

Portuguese Folk-Lore. By Professor Z. Consiglieri Pedroso of Lisbon. [In the press.]

The Denham Tracts. Edited by James Hardy. [MS. received.]

Bibliography of Folk-Lore. Edited by G. L. Gomme, F.S.A. [Specimen book-lists will be printed in the Folk-Lore Record for corrections and additions.]

Folk-Lore and Provincial Names of British Birds. By the Rev. C. Swainson.

Echoes of German Myths in the Works of Shakespeare; a Translation from the German of Benno Tschischwitz. [MS. received.]

Folk-Lore of the "Gentleman's Magazine." By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A.

Bibliographical List of Contributions on Folk-Lore in Periodicals and Transactions of Societies. By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A.

Notes for a History of English Chapbooks and Penny Histories.

East Sussex Superstitions. By the Rev. W. D. Parish.

The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham. To be edited, with Illustrative Notes and Introductory Essay on English Noddledom, by William J. Thoms, F.S.A.

The Folk-Lore of Lincolnshire. By Edward Peacock, F.S.A.

Excerpts from two English Folk-Lorists.

On the Oratory, Songs, Legends, and Folk-tales of the Malagasy. By the Rev. J. Sibree. [MS. received.]

Index to the Folk-Lore in "Notes and Queries." By James Britten, F.L.S.

Index to Folk-Tales. By G. L. Gomme, F.S.A.

Index of the Names of British Spirits, Ghosts, Boggarts, Fairies, &c. By James Britten, F.L.S.

Index of British Popular Games. By James Britten, F.L.S.

Index of the Popular Names of Days in Britain. By James Britten, F.L.S.

Index of the Popular Nomenclature of Diseases. By James Britten, F.L.S.

Sutherland Stories and Customs. By Miss Dempster.

The Folk-Lore Society.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL,

WEDNESDAY, 22ND JUNE, 1881.

THE Roll of Members, though varying slightly by deaths and withdrawals, still continues to increase. The Council cannot but think it is a satisfactory sign of progress to observe that the Society is gradually receiving into its membership persons living in almost all parts of the world. As the collection of folk-lore must always depend upon local help, the Council here set out the localities of residence of the Members of the Society, distinguishing (1) the counties of England, (2) other parts of the United Kingdom, (3) foreign countries and the colonies :—

ENGLAND :—

London	-	-	-	-	-	100
Berks -	-	-	-	-	-	1
Bucks	-	-	-	-	-	1
Cambridge	-	-	-	-	-	2
Cheshire	-	-	-	-	-	3
Cornwall	-	-	-	-	-	1
Derby	-	-	-	-	-	2
Devonshire	-	-	-	-	-	6
Durham	-	-	-	-	-	2
Essex	-	-	-	-	-	2
Gloucestershire	-	-	-	-	-	2
Hants	-	-	-	-	-	3
Herefordshire	-	-	-	-	-	1
Herts -	-	-	-	-	-	4
Kent -	-	-	-	-	-	8
Lancaster	-	-	-	-	-	11
Leicestershire	-	-	-	-	-	4
Lincolnshire	-	-	-	-	-	3
Northumberland	-	-	-	-	-	5
Notts -	-	-	-	-	-	3
Oxfordshire	-	-	-	-	-	2

and Muhammad, by John Fenton. Stories from Mentone, by J. B. Andrews. Ananci Stories, communicated by J. B. Andrews. Proverbs: English and Keltic, with their Eastern Relations, by the Rev. J. Long, F.R.G.S. Proverbs and Folk-Lore from William Ellis's "Modern Husbandman" (1750), by James Britten, F.L.S. Christmas Mummers in Dorsetshire, by J. S. Udal. Indian Mother-worship, communicated by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A. Notes. Queries. Notices and News.

Part II. *Containing*:—Two English Folk-Tales, by Professor Dr. George Stephens. Folk-Lore Traditions of Historical Events, by the Reverend W. S. Lach-Szyrma. Singing Games, by Miss Evelyn Carrington. Additions to "Yorkshire Local Rhymes and Sayings." Folk-Lore the source of some of M. Galland's Tales, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A. M. Sébillot's scheme for the Collection and Classification of Folk-Lore, by Alfred Nutt. Danish Popular Tales, by Professor Grundtvig. The Icelandic Story of Cinderella, by William Howard Carpenter. An Old Danish Ballad, communicated by Professor Grundtvig. A Rural Wedding in Lorraine. Notes. Queries. Notices and News. Index. Appendix. The Annual Report for 1879.

The first-mentioned volume is offered to the public for sale at a price of 13s. 6d., and the *Folk-Lore Record* is retained as the members' volume, for the purpose of printing separate papers and scraps of folk-lore which from time to time come to hand.

During the Session from November to May evening meetings have been held for the reading and discussion of papers. The following is a list of the papers read and a short summary of the proceedings at the meetings:—

1880.

Nov. 12.—Mr. H. C. Coote, V.P., in the chair.—The Chairman read a paper "On certain Stories in the 'Thousand and One Nights.'" The tales referred to were "The Two Envious Sisters," "Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Pari Banou," "Aladdin," and "Ali Baba." The originals of these four tales have never been found, but as they unquestionably breathe the genuine Oriental spirit they cannot be taken to be pure inventions of the French translator, Mr. Galland, brilliant as he was. Mr. Coote held the opinion that they were taken down by Galland from oral recitations in Constantinople and Smyrna, in both of which cities he long resided. Mr. Coote supported his view by

If all the Members would undertake to systematically set about ascertaining the stories told in their own nurseries and in the cottages of the poorer classes, it would soon be made known whether there are any traditional stories left in England. The Council would welcome reports from every collector, whether his success be great or small, or even *nil*, because the experiences of collecting are always of benefit to others. Members who would undertake in this way special localities should send in their names at once to the Honorary Secretary, so that in course of time the whole of Great Britain and Ireland may be mapped out into collecting districts. For the furtherance of this object the Council hope that Members from counties not now represented in the Society will soon enroll themselves, so that the Council may look to the Members in every county for assistance with reference to the folk-lore of their districts.

With reference to the Folk-Lore of other countries, whether savage or civilised, the Council have noticed that there seems to be greatly increased attention given to the subject. In Portugal, Italy, Germany, Scandinavia, India, China, Japan, America, and Africa, a great deal of work is being done by native scholars, and the importance of placing the results of this work before our Society is proved by the fact that MSS. have already been received from Professor D. Comparetti, of Florence, Professor Z. Consigliero Pedroso, of Lisbon, and Lieutenant Carnac Temple, in India, on the folk-lore of their respective countries, and it will be the earnest endeavour of the Council to print these as soon as possible. Dr. Dennys, of Singapore, and the Rev. Hildric Friend, have also promised assistance on Chinese folk-lore, and Miss Frere has promised to lay before the Council a scheme for the collection of South African Folk-Lore.

The publications issued to Members for 1880 were—

Aubrey's Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme, with the Additions by Dr. White Kennet. Edited by James Britten, F.L.S.

The Folk-Lore Record, Vol. III. (in two half-yearly parts), together with the Annual Report for 1879.

Part I.—Catskin; the English and Irish Pean d'Ane, by Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A. Biographical Myths; illustrated from the Lives of Buddha

Fenton, entitled "The Birth of a Deity; or, the Story of Unkulunkulu." Unkulunkulu is the Zulu word for a great-grandfather, but its meaning, the lecturer showed, had expanded until it meant any ancestor of a family or tribe. In course of time the Zulus evolved a kind of cosmogony, accounting for the existence of the world and the creation of man. This involved the conception of a first man, and Unkulunkulu became gradually connected with this conception until from meaning "great-grandfather" it came to be almost exclusively the personal name of the first man. Simultaneously the Zulus had conceived the idea of a Lord in Heaven to whom they prayed for rain on the crops. Gradually Unkulunkulu, the first man, became identified with the Lord in Heaven, and so became a true deity. But the fusion was incomplete, considerable doubt still existed in the Zulu mind on the matter; so that the deity could only just be said to have been born. Unkulunkulu was therefore a transitional form between humanity and deity; and in this lay his value to us; transitional forms of species being, as Mr. Darwin had found, very rare.—The paper was followed by a discussion in which Bishop Callaway, Dr. Edward B. Tylor, Mr. Pfoundes, and Dr. Karl Blind took part. The Members of the Society warmly welcomed Bishop Callaway, and Dr. Tylor took the opportunity of asking him whether folk-lorists might not expect the completion of his Zulu folk-lore, because the Folk-Lore Society and the Anthropological Institute would both assist in the work. The Bishop, who said his remaining MS. consisted of the Charms of the Zulus, replied to Dr. Tylor that he hoped in course of time to publish all his remaining collections.

1881.

Feb. 11.—Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, V.P., in the chair.—The Honorary Secretary read a paper, by the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrna, on "Slavonic Folk-Lore," which chiefly dealt with the parallels between Cornu-British and Slavonic folk-lore.—Mr. A. Nutt read a paper "On the Aryan Expulsion-and-Return

Formula in Celtic Folk-tales and Heldensage." J. G. von Hahn gave the title of "expulsion-and-return formula" to a widely-spread story, the best examples of which are presented in the mythical adventures of Romulus, Theseus, and Cyrus. He found traces of the formula among every Aryan people but the Celts. Mr. A. Nutt showed that the Celtic races had preserved the formula with greater fulness of incident than any other Aryan race. He proved its existence among the Gael in connection with the two great heroic cycles—that of Cuchulaind and that of Fionn and Oisín—and showed that it was still current in the Highlands as a folk-tale. He found fewer traces of the formula among the Kymry. He pointed out, in conclusion, the advantage likely to accrue to comparative mythology from fuller study of the Celtic mythic tales.

March 11.—Dr. R. Brown in the chair.—The Honorary Secretary read a paper "On Madagascar Folk-Lore," by the Rev. J. Sibree, Junr.—A paper by the Rev. H. Friend, "On Euphemism and Tabu in China," was also received.—After the disposal of the papers, Mr. Gomme asked the opinion of the meeting on a probable explanation of some incidents in the story of "The Three Noodles" by means of reference to facts in modern savage life and manners; and Mr. A. Nutt, Mr. A. Lang, and others, took part in the discussion.

April 22.—Mr. Hyde Clarke in the chair.—The Chairman read a paper "On the Relation of the English Folk-Lore to the English Tongue, and the influence of each on the other." Pointing out that the nursery rhymes and popular sayings of England generally began with what our fathers called head-rhymes, Mr. Clarke proceeded to show the evidence which this gave of the antiquity of popular sayings, and how the poetry of literature had always been influenced by the genius of the language for head-rhymes, even after end-rhymes had come into vogue. In the discussion which followed the paper Messrs. A. Nutt, Pfoundes, Fitzgerald, and Gomme took part.

May 13.—Earl Beauchamp, President, in the chair.—Mr. H. B. Wheatley read two papers. The first was on "The Super-

stitutions of Pepys and his Times." Stating that he seemed to know Pepys personally, so vividly did that worthy stand out before him from the pages of the diary, Mr. Wheatley said that the value of examining the superstitions of Pepys consisted in the fact that Pepys was far from being a superstitious man, and that, therefore, the credulities he gave way to belonged to the age rather than to the man. Mr. Wheatley pointed out some of the amusing parts of the diary on dreams, apparitions, vows, fortune-telling, and the like. Lord Beauchamp, in the discussion which followed, observed that Archbishop Laud believed in the omens to be derived from dreams. The second paper was "A Note on English Fairies." Its object was to throw some light upon the influence which literature had exercised upon popular traditions. Thus, down to Chaucer's time, the notion of fairies was mixed up with the old Greek and Latin mythology—Pluto, for instance, being styled by Chaucer the King of the Fairies. The divines seem to relegate the whole of the fairy world to the regions of the devil world. What was not of God was necessarily of the devil; but Shakespeare introduced something altogether different—more pure and more true. His fairies were the fairies of the people. He simply transferred to his pages for all time what he had heard himself and had believed in himself down in his Warwickshire home. From his time, therefore, the literary knowledge of English fairies has been nearer the true popular tradition, though, again, Perrault and Madame d'Aulnois have introduced the "Dame Durden" kind of fairy into the realms of literature. The President, in commenting upon the interest and value of Mr. Wheatley's paper, pointed out how the name of places and fields had been influenced by fairy-lore, and gave some instances from Madresfield, Worcestershire.

Although on the whole these meetings have been very successful, particularly with regard to the nature and value of the papers read, they have not been so well attended as they might have been, and, as considerable expense and trouble are involved, the Council are of opinion that next session only a few meetings, say two or three, should be held, and these for the

discussion of a special subject to be introduced by the reading of a paper.

At the last Annual Meeting of the Society the following Resolution was passed:—

It was moved by the Reverend J. LONG, seconded, and resolved after discussion and amendment, “That the Council be requested to appoint a Committee to consider the question of collecting and publishing an arranged list of English Proverbs and their foreign parallels.”

The Council accordingly, under the powers conferred by this Resolution, appointed the following Committee: viz.—

The Rev. J. Long, Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, Rev. Canon Hume, and Messrs. Britten, Curtis, Pfoundes, Vaux, Coote, Solly, Hyde-Clarke, Gomme, Dr. Laing, and Miss Blount, to report upon the subject of the Resolution.

The Committee appointed the Rev. J. Long Chairman, and has met on five occasions, and has examined the subject upon all its bearings. Their report was presented to and approved of by the Council, and as it is matter in which Members are naturally much interested the full report of the Committee is printed in the Appendix.

The Council have had under their consideration the question of funding the compounding money, which now amounts to fifty guineas, and they have resolved to invest it in Government Consols.

The Council proposed to issue Mr. Nutt's translation of M. Sébillot's scheme for the collection and classification of folk-lore in pamphlet form and interleaved for the use of collectors, but, in view of the report of the Proverbs Committee, they have decided to adopt the course recommended therein.

At the last Annual Meeting the President of the Society drew particular attention to the great want of a bibliographical list of articles on folk-lore contributed to journals. The Council have had this subject under their serious consideration and decided to put it in hand at once under the superintendence of the Honorary Secretary. This work is, the Council are happy

to say, proceeding in a most satisfactory way, and they print, as a specimen of the work for which the assistance of members is asked, and as a first contribution to a yearly appendix to the Annual Report, a list of the articles on folk-lore published during 1880. (See Appendix B.)

(Signed) BEAUCHAMP, *President.*

G. LAURENCE GOMME,
Honorary Secretary.

THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE for the year ending 31st December, 1880.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
1880.	£	s. d.	1880.	£	s. d.
To Balance brought from last account...	...	...	Printing Account (Messrs. Nichols) :—	...	...
On account of Subscriptions due 1st Jan. 1st	55	5 4	General Printing	...	32 6 0
On account of Subscriptions due 1st Jan. 1878	28	7 0	Henderson's Folk-Lore, balance	44	18 5
On account of Subscriptions due 1st Jan. 1879	73	10 0	Anbrey's MS. on account	50	0 0
On account of Subscriptions due 1st Jan. 1880	153	17 1		127	4 5
On account of Subscriptions due 1st Jan. 1881	9	9 0	Paper Account (Messrs. Spalding and Hodge)	...	...
One Compounder at £10 10s.	10	10 0	Copying MSS. <i>Denham Tracts</i>	...	42 19 0
Sale of Books :—	...	...	Bankers' Exchange Stamps	...	10 0 0
Henderson's Folk-Lore	36	9 1	Petty Cash Payments, per the Hon. Secretary :—	...	0 0 2
	£367	7 6	Advertisements	...	4 8 6
			Stationery	...	0 9 2
			Carriage	...	0 17 0
			Copying	...	0 5 10
			Postages	...	8 18 1
			Copying Press and Hektograph	2	0 0
			Index to Folk-Lore Record	2	2 0
			South African Folk-Lore Society	...	0 5 0
			Expenses of Evening Meetings	7	10 0
			Expenses of Annual Meeting, 1880	1	2 6
				27	18 1
1881.			Balance in hand :—		
Jan. 1st			At Bankers	...	154 3 9
			In hands of Honorary Secretary	5	2 1
				159	5 10
				£367	7 6

Examined and found correct,

JOHN TOLHURST, } *Auditors.*
J. S. UDAL,

STATEMENT OF THE AUDITORS.

WE, the Auditors appointed to examine the Accounts of the Folk-Lore Society, hereby certify that the Treasurer has produced to us the Bankers' pass-book and the accounts and vouchers for the year ending 31st December, 1880, and we also certify that the above statement of Receipts and Expenditure is correct.

Beyond the expenditure that has taken place during the year, we understand from the Honorary Secretary that there is about £275 due to the Printers on account of the Aubrey MS. and the Folk-Lore Record, vol. iii. and that against this liability is to be set, besides the balance of cash in hand, (1) the subscriptions due and unpaid for the year, and (2) the sale of the Society's Publications.

JOHN TOLHURST.
J. S. UDAL.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF THE PROVERBS COMMITTEE.

"Your Committee have carefully considered the subject which the Council referred to them by minute of the 7th July, 1880.

To deal with the subject on the broad grounds that the Resolution of the Council foreshadows would require the unflagging energy of a scholar acquainted with the proverbs of England and foreign countries, and there would be little hope of any results appearing from his labours for some years.

The main facts with reference to the proverbs of Britain appear to your Committee to be as follows: (1) That existing printed collections are neither scientifically arranged, nor possess scientifically arranged indexes; (2) That there exist in the hands of local collectors many very valuable proverbs which have not yet been printed; and (3) That the work of collecting proverbs might still be vigorously pushed with a considerable amount of success.

Under each of these heads your Committee have suggestions to offer for the future work of this Society, and in thus dividing the subject they cannot but think that they are best treating it with a view to some practical results, so that in the course of years, when the work under each section shall have been accomplished, the whole may be put together as a complete comparative collection of British proverbs.

(1.) With reference to the existing collections your Committee have had, through the courtesy of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, a very kind offer from Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, which they are sure the Council will duly appreciate. Mr. Hazlitt offers his printed edition of English Proverbs, with several hundred MS. additions, chiefly taken from old plays, for re-issue by the Society in its present form. Viewing the requirements of the Society as to the entire

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Third Annual Meeting of the Folk-Lore Society was held on Wednesday, 22nd June, 1881, at the Rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, at 4.30 o'clock p.m.

The Right Honourable Earl BEAUCHAMP, F.S.A., President, took the Chair.

The PRESIDENT read a letter from the Honorary Secretary, stating that in consequence of illness he was prevented from attending the Meeting, and that he had asked Mr. H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., to undertake his duties.

Mr. WHEATLEY kindly consented to act as Honorary Secretary for the Meeting.

The PRESIDENT moved the adoption of the Report of the Council.

The Honorary Secretary having read the Report,

Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY seconded the motion of adoption.

The Honorary Secretary then read the Treasurer's Account and the Statement of the Auditors.

It was proposed by Mr. ALFRED NUTT, seconded by Mr. W. J. THOMS, and resolved unanimously, "That the Account and Statement be approved and adopted, and that the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Auditors and Treasurer."

It was moved by Mr. J. S. UDAL, seconded by Mr. J. TOLHURST, and resolved unanimously, "That Mr. A. Lang, M.A., Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., and Dr. Edward B. Tylor, F.R.S., be the Vice-Presidents of the Society."

"That Mr. Edward Brabrook, Mr. James Britten, Dr. Robert Brown, Sir W. R. Drake, Mr. G. L. Gomme, Mr. Henry Hill,

The re-issue of English early printed proverbs in the form suggested above would answer all the purpose of an introductory manual of English proverbs, and would serve, to those who are interested in the subject, and who are willing to assist in its working out, as a basis on which to act.

(2.) The interest excited by Mr. Long's paper to the Society brought out the fact that many people were acquiring considerable collections of unprinted proverbs. The Rev. Canon Hume, a member of your Committee, has got together a collection of seven or eight hundred proverbs. Miss Courtney, of Penzance, has forwarded to your Committee a small but valuable collection of proverbs, collected by herself in the neighbourhood in which she resides. Your Committee, through the kind offices of Dr. Alexander Laing, obtained information about a MS. collection of Scotch proverbs, which is said to contain some two thousand not yet printed, purchased by Mr. Noble, of Inverness, for the purpose of publication. This collection has been inspected by the Rev. J. Long, the Hon. Secretary, and Mr. Wheatley, and the result of this inspection was a strong recommendation to the Council to at once purchase the collection. Your Committee are very pleased to say that their recommendation was approved by the Council, and that the Society have now in their possession much valuable material for future use. Your Committee hope that the Rev. Canon Hume will be able to edit his collection for future printing by the Society. With reference to Miss Courtney's and other minor contributions, your Committee would suggest that they be printed in *The Folk-lore Record*, with a view of obtaining by this means explanations and parallels for future use. With reference to the Scotch collection, the Honorary Secretary has been in communication with Dr. J. Nicholson, the editor of a recently-published work on Gaelic proverbs, with a view to his editing it for the Society; and your Committee venture to think that this arrangement would meet with the approval of the Council.

(3.) With reference to the third suggestion, viz. the collection of proverbs in current use, which have not been before printed,

your Committee have had their attention drawn to Mr. A. Nutt's translation of M. Sébillot's scheme for the classification and collection of folk-lore and the decision of the Council to have extra copies of this translation printed for local collectors. Your Committee would strongly urge the claims of the proverb section of folk-lore to be more definitely placed in any scheme issued by the Society; and understanding that the Honorary Secretary has planned out a general handbook for folk-lore collectors which would be specially adapted to England, your Committee would strongly urge the advisability of issuing a complete handbook of folk-lore under the auspices of the Society, where all the requirements might be set forth to those who are interested in the subject. This handbook might be prepared for sale at a low price, and would thus be within the reach of all who are interested in any branch of our subject.

Your Committee have thus dealt with the three divisions which their examination of the subject has brought about; and they confidently look forward to the realisation of their hopes, that, in the course of a few years, the collection and annotation of English proverbs may not compare unfavourably with those of Germany and Russia. In suggesting the intermediate steps which have been indicated your Committee are actuated by the strong feeling that they will very perceptibly lead to the great results which it is the object of the Society to obtain by a surer and much quicker mode than any other scheme which could have been devised."

APPENDIX B.

ARTICLES ON FOLK-LORE PUBLISHED IN JOURNALS DURING 1880.

Folk-Lore and the Folk-Lore Society. By G. L. Gomme. *The Antiquary* (January), vol. i. pp. 13-15.

On Colour in Folk-Medicine. By William George Black. *The Antiquary* (March), vol. i. pp. 110-113.

Celtic Superstitions in Scotland and Ireland. *The Antiquary* (May), vol. i. pp. 209, 210.

Old Rural Songs and Customs. By E. T. *The Antiquary* (December), vol. ii. pp. 244, 245.

Mythical and Mediæval Swords. By Lady Verney. *Contemporary Review* (October), pp. 595-613.

Venetian Folk Songs. [By Miss Evelyn Carrington.] *The Cornhill Magazine* (October), vol. xlii. pp. 485-497.

The Migration of Popular Stories. By Sir G. W. Cox, Bart. *Frazer's Magazine* (July), vol. xxii. pp. 96-111.

The Dog and its Folk-lore. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. *Gentleman's Magazine* (April).

Wodan, the Wild Huntsman, and the Wandering Jew. By Karl Blind. *Gentleman's Magazine* (July).

The Moon and its Folk-lore. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. *Gentleman's Magazine* (August).

The Pound of Flesh. By Moncure D. Conway. *Nineteenth Century* (May), vol. vii. pp. 828-839.

The Ceremonial Use of Flowers. By Agnes Lambert. *Nineteenth Century* (May), vol. vii. 808-827.

Fairies and Historical Fact. *St. James's Gazette*, October 16, 1880.

Fairies. *Saturday Review* (November 6), vol. i. p. 571.

[The Honorary Secretary would be glad to receive notes for this yearly appendix.]

MEMBERS. (October, 1881.)

- T. Adkins, Esq., Smethwick, near Birmingham.
 George H. Adahead, Esq., Fern Villas, 94, Bolton Road, Pendleton.
 Major-General Stuart Allan, F.S.A.Scot., Kincardine, Richmond.
 A. Percy Allsopp, Esq., Hindlip Hall, Worcester.
 J. B. Andrews, Esq., Villa Piganti, Mentone.
 George L. Apperson, Esq., The Common, Wimbledon.
 The Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, W.
 Mrs. Arnott, 2, Clyde Street, West Brompton, S.W.
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 Edward I. Aydon, Esq., St. John's Chambers, Grainger Street West, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
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 Rev. H. J. Bigge, M.A., F.S.A., Stoke Albany House, Market Harborough.
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 William George Black, Esq., 1, Alfred Terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow.
 Dr. Karl Blind, 3, Winchester Road, South Hampstead, N.W.
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 Edward W. Brabrook, Esq., F.S.A., 11, Limes Villas, Lewisham, S.E.
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 Dr. Robert Brown, F.L.S., 26, Guildford Road, Albert Square, S.W.
 M. Loys Brueyre, 11, Rue de la Ville l'Evêque, Paris.
 Dr. Brushfield, Brookwood Mount, Woking Station.
 J. H. Burton, Esq., 5, Trafalgar Square, Ashton-under-Lyne.

E. Caddick, Esq., Wellington Road, Edgbaston.
 The Countess of Caledon, Tottenhanger Park, St. Albans
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 Thomas Chorlton, Esq., 32, Brazennose Street, Manchester.
 Rev. George Christian, Redgate, Uppingham.
 Hyde Clarke, Esq., D.C.L., 32, St. George's Square, S.W.
 Edward Clodd, Esq., Rosemount, Tufnell Park, N.
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 H. C. Coote, Esq., F.S.A., 13, Westgate Terrace, Redcliffe Square, S.W.
 F. W. Cosens, Esq., F.S.A., 27, Queen's Gate, Kensington.
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 Sir William R. Drake, F.S.A., Oatlands Lodge, Weybridge (Treasurer).
 J. Dalrymple Duncan, Esq., 225, West George Street, Glasgow.
 John M. Dunn, Esq., F.R.G.S., 30, Claverton Street, St. George's Square, S.W.
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 Charles W. Empson, Esq., 1, Southwood Terrace, Highgate, N.
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 David Howard, Esq., Rectory Manor, Walthamstow, E.

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F. de M. Leathes, Esq., 17, Tavistock Place, W.C.
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The London Library, St. James' Square, S.W.
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 Edward Palmer, Esq., 7, The Crescent, Tressilian Road, St. John's Street.
 George L. I. Palmer, Esq., Trowbridge, Wilts.
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